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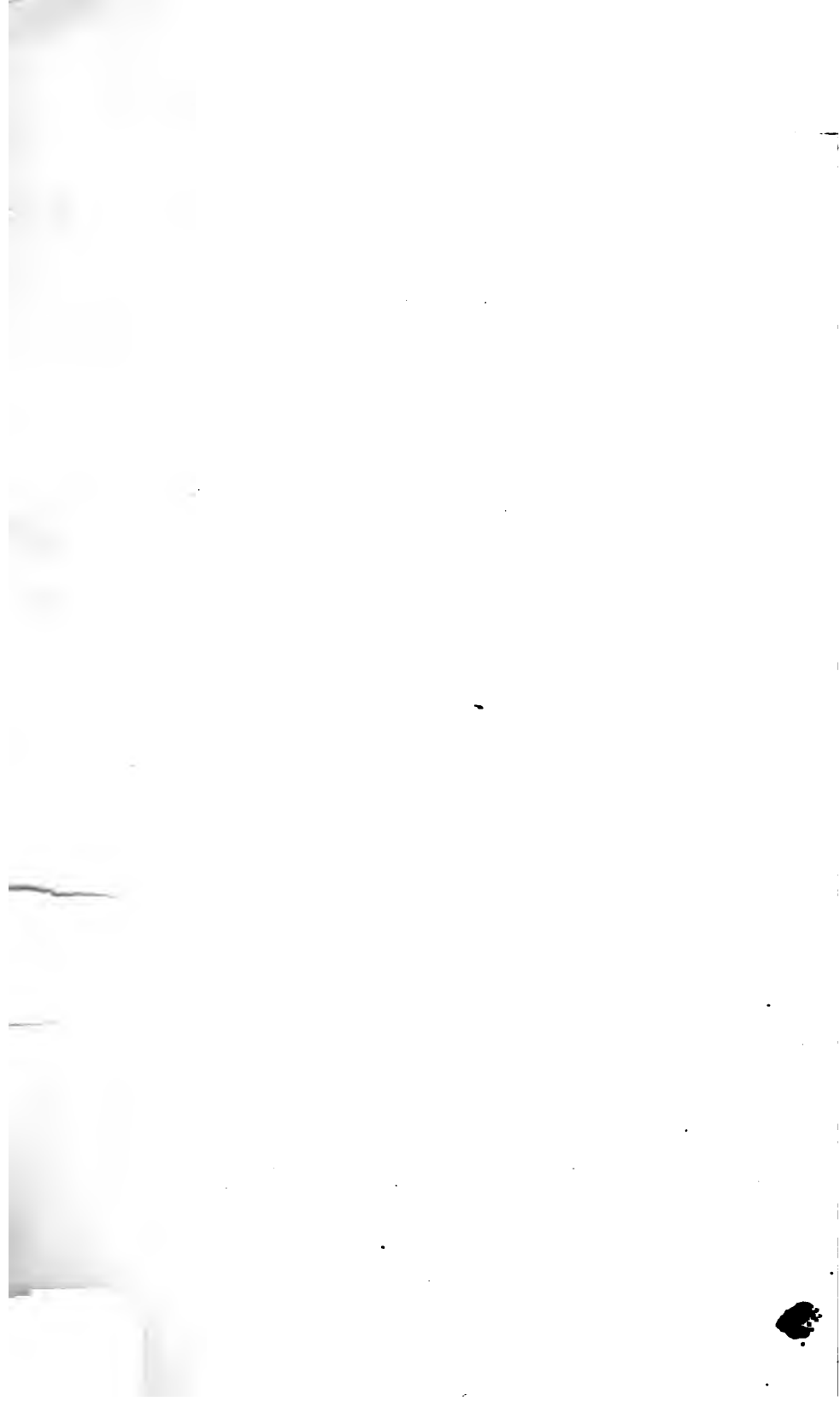
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THE

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A MISCELLANY OF

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THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. X.—NOVEMBER, 1875.—No. 55.

LEAVES FROM A MONASTIC CHRONICLE.

INTRODUCTION.

"A less drear ruin than now."—SHELLEY.

MANY years ago, owing to a series of great family afflictions, I left my wrecked home and native land in the desperate hope of finding oblivion and consolation in new scenes. I had exhausted all the resources of my own philosophy, and the small, cold strata of religious faith that had been incorporated in my education, proved too hard and cold to lift up the heart when, in anguish of soul, I strove to gather some one of its promised beneficent consolations. No Pharos then appeared amid the darkened clouds to guide me to a safer haven. Still, I knew that God was somewhere amid the darkness, and perhaps would have pity, and show himself on another Sinai or Horeb some day even to me. . . . Change and action seemed to be the only resource for such a state; so, scattering my household gods, I turned my steps toward other lands. Ignoring the usual route, I started at once for the great, the

mystic Orient, because everything there, even to faces and tongues, would prove new and strange to me.

Could I then, by traversing those ancient deserts, have found the hermitage, which, in the early ages, resounded with the prayers and psalms of the anchorets, gladly would I have ended the search and pilgrimage in these vast solitudes. But my greatest charm and consolation lay amid the marvellous ruins of those classic lands. Thebes, Balbec, and all the lesser monuments of buried ages, breathed like their own Memnon, a diapason of soft, soothing tones that beat in perfect harmony with feelings that knew neither present or future, but, like those vast plains, held only a ruined past.

Those wondrous plains of Thebes! Even yet I see them peopled by those colossal effigies that stand the faithful sentinels of centuries, and the representatives of a nation that

can never know oblivion, so long as these attestations of genius and power can thus hold the destroying hand of time at bay. Sad, silent voices, the sole testimony of a race that once governed a world and grasped all grandeur and might, "when Greece and Rome were but the desert abode of barbarians!" (Belzoni.) The whole bent of my mind now ran on subjects suggested by these scenes; so, relinquishing all literature that heretofore had afforded me most pleasure, I hunted in old libraries for the most antiquated and mouldy tomes. In one of these researches, in the city of Cairo, I came across, in an English gentleman's library, *Thorn's Chronicles of the Abbey of St. Augustine's in Canterbury*, and though I felt that every word therein must breathe the glow of papistical enthusiasm, still for me it was a link in that enchanting past on which all my fancies were now bent. So I carried the book home, and read with avidity its quaint and what at all times would have proved its almost unintelligible pages, were it not for my patience in deciphering those old Anglo-Saxon hieroglyphics. A perfect fascination now possessed me to know more of the lives of those solitary votaries, who, in that early day, united so much wisdom with simplicity, so much self-denial with fastidiousness, so much tender pity for the sufferings of humanity; crowning all, by a living, active faith and interior piety, during an age, too, when the contest was still fiercely raging between Paganism and Christianity. Next I sought for the fountain-head of this monastic lore in the pure-hearted and intellectual laborer, Venerable Bede, the monk, of whom it is related that he dictated to an amanuensis, and completed a work on the very day of his death. After him, I exhausted the pages of *Simeon of Durham* and *Matthew of Westminster*. But of all these literary wonders the *Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakeland*

(published by the Camden Society, London)—thanks to the vigorous and spirited translation of Mr. Carlyle from the original Latin—afforded almost the deepest interest. How the past looms up before one out of the deeps of these ancient tomes! What a race of men, of mysteries of faith and life, take form again! To us even a hundred years seem a chasm almost impossible to bridge, yet, in listening to these old voices, beam and arch are again fitted into position, and the great sea of centuries is spanned! It appears but a rim of the horizon, whose dazzling sundown has been only made invisible because of our own dimmed vision. Not even the stream of Lethe, with its rushing, devastating waters of seven hundred years, has had power to destroy the strong humanity and brotherhood that flows so naturally from the pen of the dead Jocelin. This "antique figure-head" in a monk's cowl, proves himself a man like unto ourselves, as he prattles of his own day; and while we acknowledge the simplicity of the man, to whom God and his work held the first place, we are also struck by his force of spirit and quiet observance of human nature. To this he united a profound knowledge of the Scripture, and of those classical studies that formed a part of all cloistered learning in those *ci-devant* dark ages. Under the light of the picture he has drawn, the old monastery of Saint Edmondsbury rises from its ruins, and the grim, ivied walls echo the voices of the long departed. How seldom the present dissenters of the town ever dream of the dead monks to whom its existence is due. In lieu of the uplifted faith, works of charity, and prayers, we find now in those walks where matins and lauds were once chanted, where mitred abbots once escorted kingly retinues, or followed the dead with *de profundis* to the last home, the practical, utilizing beneficence of a botanical garden.

Thus fall "the heaven's watch-towers of our fathers," says Carlyle; yes, and from the ruins spring spinning mills and railroads; noisy, greedy Vulcan drives out, with flail and fire-brand, contemplation's holy calm and all the altar's lights. "Religion lies over these ages like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of, which in all things is presupposed without speech." (Carlyle.) Looming, massive, and grand, in this *genre* picture of the monk Jocelin, rises the athletic figure and iron character of the abbot Sampson. Even now, looking back upon the men who have left their signet upon history, yet seven hundred years fails to eclipse the grand mental and moral proportions of this old mitred Titan, cowed monk though he be. In those days the dignity of an abbot was endowed with sovereign privileges. Mitred peer of Parliament, lord of manor, houses, farms, and extensive lands, these were among his rights. Fifty knights were under his rule, to take up arms in holy cause, as in the Crusades, or to lay them down at his bidding in private quarrels. All this fell, we might say, knowing his antecedents, upon the poor monk Sampson almost miraculously. Not often is it (says Carlyle) that "the electoral winnowing machine hits so accurately upon worth and truth." Rather far would the victor have lived and died in the Scriptorium among his loved books and parchments; but he was called to higher work, and proved himself equal to all demands. Lawyer, bailiff, preacher, judge, director, each in turn, challenged his time and talents, and never found him inadequate to the responsibility. But it is the force, the granite purpose, and withal the undemonstrative tenderness and justice that gives such a glow to this figure-head, looking at us from out the twelfth century. Patient over his own personal wrongs, but striking

like lightning for another's rights; practicing upon himself the abstemiousness of an anchorite, but bestowing the hospitality of a king upon the poorest wayfarer. To govern seemed his birthright; all its manifold perplexing phases came as intuitively to him as does color to the artist. Self-conquest had taught him the secret of ruling, and an abhorrence of all spiritual, moral, and physical pusillanimity filled the measure of his power. For eulogy upon this great loyal heart, let us hear Carlyle, who loves the rust of the old ages better far than the golden progress of the nineteenth century; who admires the mail-clad warriors, either mitred or sceptred, dealing hard blows for truth and right against all corruption, better far than the eloquent cant that gilds and enshrines the "isms" of to-day: "The great antique heart, how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands upon the earth, making all the earth a mystic temple to him; the earth's business all a kind of worship; glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men; that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle, encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracles; heaven's splendor over his head, hell's darkness under his feet." (*Past and Present*.) One of the most striking features of these antique chronicles is the native humanity that glints through every line of the time-worn pages. To find ourselves so completely *en rapport* as to be able to shake hands over the great chasm of time, upon the plane of all the weaknesses, follies, and sorrows common to human nature appears almost mythical. The mere fact of one choosing a life of religious asceticism, seems to invest him with some supernatural power above and beyond those who stand outside the *grille*. But even in these

monastic walls we see the old, old strife in hopes and fears, pain and weariness, still waging battle—the angel and the demon ever in contest. Reality challenges mysticism, and the carnal wrestles with the spiritual to the end of time. Let us, if we can, looking through the mist of centuries, measure the meed of those, who heroically lay down with holy violence at the foot of the cross all yearnings of the flesh, and thus all unloving and condemned in poverty and fasting, in weary watches and waitings, through trial and tribulation, look ever upward for the opening of the jasper gates from Calvary's mount.

In closing these pages, and bidding adieu to the faithful Jocelin and the brave, noble abbot Sampson, I realized how far richer was my harvest than I dreamed possible, when first starting over these fields. Dawnings of faith that held all possible consolations here and hope for hereafter, budded in my soul. For the first time, I realized the glow of feeling that had inspired Sir Humphrey Davy's beautiful tribute, when he proclaims that through religion alone he found the consolation that the *philosopher* had vainly sought in travel. "It is in misfortune, in sickness, in age (he writes), that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt. . . . Then religion creates powers which were believed to be extinct, and gives a freshness to the mind, which was supposed to have passed away forever, but which is now renovated in immortal hope."

I followed with avidity those revelations, even as I wondered at the self-sacrifice and devotion that characterized the spirit of those Anglo-Saxon women in the pursuit of what they believed to be their heavenly calling. Queen Elfleda, fleeing from the husband to whom she had been forcibly wedded, in violation of her vow of virginity, the young and lovely royal princess Bega, forgetting the weakness and timidity of

her sex, when to preserve her vow inviolate, she fearlessly launches a small craft on the ocean, and all alone commits herself in full trust to a heavenly helmsman. Friedeswida, who subsequently became the founder of the celebrated school of Oxford rather than break her vow, takes refuge in a dense forest, where wild swine alone were sheltered. Can heroism show a braver contest and victory than this? Leaving Syria, I was desirous of traversing the former homes of these buried saints, which even in ruin attest by their beauty the faith and love that went up from these fanes to the throne of God, amid the suffering of unmerited persecution, and the throes and convulsions of fallen dynasties. In Italy, the earnestness and fervor of the primitive recluse was still to be found in the multitudinous religious houses, which at that time at least gave evidence of the vitality of the old faith. In Germany, also, could still be traced, even through the desolating work of schism, the sacrilege of iconoclasm, and the rapine and desolation of innumerable wars, those monuments of faith which, introduced by Saint Boniface in the ninth century, amid a barbarous nation and the wilds of the primeval forest, yet ultimately proved the guiding star to that exalted grade of civilization, that can spring from religion alone. But it was sad to linger long in a land, where at every turn you found the old vitality dead, and all the glorious records and associations that vibrate to the name and deeds of Pepin and Charlemagne, of Otho and Conrad, blighted by the legitimate fruit of infidelity and licentiousness. France held out a fairer promise of research amid the old milestones of mediæval structures and records. It was to the Galla-Franks under Bertha, the first Christian queen of the Anglo-Saxons, that they owe their primal knowledge of monasticism. What volumes of hidden joys and woes, once bound in

human hearts, lie buried in the cells and walls of the old abbey of Farmontier, from the days when the abbess Burgundofarro, Baroness of Burgundy, held royal sway over a colony of lovely young Anglo-Saxon maidens of rank, even down to the seventeenth century, when its halls became the favored retreat of the French nobility. The monastery of Chelles, also, in those days, ranked in popularity and success with Farmontier, and divided the honors among the Anglo-Saxon *élève*. There are so many moving historic associations connected with the names of Clairvaux, Cîteaux, and the Paraclete, that no individual experience of these first impressions could add to their renown. A vision arose, as we stood in the old halls, of that noble cavalcade of twenty young men, with the angelic Bernard for leader, who were all eager to doff the insignia of rank for the monk's cowl and lonely cell, and only a misty vapor seemed to veil the past from the present. Rich as are all the associations of these fanes, in classic erudition, illuminated art, and ascetic sanctity, two names above all else have stamped with renown these crumbling relics of the past. The name of Abelard and Heloise live as representatives of the powers of religion, to elevate and sanctify human affection. And here let me observe that in all researches into these hidden lives, no point appears more strikingly touching than the preservation through all asceticism of that attribute of love, which forms the first and strongest link between God and his creatures. Love, human love reigned and was fostered in the heart of these virgin brides; the nearer they drew to God, the farther they separated from the vanities of the outer world, so much the more tenaciously did they cherish those ties, which, germinating in nature, were now hallowed by religion, though above all else were kept in subordination to

that supreme love which is due to God alone. Montalembert, in his *Monks of the West*, gives many touching episodes, illustrating this fact, in cases of special devotion between women in the same convents; a devotion that reads much more like romance than reality, and which serves to prove that so long as the material and spiritual elements of being commingle, so, too, must love, grief, and joy be essentially incorporated as a need of every human heart. Neither were these emotions confined to their own cloisters, but they went forth in blessings of prayer and affection to their bishops and friends of other orders. Intermingled with the "pedantry and verbiage" in the voluminous tomes of *Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury*, there still flows a refreshing and elevating simplicity in his expressions of affectionate interest, as evidenced in his correspondence with the nuns of distant cloisters. The correspondence maintained between Saint Boniface, after he went to Germany, and the Anglo-Saxon nuns, to whom he had been so long both father and friend, also gives the most impressive and touching evidence of the depth and purity of affection that may legitimately exist through religion between those of opposite sex. Strong as appear some of the expressions, yet no pure mind can read those "voices of the soul" that come to us from out the dim shadows of past centuries, without feeling how deep and essential to all life is the immortal vitality of the affections. "It would be singular," says the learned ascetic, Père Lacordaire, "if Christianity, founded on the love of God and men, should end in withering up the soul, in respect to everything which was not God." Truly we pity those who, like a recent writer in the *Galaxy*, can perceive only the lowest grade of carnal love in the sacred friendship and affection that united the souls of Jerome and Paula, of Francis Assisium and Clare, of

Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal. One must be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of religion to comprehend its mysteries.

The basis and golden rivet of such affections was Christ, but so long as the mere earthiness of love can alone be comprehended, we need not wonder that the higher mystical essence can claim no loftier attribute in the mind of the materialist than that of "a passion half smothered in the superstition of a creed."

Amid these restless wanderings from cell to shrine, I learned that at a certain monastery of the order of La Trappe could be found accommodations prepared for such worldlings, who longed to shut out the world, and hold communion for a time with the spirit only. The austerity and asceticism of this order were so rigid that only those who can believe in the perpetuity that dwells in a divine mission could realize that an uninterrupted succession of such votaries still keep those cold, comfortless walls glowing with the fervor of love, prayer, and the most heroic self-abnegation, and this too, in different parts of the world, throughout the changes and strife of centuries. Never did extremes more bravely meet than between the easy, courtier life of the founder, and the rigid rules of self-annihilation that he originated for this order of La Trappe. In this, surely, he found some expiation for the dissipations so contrary to the dignity and vows of a cleric, but which were then only too common among the retainers of the licentious court of Louis XIV.

In the flower of his life (he was but thirty),

JOHN LE BOUTHELIER DE RANCE, voluntarily renounced all the pleasures of the court and the world. He sold his paternal estates, resigned three abbeys and two priories, and distributed the proceeds among the poor, reserving only for himself the

abbey of La Trappe. Within its walls he assumed the habit of the Cistercian, and after being appointed abbot in 1664, he thoroughly reformed the order, and restored it (according to Butler) to the primitive austerity that had distinguished it under the rule of Saint Bernard and Saint Benedict. The most momentous eras in the lives of nations or individuals often have their source in some seemingly trifling incident. But God chooses small means to work great results; thus the flickering light of a little taper changed the whole current of De Rancé's life.

Few men in that day stood free from the servitude of some fair Omphale. De Rancé possessed one among the court beauties, who engaged the fullest strength of his love. To be ever near her, or to gaze even at a distance, formed the main charm of his life. At one time being obliged to leave the court circle on business for a short period, it was agreed between them, when the time for his return drew near, that his fair Guinevere should place a lamp burning in the window of a tower that communicated by a private staircase with her apartments in the palace. It happened, however, a few days after his departure, that this beautiful siren was prostrated by the small-pox; that fearful disease so prevalent and fatal at that epoch. So great was the panic among her friends, that all, save one faithful attendant, deserted her. But feeling anxious to learn the progress of the disease, it was agreed among them that in the event of a fatal termination, a signal light should be placed in one of the windows of her chamber. By a singular coincidence or providence, when the lady died, the old nurse innocently placed the lamp of death in the same niche that had been destined for the light of love alone. It happened that De Rancé returned that very night, and wild with passionate longing to see again the idol from whom he had been so

long separated, he rode at once to the garden, and beheld with a throb of delight the promised beacon. Making his way uninterruptedly, he mounted the stairs, but was somewhat surprised to see the doors of her *suite* of chambers all standing open, and he was struck with the air of desertion and carelessness that met him on every side. Still, the promised light had summoned him, and was she not ever true? So, quelling his doubts, he proceeded, until coming to the bed-chamber of his love, he stood on the threshold, and called, once, twice, thrice, her name. But neither sound nor motion greeted him in response, and the velvet drapery of her couch was drawn closely together. A sudden pang, a nameless dread of some spectre-presence seized upon him, and rushing over to the bed's side, and raising with cold trembling hands the heavy drapery, his gaze fell, not upon the lovely and beautiful form of his adored mistress, but a black, bloated, shapeless face was before him. Nothing but the golden maze of her splendid hair, as it flowed in rich wavy masses over the pillow, remained to tell him that this hideous, appalling semblance was all that remained of his earthly idol. Thus, through suffering and sorrow, came to this man a regenerated heart; through this baptism he learned the lesson that began when, from out of Eden, the sorrowing pair took "their solitary way." God wanted him; he heard the call, and looking neither backward or forward, followed whither it led.

But to return to my mission. The place sought was found, it matters not where, for it suits me just now to follow the example of Jean Paul Richter, and ignore all geographical distinctions. A wing of the building connected with the chapel was assigned to the visitors; a frugal, but comfortable, table was furnished and attended by one of the brothers. No charge was made, but every

visitor left a gratuitous donation. A large room, wainscoted, and ceiled with rich Gothic carvings, with a centre pendant of the Holy Spirit, and a niche at either end, holding a stone carving of our Saviour on the Mount in one, and a life-sized Madonna and Child in the other, formed the architectural adornments of our apartment. For furniture, there were primitive shelves, carved years and years before by some member of the order, and now filled with an excellent assortment of books in all languages, and many valuable MSS., some of which had been rescued from the cellars of the deserted and denuded monasteries of Mount Athos. Many of the books were of priceless value for their rare illuminations, workmanship, and antiquity. Two oil paintings of great merit hung beneath the niches. One of these, a monastic ruin, from the first glance possessed me with an influence that I could never throw off. I felt, as I studied the details of the design, that the heart of the artist was therein entombed, and that a life-history lay hidden in every line and tint of the canvas. A few straight-back chairs and a table in the centre of the room completed its adornment. Here it was that the reverend abbot, a man of rare endowments and exceptional force of character, came three times a day to conduct the *retreat* for the six wayfarers who had come to this refuge in search of consolation. His large knowledge of the world, his logical deductions and conclusions regarding all important events connected with Church or State, seemed more like intuition than the result of study or observation. He had held his present post through successive elections for forty years, and though an old man, yet bore all the marks of middle age only. You thought of the Prophet Elias, as you looked into his serene, grand face; or of the royal bearing of Saul, as he entered or left the room. After our retreat was closed, and on the last

day of our happy sojourn, I was standing, as was my daily custom, before my favorite picture, when the reverend abbot entered the room. "You seem so deeply interested, my child," he said, "in that painting, that I think the life of the author might afford you profitable instruction. Our rules require that each member of our order shall write his own biography, recording the various phases of experience through which he passed while in the world, and during his monastic life. These chronicles now exist from the foundation of the monastery to the present time. The life to which I now call your attention stands by itself, even in a history wherein truth is proved to be more marvellous than fiction."

He left the room, but soon returned with a large folio, which was marked on the back in large German text, with the title and date of the year to which its record belonged. Laying it on the table he turned the leaves slowly, and his face assumed a sad expression as if some painful memory possessed him; then pointing to a page in the middle of the book, I read in beautifully executed, illuminated letters, this caption:

THE LIFE OF ARMAND FRANCOIS DE
LA PLACE.

I CANNOT reproduce literally the first era in this biography. Suffice it to say that it was the *naïve* record of a life that had known only the innocent incidents natural to youth. It was the outpouring of a soul that, like the young Samuel, seemed to have listened and obeyed only the voice of God, for through every word and thought rang the tone of an *exultamus Deo*. After following several pages in this strain, there came, under a certain date, a sudden change of tone, as some sad memory or painful longing might awake in a joyous heart; next a discordant strain followed, until at length all the former harmony appeared to have died out of this bright life. A foreboding

silence, epitomized by a long blank page followed. Turning the leaf, a drawing in crayon then appeared. It might have been intended for the chaos that typified the deluge. A black, lurid sky, through which the forked lightning played, casting its flashes upon a wide waste of water that broke in angry surges over a rocky bed. No sign of life or of land was visible; only in closely studying the sketch, for it riveted every faculty, you at last discovered one diminutive rift in the angry heavens, and through this there gleamed faintly a single star. No written poem could have rendered the allegorical lesson more graphic than did the genius that created this impressive sketch; and I felt intuitively that it was a symbol connected in some way with the chronicle that had ended so abruptly. With eagerness I read the pages that followed. By a special privilege I was allowed to copy them, with the understanding that they should be held sacred and inviolable, until certain events and conditions should be accomplished. That time has long since past, so I am free, and thus translate from the original.

CONTINUATION OF THE CHRONICLE.

"*Libera me Domine, de morte æterna, in die illa tremenda.*"

THROUGH pride and ambition, Lucifer and his cohorts lost heaven; through a kindred spirit of discontent and rebellion an unfortunate man left an earthly paradise for a wilderness of tares. Thus whispered the voice of the tempter: "Why dost thou bury thy beauty and thy gifts in this desert? God has bestowed upon thee rare talents. Thou art hiding thy light under a bushel, instead of letting its effulgence shine for the benefit of thy fellow-beings. Thou canst make no progress in thy heaven-born art within these gloomy walls. Go forth then, and develop those powers that were given thee to increase a hundredfold. Hitherto

they have been buried in a napkin, and what answer wilt thou make when thy account is required of thee? Bright and glorious are the gifts awaiting thy youthful grasp. Leave thy nest, try thy wings, and go forth to the harvest that awaits thee."

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of holiness. Go forth then, my son, and prove your calling, whether it be from above or below; for if you are faithful to God he will direct you in the safe way, and through whatever betides, remember that the door of your old home of peace ever stands open, and the heart of your father keeps a place for either the weary or repentant child—the child, alas, that still holds him down to earth.”

After these admonitions, he gave to Armand certain papers that entitled him to a small patrimony from his mother's estate. “The world and the flesh,” said the abbot, “require these carnal weapons. Use them, then, my son, without abuse; and above all, never forget the glorious talents that have been intrusted to thee. Guard them so sacredly that they may never be turned to stinging thy own soul.”

The diligence took Armand twenty miles on his way to the great city that evening. Farther he might have gone, but as the old landmarks receded from his view he felt that the hour of real conflict had struck. “Go back ere too late,” cried one voice; “go on to fortune and joy,” cried the other. “The hand has been lifted, the plough abandoned, new furrows can only now be turned in newer fields. It is cowardice to look back with these sad longings. The brave man finds home and work everywhere. Though the gates of Eden may be closed, yet the world is wide and its paths are many.”

ERA SECOND.

“My days have passed away, my thoughts are dissipated, tormenting my heart. If I wait, hell is my house, and I have made my bed in darkness.” (Job 10: 2.)

“GOOD morning, reverend father. I have called to offer my services as tenor singer in your choir, and also to crave permission to practice on the organ when the church is closed.”

“So, Monsieur, it seems that you have discovered our deficiency; but one without much musical knowledge might do that,” replied Father F.

“A fine tenor is about as hard to keep in a choir as a moth from a candle. The first thing you know, he sees or hears of the dazzling lights of the opera house, and off he goes, leaving God's praises to be silent or sung by some old nasal drone, that is an insult to his house. It would be far better, I think, to stop the choir and go back to the old Gregorian, than distract people's souls with such discord.”

“I agree perfectly with you, sir. Art is like God, eternal, and its perversion dangerous; but you must judge for yourself under which phase my claim comes.” Going to the door that led into the sacristy, without ceremony Armand took his way through the sanctuary up to the choir. Playing a voluntary, he glided into the *Incarnatus* of Palestrina, and followed with a cantique of Cherubini.

“You are a true son of St. Cecilia,” said Father F., as he pressed his shoulder with evident delight. “Now, *Deo gratias*, our Easter mass will not insult the good God nor disgrace ourselves, and Madame du Deffand will rejoice in her new *confrère*.”

“May I ask, sir, who the lady is? I am a stranger here, and don't know one name or face from another.”

“*Ma foi!* You ask a wide question, my son, for Madame's *repertoire* of qualities is both varied and numerous. Enough, to know that she is a renowned beauty, a *belle-esprit*, a queen in her own *salon*, and withal, a finished musician. On *fête* days only she honors us, for her heart is more centred in her clique than in the Church; but by and by that may change. There are always Olympias on the threshold if we could but see them. But don't take it amiss, my son, if I warn you to beware of her charms. You are young, and I should judge, inexperienced in the ways of the world. This lady has the reputation of being a siren, equal to any that ever sang in Calypso's isle; rather a heathenish simile, I see, you think for a cleric to make, but let it

go," and Father F. laughed at his own blunder.

"I think my awkwardness will prove a sufficient shield," said Armand. "A court beauty and favorite will not likely give a thought to a nameless wanderer."

Thus freely Father F. chatted with the young man, until each felt well acquainted with the other. Armand was reticent as to his antecedents; for his old home was still to him the shrine where lay hallowed his most sacred thoughts and memories. After leaving the curé, he found his mind filled with the picture of the lady of whom Father F. had spoken so cautiously. The name was a familiar one; but as he had no acquaintances, he concluded that he must have met with it in his recent readings of light literature. Madame du Deffand? Ah, yes! He has found her now. A beauty, a *belle-esprit*, and a siren too. Strange the similarity in name and character between two women, separated too by more than a century. The historic character was she, who when old and blind, had power to captivate even then the cold selfish heart of the Englishman, Horace Walpole; she too was the woman who strove to revive in her own *salon* the talent and *prestige* of the gifted Marquise de Rambouillet, and her worthy successors. But Madame du Deffand really belonged more emphatically to that later period when such questionable women as Ninon de l'Enclos and Madame de Tencin wielded the sceptre of *salon* sovereignty.

As Armand soliloquized on this coincidence of name and position, he wondered if in this age the modern representative could by any possibility repeat the vagaries and immoralities of the past. He had found occupation in the studio of the celebrated artist Bouvier, and studied with persevering industry. His leisure hours he devoted to such literature as could instruct him where ignorant, or give him an insight of that

great world which still overpowered him by its extent, its traffic, and the roar of its ceaseless motion. The next Sunday Armand took his place in the choir, sang the tenor score in Haydn's Mass in E, and also the offertory anthem. A sensation among the congregation was apparent even to him. Many, other than devout, went to the church when it was reported that a new voice had been engaged. Alas, that the praise of God is not sufficient to absorb the mind to the exclusion of earthly vanity! Yet he who thus admonishes others was himself overcome by sensations new and delightful to his soul. No longer was the security of his own conscience or the sense of God's approval sufficient for him. His heart had sought vanity, and he soon learned that "they who love the danger shall perish in it." *Sursum corda, habemus ad Dominum*; and behold, there glided gracefully, noiselessly into the front seat such a vision of beauty as one eye at least had never before rested upon. In vain Armand tried to recover his senses and follow the soft moving diapason of the chant of the *Vere dignum*; but the replacing of a fallen glacier would have seemed to him at that moment as easy as the return of his former quietude of spirit. In vain he strove to withdraw his eyes, his thoughts; in vain he recalled the warning of St. Clement of Alexandria, that "the look of a woman is the most violent temptation to sin." In vain, too, he remembered the example of St. Hugh, bishop of Grenoble, of whom it is asserted, that he knew by sight only one woman of his large flock, and she was decrepit and old. Like David, he could admonish, "Turn away thine eyes, lest they see vanity," and like him too, fall into the snare. "*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi*," with soft flute obligato, swelled in clear liquid notes, and drew him once more; he felt nearer to heaven. Male voices in perfection Armand had en-

joyed all his life, and the daily chant of the brotherhood in his old home had filled the measure of his idea of melodious harmony.

But in this ravishing soprano a new revelation dawned, and a new sense was opened. As the last *adagio peccata mundi* thrilled through the dead silence, he riveted his eyes upon this magic interpreter of Mozart's gem, whilst every sense palpitated in ecstasy. With this glance the great epoch in his emotional nature was reached, and alas! the doors of his old life, his *quies*, closed forever. One quick flash of lightning can shiver the strongest oak, one blast of a furnace fuse the hardest iron; so too may one glance of an eye, one tone of a voice, break or mould the future of a man's destiny.

A rehearsal was called for the Easter Mass. Armand had not seen the object of his dreams for three weeks; but he lost this opportunity of self-conquest. Only occasionally she honored the choir, and in the interval his most earnest search had failed to find her either at mass or vespers. Clearly she was no devotee. Would she deign to join the regular members at the rehearsal, she, who was like Aphrodite, so far above them all? Yes, she was there. At the close of the rehearsal she spoke a few words to the leader, and Armand's heart throbbed tumultuously as he saw the two approach him. "Mons. de la Place, M^{de}. du Defand desires the honor of your acquaintance." *Mon Dieu!* what condescension, what honor for the young novice! "Madame is too amiable," responded Armand, with a low bow. "Such gifts as you possess, sir," said the lady, "have ever commanded the notice and applause even of royalty. Mons. B—— proposes a duet for the offertory on Easter Sunday; if you will favor me with a visit to Rue de la C—— to-morrow at 2 P.M., we may be able to decide upon a selection from my *repertoire*."

Armand could only bow his thanks

and acceptance of this unlooked-for privilege. But after reflecting upon this prospect, he was possessed with a variety of contending emotions. How could he, who had never entered a lady's *salon*, who was ignorant of all the etiquette and nameless graces that are deemed essential by the *haut ton*, conduct himself? How should he dress? What must he say? How deport himself generally? But a few moments of quiet reflection settled all these anxious fears. No tutelage, no adjunct of meretricious adornment, could fill the place of good blood, or surpass the action that springs from the grace of intuitive refinement. Gentle blood, if not noble, came to him through both father and mother. The self-reliance of the man asserted itself, and remembering Molière, he entered Madame's *salon* at the time appointed, perfect master of himself. Nothing could exceed the suavity of her reception. With true womanly tact she divined his timidity, and placed him at once at perfect ease. Together they looked over the music, here and there stopping to try something that struck the fancy of either. Finally the choice settled upon a duet from the Messiah.

It suited the sympathetic mellowness of Armand's voice, and the bell-like tone of Madame's; while together they blended like the harp and voice of David. "We must go over it another time," said the lady, as he rose to take his leave. "I shall put your name on my reception list, and will hope to see you on every Tuesday evening that you find yourself disengaged."

"As they have been free heretofore, my time henceforth is at Madame's service," and he bowed his *au revoir*.

ERA THIRD.

"I have found a woman more bitter than death, who is the hunter's snare, and her heart is a net, and her hands are bands. He that pleaseth God, shall escape from her; but he that is a sinner, shall be caught by her." (Ecclesiastics 7: 27.)

THE talent, the wit, the genius of

the day were represented in the company that crowded the *salon* of Madame du Defland. Neither was a strong political element absent. The royalist, ready to give his blood to save and perpetuate the throne of the Bourbon, the fiery republican, eager to build liberty and equality upon its ruins, and the *sans culotte*, who wanted neither government, morality, nor religion, all found voice therein. Madame moved amid this throng like a Zenobia, captivating all hearts by her grace and beauty, and holding together in perfect harmony these conflicting factions with the tact that only a Frenchwoman could command. She knew too the *prestige* of her name, and like her predecessor, aimed to revive the *éclat* of the *salon* of the *ancien régime* in art, letters, and political sway; in a word, her ambition was to be a power behind the throne. Vain strife; for the throne rested then on the up-heaving shoulders of the people, and a woman's hand was too weak to regulate its fevered pulse. But above all other designs, her passion was the conquest of hearts. Unscrupulous in her wiles as Circe, she yet kept herself within the boundary of forbidden ground, though never caring for the consequences that sealed the fate of her victims. Thus she played with love and hatred, as mere hand-maidens to the accomplishment of her will. Now, as ever, Delilah and Micah challenge the conquest of Esther and Ruth.

Feeling lost in the crowd of strangers, Armand had taken his vantage-ground by a porphyry column, that formed a recess at the end of the *suite*. He was watching with interest the assemblage of distinguished men and women, catching here a *bon mot*, there a sentence in some metaphysical disquisition; again a sentiment from some oracle in the political world. Next a distinguished astronomer could be overheard announcing the advent of a new star, and he in turn, interrupted by a ti-

rade on fashion from some passing beauty, and she completely annihilated by some profound philosophical or theological disquisition from the lips of a notable *savant*. It was indeed a miniature Babel.

"You must not remain here alone, Monsieur," said a soft voice beside him; "come and let me introduce you to my friends."

"If Madame will pardon, I should prefer to-night to be a looker-on in Venice only."

"Ah, that wont do. I never allow contemplatives a place in my order. All must be workers, even if they have to cross a bridge of sighs to find their *rôle*. So *allons*, Monsieur. You are an artist. Let me introduce you to that coterie that will welcome a new *confrère*."

So he offered his arm, and soon found himself engrossed in a pleasant discussion on his favorite themes. How little did he realize then, when smiling at her quotation from the English poet, that for him it would also prove prophetic. Truly a bridge of sighs! Would to God he had never crossed it.

Day after day, on one plea or other, he was thrown into her society. By degrees she elicited the history of his life, and through it found the key to his most hidden thoughts. As her power grew, so too increased her demands; until at last he became the slave of her will in all things. Through her influence he now had the *entré* to the gayest and most *recherché salons*. He had acquired all necessary accessions to his personal appearance and talents, to make him a most desirable *habitué* therein.

Madame had often rallied him upon the idle, useless pursuit of an art that proved so slow to yield the recompense he deserved. "The lyric stage," she would say, "is your proper sphere, with your elegant person, and a voice that is unsurpassed in finish and quality, what a

furor you would create in the *beau monde*!"

"But I care nothing for that, you know well, *ma belle*; all my hopes and aspirations centre in one of its queens."

One day, as if by accident, she introduced him to a gentleman, who upon hearing Armand sing, expressed the most enthusiastic admiration. "*Ma foi*! Monsieur," he exclaimed, "you hide your light under a bushel; you bury your talent in a napkin. Only a titled fortune could afford to keep such a voice for his friends alone. Monsieur de la Place is fortunate to command so much."

"You are mistaken, sir," said Armand, laughing, "unless indeed a poor artist, whose only *château* comprises a studio and an attic, may consider himself favored by the gods."

"Say you so, sir? Then may I presume to make a proposition."

"Certainly, sir."

"If you will accept the position of *primo tenore* for the grand Opera of Vienna, I will insure you such a golden dower in fortune, and such worldwide renown, as even a crowned head might envy."

Armand took a step backward, as though bewildered; but before he could reply, Madame du Deffand laid her hand with great *empressement* upon his arm, and looked with beseeching, loving eyes into his face.

"You will not refuse, Armand, you must not, this magnificent opportunity. I add my entreaties to those of Mons. L——, who, you must know, is no other than the grand *impressario* of Vienna. If you refuse this chance, you need never ask my advice again."

She turned away as if deeply grieved, and walked to the window.

"Take time, sir, take time!" said Mons. L——. "You can give me your answer to-morrow evening."

With a few parting words to Madame, he made his adieus.

"This was a plot, Estelle," exclaimed Armand, in an angry tone.

"You are tired of your novice, and formed this plan to be rid of him."

"Say rather," she replied, "that I prove my appreciation and unselfishness, by relinquishing to the world what I might reserve for myself alone."

"If I could only believe that you really cared for me, beyond the pastime of an hour, I might make even this sacrifice for you."

"*Sacrifice*!" and she laughed cynically. "Who ever heard of a man talking of sacrifices, in connection with fame and fortune?"

"You forget, Estelle," said Armand, sadly, "how hard I strive, even yet, to hold together some of those golden links in the chain of my early life. Even your ridicule, dear as you are, has not quite destroyed what you call those boyish superstitions."

"Well, *mon ami*, can't you be as faithful to them in a new rôle, as in the monkish life you are now leading?" she retorted, petulantly.

"How can I answer for myself in a sphere that holds the numerous temptations that must encompass the path of one whom you so flatteringly term the first tenor of the day. No," he said, after a pause; "I throw away this great prize, and will be content to climb by a lower ladder only."

"But what if the guerdon of my love, Armand, were added to the golden reward of the *impressario*?" and she laid her hand tenderly upon his arm.

"Estelle!" he cried, nervously seizing her hand; "are you serious, or is this only a new lure?"

"You know," she replied, "that I have often told you, that I can only marry a man whose rank equals my own, or who can offer an equivalent in talent, fortune, or renown. Now if you, entering this field, win the laurel-crown that I know awaits you, this hand and heart, so long, and I must say, nobly and patiently sought, shall be yours."

What need of more words. The story of how Eden was lost and sin and sorrow won, repeats itself in every cycle of time; and men go rushing madly down to hell for a woman's smile, or the thrilling, burning touch of her hand. *Miserere mei Deus*. The next day this self-doomed victim closed an engagement with Mons. L——. A few months training only were necessary, when he found himself launched upon the boisterous waters of a public career. His *début* was an ovation, witnessed by the siren who inspired it, and rewarded by renewed promises of love and fidelity.

ERA FOURTH.

"When the just turneth away from his justice, and committeth iniquity, he shall die therein; in the iniquity that he hath wrought shall he die." (Ezek. 18 : 27.)

"THE affinity that is placed like a magnet between the sexes is the great lever that lifts to happiness, or crushes with incalculable woe. Its phases are diverse. Passion, when regulated by reason, may lead at least to safety, if not peace; but passion unconstrained by reason or morality, embraces the bitterness of death. Every man, at some period of his life, worships at one favored shrine. With the majority, some special, secret, subtle influence directs and controls his inner thoughts, his outer life. Delve for the root, and you will find woman, ambition, or gold, in the heart of the mechanism, moving the secret springs. Alas, how many in the combat fall, weary and worn, by the wayside! How few reach the goal, with unbroken armor or lance, crowned with the wreath of victory!" . . . After each successive triumph, Armand laid his trophies at the feet of Estelle, and sued for the promised reward. In vain! There was always a plausible pretext, always new exactions, before the compact could be sealed. Sometimes he would threaten to resign his servitude to this imperious Omphale; but she would wile him into

submission again by a semblance of sincerity that might have deceived a seer. He crossed the sea, and traversed strange lands, leaving everywhere the echo of his thrilling notes, and stamping the records of the lyric drama with a renown and golden harvest never before known. *Vanite, vanitas!* Thus, in this fatuous hope, the once sunny temperament became clouded and exacting, the virtuous habits merged into dissipations, and all the interior lights died out one by one. Distrust, suspicion, darkened his soul, until even the sustaining power of *faith* sank in the purlieus of sinfulness, that was desperately grasped as a panacea to a tortured conscience and an aching heart. Seven years Jacob waited in patient, loving toil for Rebecca. *Ten* years this man spun out the golden thread of his life for an idol of stone. At length the measure of endurance was full, the last ounce of flesh had been given, and he demanded the promised reward. . . . Two years had passed since he last saw her bewitching face. The lines had deepened upon his own, stamping the strife of smothered passion and the pain of a hope deferred.

But for her, the bloom of Aurora still held perennial sway. He went to her in a spirit of sullen apathy; his passionate interest in the chase, his eager longing for the prize, had flagged under the weariness and length of his probation. But having entered the lists, and accepted the conditions, honor held him bound until his queen should crown or condemn him.

But ah, weak heart! once again in her presence, the old fire blazed up anew.

"Welcome, my brave, my Apollo!" she exclaimed, as she greeted him with an air of affectionate patronage. "Not many men could walk so erect under such a weight of laurels."

"Say rather under such a weight of woe, Estelle," he replied, with bitterness.

"Why, what misfortune has overtaken you, *mon ami*?" she asked, with well-simulated anxiety.

"Only the misfortune of having placed faith in the word of a faithless woman; unless, indeed," he eagerly added, "she will make me repent and recall the doubts by granting the promised recompense."

"How exacting and impatient you men are! Are you not content with the glory you have already won through my aid?"

"It was not for *glory*, Estelle, that I bartered my soul, but for your love, as you well know," he retorted in agitation.

"Please, don't talk nonsense, *mon ami*, or be so *empressé*. You quite shock my nerves! Why who ever heard of such an unreasonable mortal!"

"Listen, Estelle," he said, as his face grew white, yet making an apparent effort to control the rising emotion. "Listen! The time for such *persiflage*, such coquetry, has passed forever. I have been your tool long enough. Henceforth I must either be the master of your life, or a stranger to you."

She uttered a low, scornful laugh.

"For your love," he continued, "I adopted a profession that was difficult and distasteful to me. I knew my own vulnerable points, and I dreaded coming in conflict with temptations that walk, draped in roses, in such a path. For your love I have given the best years of my life to this pursuit. I have alienated myself from country and friends. Day by day I have felt my better nature yielding under the pressure of distrust in God and man, until it has sunk into blank despair of all eternal fruition. I have returned to you, replete with renown, above and beyond the terms you first required of me, trusting through all the weary waiting to recover in that reward all and more than I had lost in the contest. But, again and again, you have withheld my hard-earned guerdon,

always exacting more tribute, like the rapacious king of the valiant young Dives. Now here at once I demand, without further subterfuge, your final answer."

Madame had listened with signs at times of evident impatience; then, when he had finished, she said, in a sneering tone,

"Bravo, Monsieur! You could not have done better if you had practiced before a larger audience. But did ever before love sue like that? Why, it is more like the demand of a tradesman for his bill, than of a lover for a cherished boon."

"Pardon the *hauteur*, Estelle," he pleaded, in a softened, penitent tone, "and only remember how cruelly you have tried me. The old love is still strong, else how could I thus humble myself?"

"Well, I suppose this comedy might as well end at once for both of us," she said, as she took a seat farther from him. "When I held out the inducement of my hand to push your fortune, I never supposed that you could so persistently believe me to be in earnest. But, when I found that you really cherished this illusion all these years, that fact was so novel and the idea of being thus faithfully loved and served by such a celebrity was so charming, that really, *mon ami*, you must pardon my want of courage for not breaking the spell sooner. How could you seriously suppose that I would relinquish the throne I hold in society, the sceptre I wield in my own *salon*, to be the wife of a—"

"Enough!" thundered the dupe, every vein in his face growing purple under the passion that swayed him; for at that moment the veil of this illusion was rent, and deep hatred and dire revenge usurped the place of the former love. "Enough! the compact is ended, Madame, and I leave you to the Nemesis that sooner or later overtakes all treacherous betrayal of trust, whilst I go to my fate."

Without further salutation he left the room, and Madame stood in speechless surprise at this unlooked-for termination of the scene. . . .

A new grand opera had been announced for a first representation, and expectation ran high in the world of fashion, as it thronged the boxes, to see and hear once more the famous tenor. Madame du Deffand occupied a conspicuous position near the stage. As the play proceeded, and all were under the influence of the exquisite music, an electric thrill ran through the frame of Madame as she saw Armand advance to the footlights (amid thunders of applause) in the garb and character of a monk. Strange, she thought, that he, so sensitive on this subject, should have consented to assume a part so analogous to his own career. Spellbound he held the audience by the fervor, the reality, that he threw into the rôle of the apostate, while the sympathetic unction of his voice gave a pathetic interpretation to the music that moved the most stoical heart in that vast audience. *Vivas*, laurel crowns, and rich bouquets, were showered upon him from every part of the house. Amongst the latter, falling directly at his feet, was one made up solely of red and white roses; they were his favorite flowers, chosen as a symbol of the two memorable eras in his life,—purity and passion. He saw the white hands tremble as they fell; he saw the pleading expression of the pale face, the overflowing tears in the brilliant eyes, and he knew that for her love had dawned at last, and regret and remorse had buried their sharp talons in her cold heart. He was avenged. One steady gaze of hatred, of dire revenge, and he deliberately spurned with his foot the floral offering of penitence and peace. There was a momentary sensation, even the threat of a hiss, at this public insult to the idol of society; but Tenor was king for the moment. Thus genius and song triumphed

over beauty and the *prestige* of wealth and position.

Upon returning to his dressing-room, he found a silver salver piled with dainty notes of invitation for supper parties. Without a moment's thought, he threw them all into the fire. Walking over to the Psyche mirror, he gazed steadily for several minutes, scanning carefully every part of the monk's costume. Retribution with double hand had at last fallen! Uttering a hissing sound from between his white, closed lips, he tore, with frenzied haste, from off him the dress that, worse than Jason's poisoned robes, stung him to madness!

ERA FIFTH.

"I said in the midst of my days I shall go to the gates of hell." . . . "I shall not see the Lord God in the land of the living." "I shall behold man no more, nor the inhabitants of rest." "My generation is at an end, and it is rolled away from me as a shepherd's tent." (Isaiah 38.)

LEAVING the opera house by a private door, Armand de la Place, after hesitating a moment, turned in the direction of the river. There he walked up and down its banks for some time like one bereft of all purpose, when suddenly observing a boat about to start, he hurriedly went on board. As the night advanced, the wind grew cold, and the sky inky dark; but still he paced the deck in restless agitation. Phantoms were walking by his side, and all the illusions of the past twelve years were melting away before these spectres that had arisen from the grave of sated passions, blighted hopes, and ambition's fatuous dreams. They carried him back to the time when, like the young Samuel, he dwelt near the altar of God; when meditation and silence were dearer than words, when living at the foot of the cross, and contemplating the joys of heaven, opened to him a vista of glory far, far beyond the ephemeral plaudits upon which the curtain had but just now fallen. He contrasted the strife, the

his leisure in painting and in illuminating sacred subjects. By special permission, he was allowed occasionally to choose some subject that suited his own genius for brush and pallet. Thus it was that the inspiration came to epitomize his own life in the allegory of an old ruined abbey. The broken, mouldering walls represent the blight of sin and misused graces in himself. The climbing evergreen ivy, the tenacious lichens were the friends that clung to him in trouble, giving strength and support to the structure. The passion, the hopes, the *éclat* that had once enthralled and subverted his nobler qualities and calling lay around him in the crypt, with its broken effigies and mouldering tombs.

Faith flowed in the water, now bright and sparkling, anon dark and turgid, but typically directed by the Holy Mother and Divine Child, who kept ceaseless guard in the flower-twined niche above, to save ere "the measure of iniquity" should be filled. And he who was the unworthy object of these mercies, whose wreck has been rescued, whose ruin crowned with beauty and length of days, now sits calmly on the verge of that silent stream, counting in joy and peace the hours that yet must roll between him and the beneficence of eternal rest. *Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*

This, then, is the picture that so impressed me, I thought, as I closed the book and raised my eyes, filled with tears of deep emotion, to where

it hung. No wonder that its beauty and finish were so subtle in influence. Who could have dreamed of finding such a life of romance, of vivid action and miraculous development in the hidden chronicles of a sequestered cloister! Truly the human heart beats in all times and places to the same measure, and rarely if ever lays down its weakness until the grass of the grave covers it. I heard a sigh, and looking around, saw Father Alexis standing near me. "Where is he now, father?" I said, pointing to the picture. Looking upward with an expression of sad, but touching resignation, he replied, "*There!* Thank God," he continued, after a short struggle with his emotions, "he had not long to wait under the hard probation of suffering that filled his last days; although with St. Paul, he gloried in the cross and him crucified. We all need, my daughter, the discipline of suffering and sorrow. Let us pray that through it we may win the crown of eternal glory."

In a few hours, with many regrets, I bade the noble Father Alexis and his peaceful home adieu, feeling with grateful emotion that I left within those time-hallowed walls a large burden of weariness and woe, and in lieu thereof, had gathered the strength and consolation that come to those who

"Lie prone upon the altar steps, that reach
Through sorrow up to God."

In celo quies.

NEW ORLEANS.

VERDI AND HIS REQUIEM.

THE name of Verdi is familiar to every lover of music. It is associated with *I Lombardi*, *Nabucco*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *I Due Foscari*—melodic gems, every one of them, and breathing an inspiration decidedly original. *I Lombardi* and *Nabucco* are inspirations which came to Verdi in his despair, for his early musical career was not a flowery one. First of all, when he presented himself for admission into the musical conservatory of Bologna, he was rejected, because his meaningless face was expressive of little or no soul within him. He seemed to be too dull and stupid for anything scientific, much less æsthetic. He returned to Milan with a heavy heart, yet resolved, in spite of all obstacles, to devote himself to that art for which he seemed to have no qualification but an unconquerable love. A moment's reflection might have cheered him. Love of any art is an indication of talent. Nature does not make such a serious mistake as to instil into a man's soul a love of any particular art or science, without giving him, at the same time, at least a spark of genius which may afterwards become a flame, the brilliancy of which will be a light for the whole world. But it is love that uncovers the modest little talent, buried away in the napkin, burnishes it up, and gives it all the worth intended for it by the Creator. Verdi's love of music was all that he was noted for in early days. He wrote no grand symphonies when he was a child, as is fabled of some great masters. Neither do we hear of his improvising like Mozart. No one predicted great things for him in the future, no one hailed him as the master, who would leave his character stamped in eternal notes in the music of Italy. He was simply Giuseppe Verdi, *il musicante*—fond of music,

that's all. And after he had studied hard, and struck the lyre which had hitherto been still and quiet in his own soul, the world was not pleased with his music, and *Simon Boccanegra* was a failure. So was another opera which followed soon after. The success which attended *I Lombardi* was sufficiently brilliant to repay him for the past. It was an Herculean effort, for the dearest traditions of his own Lombardy formed the subject of his muse, and his patriotism and muse formed a happy league, which is nowhere more evident than in the manly and enchanting chorus of the first Crusaders, "*O Signore, dal tetto natio!*" While the public was still in its first enthusiasm over the *Lombards*, *Nabucco* appeared, and its beautiful originality literally enslaved his countrymen. Had his muse been paralyzed after the production of these two operas, Verdi's reputation was established forever. But the lyre once struck, continued to vibrate into newer and richer strains, and when these took a form of existence in *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Ernani*, *Due Foscari*, and *Rigoletto*, Verdi's popularity amounted to almost adoration among his emotional countrymen. People beyond the mountains, too, who would listen to no music save the rigid measures of a Mozart, or a Beethoven, were soon captivated with the smooth, soft carols of the Italian, and he has now established his claim in every repertoire of Europe and America. No *impressario* would dream of beginning the opera season without at least *Il Trovatore*, to fall back upon as a savory sugar-plum for the people, when they yawn at *Lohengrin* or *Tannhauser*; and every *prima donna* likes to warble, on her benefit night, the famous cavatina of *Ernani*, "*Ernani inviolami.*" Verdi's early productions were popular, written for the popu-

lar ear, yet strictly classical. He it was who first gave the orchestra the supremacy in the recitatives, which hitherto were accompanied only by the old-fashioned *cymbals*, or the violoncello, and these only intoned at the end of each period, the essential notes of the tone in which the artist recited, merely to preclude the possibility of getting out of tone. But Verdi's recitative accompaniments are continuous, and expressive of the subject of recitation. Peace, joy, anger, jealousy, love, hate, every passion or sentiment is expressed, more or less effectually, in his instrumentation. His recitatives, too, are beautiful in themselves, prescinding from the orchestration. Indeed, some of them have been placed side by side with the most lovely Italian melodies. As an example, I would cite the grand *recitativo* of the buffoon *Rigoletto*. While it is eminently declamatory, it is melodious, touchingly so, and towards the close, its ravishing sweetness stirs up the soul to a state of sympathy with the despair of the old man, which can only find expression in a silent tear. The first part of the recitative is a violent outburst of passion against the courtiers, whom he characterizes as "*Corteggiani, vil razza dannata!*" He sees in their faces that they have stolen his daughter, and his rage becomes towering. He alternates between hatred of his persecutors, and fear lest he may provoke their fury by saying too much, and that out of revenge they will never restore his daughter. This fear grows upon him as he addresses them, and the recitative reaches the climax of melodic sweetness, when he falls down upon his knees, and begs them to have pity upon him. During this scene the orchestra is fearfully agitated, and its undefinable, yet moving, cadences, coupled with the agony of the voice, would move the most callous listener. Verdi undoubtedly studies scenic effect, and he succeeds admirably. He is not forgetful of the grand principle

of compensation. Does his melodic muse desert him, where you expect something *arioso* from the singer? Mark the passage well, and you will find that the orchestra makes up the deficiency from the immense resources in harmony. On the other hand, when he has a beautiful inspiration from melody, harmony retires to a respectful distance, if I may so express myself, and while the melody proceeds, you hear the simplest kind of an accompaniment, merely sufficient to establish and maintain the tone of the air. Read the melodies of *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*. But there are times when melody and harmony seem to vie with each other in Verdi's compositions, and the effect upon the listener is overpowering; you are simply enslaved. I shall quote one grand example, the grand quartette in *Rigoletto*. There are four characters on the stage, each agitated by different passions. There is the amorous and unfaithful Duke, the flirt of the roadside inn, the loving victim of the Duke's whimsicalities, Gilda, and her enraged father, Rigoletto. Here are four passions to be expressed at the same time, the flippant love of the Duke for the pretty peasant girl, her laughing indifference, the despair and unconquerable love of Gilda for the Duke, and the fiendish hatred and rage of her father. The quartette begins with an *aria* from the tenor (Duke) "*Bella, figlia D'amore.*" He is interrupted in his protestations of affection by the derisory bantering of the laughing flirt (contralto). Gilda (soprano), the unseen witness of the Duke's perfidy, is heard uttering broken cries of despair, while high above all thunder the maledictions of the old *Gobbo* (baritone). And yet each part is a melody of rare beauty, and expressing to the full the sentiment of the subject. Each part affects the listener, now separately, now as a stupendous whole, which allied with the most powerful instrumentation,

marches on in all the triumph of perfection. You do not stop to think, or criticize, or question the introduction of the different parts according to the established rules of counterpoint. You are Verdi's captive for the moment, you are borne along unresistingly by that tide of melody and harmony, each distinct though not separate from the other, and when the last chord has died away, and the charm only lasts by recent recollection, you forget your own existence, you forget forms and conventionalities, and clamor boisterously for a repetition.

There is one grand characteristic in the genius of Verdi which distinguishes him from all other masters, and places him alone far above the rest of the Italian masters, second only to the old self-conscious giant himself, Rossini. Verdi has never been detected in a repetition. His genius is varied, wonderfully so. *I Lombardi* is not *Nabucco*, and *Trovatore* is entirely distinct from *Ernani*, not only in the individuality of each opera and each melody, but in the style itself. This can be said of very few masters, not even of the immortal Rossini. He repeated frequently, not only in different compositions, but sometimes even in the same opera; but they are repetitions of the beautiful, and you are thankful to the old fellow for having made them. It is true that he sometimes made repetitions designedly, and cared very little for the opinion of critics; he knew his superiority, and felt it in every note that he scratched. Who would dare to make such unheard-of innovations in music as Rossini made, and not feel superior to the barks of critics? He not only repeated in different compositions passages frequently, but always the same style in its minutest particular; but he also copied pretty passages from other authors. Understand me, Rossini was no plagiarist; but he never took the trouble to hang out a sign indicating quotations. If they

were discovered he frankly acknowledged them, and was wont to remark, "Tell me where I can get more of them." He said this of the *Marcia Lugubre* in the symphony of "*L'Assedis di Corinto*," which he copied from the Psalms of Father Marcello. But he feared not criticism, for he was a self-conscious genius. He felt that the Rossini of *Cenerentola* could appear in *La Gazza Ladra*, without going to the trouble of changing his costume; he was always presentable, for every note was golden. But he never studied to change his style or diversifying it, until he wrote *Conte Ory*. There we behold the first indications of that change in style which had a perfect consummation in his gigantic and incomparable masterpiece, *William Tell*. In insinuating this much, I have moved a respectable distance out of the range of Teutonic opinions, not however losing sight of them entirely. But I was speaking of Verdi, and his variety of style. There is no sameness in him. He can hardly bear to reproduce himself in different operas, so unmistakably, yet with the certainty of success which actuated Rossini. There is just sufficient in each composition to establish Verdi's authorship, and there is many a passage which does this unmistakably. I can hardly describe what this something is; I only know that it exists. It is the tribute of the effect to its cause, of the creation to its creator, and no greater evidence of originality can be desired than that spirit pervading every one of his compositions, which tell you they are Verdi's and no one else's. Yet Verdi's general style underwent a great change in latter years, and this is evident in his more recent productions, *Macbeth*, *Il Ballo in Maschera*, *La Forza del Destino*, and *Don Carlos*. These are a new style of Verdian composition, and people have said of them, some that he was *approaching*, others that he was *imitating* the German

school. I cannot comprehend why it is that, when a master produces an elaborate work in music, he is said to have written in the German style. Is elaborateness of style the birth-right of Germany only? Is what is called *scientific music* written exclusively by German masters, and only possible to aliens? I doubt it; in fact, I don't believe it. *William Tell* is elaborate, scientific, supereminently and beautifully so; yet who will presume to say that it is German in style? To return to Verdi, *Il Ballo in Maschera* will bear the most unsparing criticism, yet it does not smack of Germany. The author culled the beautiful flowers of that work, not in the cold, phlegmatic Vaterland, but in his own land, teeming with the traditions of the Cimarosa, Clementi, Zingarelli, Spontini, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadantes, and *Rossini*. The Italian character is evident in every passage of that sweet composition, and yet it is not wanting in scientific beauties. You can comprehend *Il Ballo in Maschera* at the first hearing. It pleases you immediately, and after all, that is the primary and immediate object of music. The music that does not accomplish this, falls short of its original purpose, and as such is open to the severest criticism. Those compositions, the understanding and appreciation of which presuppose a few years' study in a conservatory, should be immured in a conservatory, and never be allowed to come out. They don't pay outside. They are not for our age; they are for the future, and have been aptly styled, "*la musica dell' arvenire*." *Don Carlos*, too, has received the questionable compliment of being *alla Tedesca*, why it is difficult to imagine, unless we acknowledge that it is scientific with the reservation which was rejected above. There is a *slancio*—a transport of heart—in *Don Carlos* which proclaims its character at once, and disclaims all connection with the glacial inspirations of

the North. Say the same of *La Forza del Destino*. I now come to an operatic composition of Verdi, about which there has been much said and written within the three years since it has appeared before the public. I speak of *Aida*. It is utterly unlike anything that Verdi has ever written, or indeed anybody else. When it was first produced in Milan, during the Carnival of 1872, the people were amazed at its wonderful originality. *Aida was Aida*; critics could compare it to no other composition. They had no criterion to judge by, and some of them pronounced the most ridiculous verdicts upon it. There was one point, however, which was above dispute: it *pleased*, and so far Verdi accomplished his purpose. The opera has been objected to for its want of melodies. There are absolutely no melodies to speak of. Some said that the mine of Verdi's beautiful melodies was exhausted, that his imagination was becoming feeble as old age came on; others again that he had tried to write a German opera, and succeeded to a nicety. I am inclined to question the accuracy of both statements. My reasons—take them for what they seem worth—for disputing the first, will appear further on; as for the second, it is simply untenable. Verdi did not aim at writing a German opera, but his grand purpose was to produce, in modern measures, the wild-wed melodies of the East. Let it be borne in mind that *Aida* is a tragedy of the kingly days of Egypt. The author aimed at giving expression to the events and sentiments of the *libretto* in music, which was to retain the Oriental character minus its incoherency. Whether the short, irregular melodies, scattered here and there throughout the great composition, be his own conceptions founded on a knowledge of the peculiar character of Oriental music, or simply some scraps that he had heard and retained, it is not for me

to inquire. But the task of putting these together, making of them a magnificent whole, sustained by a matchless unity of purpose, and a powerful instrumentation from first to last, demanded no ordinary musical talent, a profound knowledge of the science, and great artistic skill. Verdi proved himself equal to the demand, else why are we pleased with *Aida*?

Why do those mysterious cadences, rushing upon one another impetuously, yet in an orderly succession, carry us over the scorching sands of Egypt, past the Pyramids, to the cities of the Nile? He writes of Egypt, and he beckons us to follow him thither, enticed by the plaintive music of the lute, and the haut-boy, and the flute. Shut your eyes to the scenery, your sense of hearing tells you of Egypt. Such is the hidden power of the music. It is not in my province to judge of *Aida* in its scenic effect. From my standpoint, I think it is the music that ought to animate all, move all, rule all. Still I think it would be difficult to conceive a more impressive scene on the stage, than the triumphal entry of the Egyptian host, preceded by that quartette of long trumpets, heralding the approach of the army in as grand a piece of martial music as has been written in modern times. The long trumpets of a century and a half ago had disappeared entirely from the category of musical instruments. Verdi brought them forth again from their obscurity, and intoned with them a blast so startling and thrilling, that they seemed to have pent up within their brazen valves the echoes of centuries. *Aida* is unquestionably Verdi's masterpiece among his operatic productions. But the mine was far from being exhausted. There were other melodies in his soul, other combinations of sound, that needed but to be imprisoned in form upon the paper, and afterwards executed, to convince the world that the superiors of the conservatory of Bologna made a

grand mistake, in rejecting the young Lombard. Hitherto, Verdi had only written for the opera. He amused himself at times, by composing occasional pieces for the *salon*. He wrote very little for the church. An occasion for bringing out his sacred muse was offered in the death of his friend, the illustrious Manzoni. On the first anniversary of the death of the great writer, a Requiem Mass was executed in the Church of St. Mark in Milan. The name alone of the author made it famous before it was even heard. It was talked of for months before, and the critics of Italy, France, and Germany studied up their technicalities, that they might speak of the great work with becoming gravity. Well, telegrams left Milan on the anniversary for the principal cities of Europe and America: "Verdi's Requiem is an unprecedented success." I shall say nothing of the Italians. Their national pride was exalted, and they expressed their supreme delight in the most exaggerated terms, as became their emotional character. The French critics were delighted, and the most glowing tribute they could pay to the author, was to invite him to Paris, and have the Mass rendered in the Italian opera-house. The Germans behaved ungraciously. Some of them refused to listen to it, and condemned it openly a week before it was heard by the public. Those who heard it spoke of it in very indifferent terms. Altogether it did not please the Germans, and Verdi was not invited to Berlin, nor to Munich, nor to Vienna. It was my delight to hear Verdi's Requiem in Venice last July. It was rendered by the original quartette of Verdi's own selection, Stolz (soprano), Waldmann (mezzo-soprano), Medini (tenor), and Maini (bass). There was a choral force of one hundred and sixty well-trained voices, and an orchestra of nearly one hundred. The direction of the Mass was intrusted, at the author's especial re-

quest, to Faccio, of Padua. It was but natural to suppose that the composition would be interpreted according to the spirit of the writer. The event surpassed every expectation. The voice of Waldmann rang through the *teatro Malibran* with a quivering solemnity of expression which it is impossible to describe. Her voice has the volume of a baritone, and the nightingale sweetness of a soprano. She was the *protagonista* of the occasion. Stolz was the Leonora of *La Forza del Destino*, and swept through the notes of the upper register with marvellous ease and sweetness. The tenor's voice was plaintive, that of the bass powerful as the *Anabaptist* in *Le Prophète*, yet sorrowfully religious. The whole composition is religious in tone—very. But its religion is theatrical, not ecclesiastical. It was difficult for Verdi to shake off the dust of the stage. He has been there too long, and now when he appears in church, he prays in a theatrical attitude. He prays well, no doubt, but the church has her traditions in music as well as in dogma and discipline, and, as Pius IX said in his congratulatory letter to the Master of the Lateran Basilica, "that music is to be banished from the churches, which carries us from the altar to the stage." Yet the mass is a masterpiece of religion, Verdi's religion, it is true, but a religion that is quickened with a profound appreciation of what is sacred and awful in the ceremonies for the dead, and a depth of feeling and sympathy befitting such an appreciation. It is a masterpiece of melody, sweeter and more original still than the "miserere" of *Trovatore*. The mine of Verdi's melodies is not yet exhausted. It is a masterpiece of harmony, for it sustains the melody, and holds it up to us in all its mellowness of color. It is a masterpiece of instrumentation, for the orchestra prays. I think the circumstances were favorable to the hearing of a Requiem Mass. Venice, a night

made sorrowful by a drizzling rain, voices that know no imperfections, save that they will one day be silent forever, instruments that seem to possess an animation of their own, and all this affecting a lonely stranger. The rain pattered on the skylights, and a wail was heard; it seemed to be the wind moaning away out on the dark lagoon, and trying to get into the city where the light and the warmth was. No, it was the threnody of the stifled violins in *La minor*. Then voices were heard, female voices, whispering, as if from afar, *Requiem, Requiem, Requiem, aeternam dona eis Domine*. The prayer increased in confidence and in energy, and the stringed instruments grew more agitated. Then all subsided into the quiet choral measures of the *Kyrie*, supported by the masculine firmness of the tenors and basses. It all melted away with that religious swell which one associates with early matins, chanted by hoary monks. But the very chaos of hell seemed to be stirred up by the shrieking violins, and the rumbling bass viols, whose great cords quivered in an agony of terror. It needed not the terrified voices to announce the *Dies iræ*. There was wrath in those instruments, and they seemed to give reason to the voices to cry out, *Quantus tremor est futurus*. But hark! A trumpet! Remote yet clear, the blast is wafted towards the listener, and its sound is unearthly. Then the sound is caught up by another trumpet, the echo of the first, then a third joins in, and a fourth, and a fifth, and all five ring out as one, *Tuba mirum spurgeus sonum*. The voices intone the words of this verse at broken intervals, but that inexorable trumpet of doom is ever crying out, in the *dominant seventh*, the "strange sound through the regions of the dead," *per sepulchra regionum*. Its tones are remorseless; it will not be quieted; it is terrible listening to it, and people stop their ears. Such is the "*Tuba mirum*."¹

When all this dies away, there is a great calm, and a clarinet and bassoon are heard intoning something like an inquiry. It is very sorrowful, and you imagine you see the sinner about to move up to the great judgment-seat. "*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*" The mezzo-soprano sings these words to a melody in *Do Minor*, and is accompanied by the weird bassoon, which, as it moves up and down the minor chords, seems to say, "*Quid-sum-miser-quid-sum-miser-tunc-dic-tu-rus?*" It is a pitiful cry, and seems to move others too, for the tenor and soprano also repeat the sorrowful question of the mezzo-soprano. The melody is agonizing as she cries, "*Quem patronum rogaturus.*" What patron shall I invoke? Whereat the bass intones a beautiful appeal to the Fountain of mercy, *Salva me, fons pietatis*. A series of imitations are sung by the other three voices, while the chorus repeats ever and anon *Salva*. The most touching passage of the *Dies iræ* of Verdi's Mass is the "*Ingemis eo tam quam reus*," a solo for the tenor. But its pathos rises to a sublimity when he sings,

"Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti
Mihi quoque spem dedisti."

It is accompanied by a pathetic clarinet. The confusion of the demons is admirably expressed by the maddened violins, kettle-drums, and flutes, while the bass sings "*confutatis maledictis.*" The last verse is a quatuor without any accompaniment. A wandering spirit of Gregorian chant pervaded this verse, and gave an ecclesiastical conclusion to the entire hymn. The offertory piece is prayerful. Verdi seems to forget the opera as he goes along. He is no longer in the world of description, in which he can draw upon his theatrical resources. He is simply praying in music. But the spirit of the Catholic Church enters into him for a moment, as he tries to express the humility, and withal the

confidence, embodied in the opening words of the offertory, "*Hostias et preces offerimus.*" The conclusion, however, becomes theatrical, without being irreligious, and very aptly describes the archangel Michael, introducing the souls of the blessed, *in lucem sanctam quam olim Abrahamæ promissisti, et semini ejus*. The Sanctus is a glorious flourish of trumpets, not exactly what the Church would approve of, but would tolerate, considering the good will of the author. As a musical composition, the Sanctus is in the vigorous style, and reminds one, though remotely, of the Palestrina choruses in the Sistine chapel at the Vatican.

The Agnus Dei is plain chant reduced to measure. Written for soprano and mezzo-soprano, without any accompaniment whatever, the spirit of the Church is discernible throughout. Yet with the resources of science, he made of that simple, religious melody a duet of rare beauty. I cannot describe it. I only know of its effect upon myself. It struck me as being consistently divided into two parts, the descriptive and the precativa. The descriptive was chanted in music which seemed to strengthen the words of the Church—"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world." The infinite consolation embodied in the dogma of redemption is set forth with so much strength and earnestness, that it seems not only natural, but also necessary, to break off suddenly, as the melody does, and make a short appeal for the dead—*Dona eis requiem!* And when the Agnus Dei is repeated for the third time, it grows more beautiful in its descriptive part, because chanted by two voices (soprano and mezzo-soprano), and hence the double appeal at the end for "*requiem sempiternam*"—sempiternal rest—seems proportionately powerful. The ecclesiastical spirit also predominates in the Post Communion, excepting in the passage "*Lachrymosa dies illa,*

calamitatis, et miseriæ," where the orchestra becomes turbulent as in the opening passages of the "*Dies iræ*." The absolution piece is for four voices, without any accompaniment. The orchestra is introduced simultaneously with the chorus in the last period, *Requiescant in pace, Amen*. The effect of the two grand masses, the voices and the instruments, is stupendous. It can be heard and appreciated on the moment, but there is too much grandeur in it to be taken in all at once. It must be heard again and again, not because it is difficult of understanding, but because memory is powerless to retain it. As for describing it accurately, no one can do that but the man who wrote it. As far as judging by hearing goes, it is second to none of its kind. It was not written at the request of a sepulchral visitor who paid for it and then vanished, leaving the writer strongly impressed with the notion that he must prepare to die, as has been said of Mozart. Some critics condemn it for its want of ec-

clesiastical spirit, others for its Italian spirit, and others again because it has no spirit at all. But let us bring it before the supreme judge, the ear. Does it give pleasure? That is the primary criterion in judging of the merits of any musical composition. I have seen a critical and highly cultured audience forgetful of themselves and their personal comfort for three hours, in listening to it, and when they finally recovered from the trance of enjoyment into which they had been wooed, the burst of applause which followed was nature's own tribute to the power of the author. Verdi's Requiem Mass is its own defence; it has established its place beside the great requiem of Mozart, and in doing so, it has not called upon salaried critics to defend it, and hedge it in behind a wall of technicalities and scientific distinctions. As a musical composition it bears in its every note the talisman of Verdi's productions, to please by the simple hearing.

SAINT CATHARINE'S CROWN.

I.

ABOVE her, in the lustrous air,
 (Released, as from an angel's hold),
 There floated, as she knelt at prayer,
 Two crowns; the one of purest gold,
 And glowing with a thousand gems;
 The other, rough and black and bare,
 The thorniest of diadems.

II.

"'Tis thine to choose," was softly said
 By him she loved; "'tis thine to wear!"
 "Oh, Lord!" she cried, "Thy brow is red
 With piercing thorns, and shall I bear
 A jewelled crown while Heaven mourns
 Thy wounds? Ah, no!—" and on her head
 She, smiling, pressed the crown of thorns.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE DESULTORY IN LITERATURE.

THOSE writings in which the author does not professionally speak, in which he unbends himself, and lays bare the inmost thoughts of his heart, whether it be in a short essay, a letter, a regularly kept journal, or fragmentary jottings of thought, are particularly valuable both to the student of history and to the philosopher. Neither by one nor the other can they be overlooked. Not by the historian; for they reveal many of the customs and manners of the times in which the writer lives. Though here the historian must guard against accepting implicitly any individual's private opinion about his contemporaries. Party ties are too strong, and party prejudices too general, to expect an impartial opinion. Nor should the philosopher neglect this class of writings, for in them he finds the man. We are never sure that we know the man we meet only in his holiday dress and his best appearance. That bland smile may be only for the public; at home it may give place to a continual frown. That piece of good behavior may be assumed but for the occasion; that over, the person leaps back to his more congenial habits of ill-breeding. That cordiality with which one is greeted may disguise a set purpose; that attained, he is henceforth passed unnoticed. And so it is with writing. The page that is made up for the public eye may contain thoughts far different from those that usually occupy the author's mind. To know the latter we must intrude on the privacy of his opinions as cast off on the heat of the moment, or as unbosomed to a confidential friend. We must enter the sanctum of his thoughts and notice the workings of his mind. Here again the reader has to be cautious lest he set too great value upon these fragmentary utterances. The unfinished phrase, the

half-said sentence, the partial idea, are of value only as revealing the man and the process by which he reaches a conclusion. That alone upon which stress is to be laid as of authoritative value is the finished conclusion as laid down in the formal composition. Mere jottings are frequently but so many catchwords. Torn from their collateral ideas, they may be taken in a sense the very opposite of that which the author would convey. In interpreting such works, the only safe rule to go by is to consider the general drift of thought peculiar to the writer, as expressed in his finished works, and where his notes and fragmentary pieces tally to consider them as authority; when they differ, to regard them as tentative expressions of ideas not yet clear to the author's mind, unless such proof and authority accompany them, as go to show that the writer has really changed opinion. This canon is important. It is only of too frequent occurrence that an author's posthumous productions are made to speak a language the living voice would have repudiated. The same holds true of quotation. Passages, when torn from their context, are made to convey a meaning their legitimate sense does not at all imply. With these preliminary remarks, let us now turn to some of the desultory forms in which literature reaches us. We will begin with the letter.

1. The letter is a familiar expression of the writer's opinions to a friend. The first essential for a good letter is that he to whom it is addressed be one in whom the writer has confidence; therefore, that it be truly the unbosoming of friend to friend; and finally, that it be free from all the trickery of composition. The letter intended for the public eye loses much of its simplicity, and the charm of openness vanishes. The

effort at writing and the reserve of soul are too palpable. The letter written and rewritten, and pared down to the smoothness of a composition, may be regarded as a good essay, but it loses its character of a letter. Indeed, a really well-written letter, like a good conversation, is such that it is rightly understood only by the parties between whom the correspondence is conducted. Everything in it savors of the person as known to the one to whom it is written, and it breathes so particular an atmosphere of thought, that read by any other than those it is intended for, it loses its flavor. Here the question is suggested: How far should the privacy of familiar letters be invaded for the purpose of public use? It is a peculiarity of this century that an author's most sacred trusts are dragged before the public gaze. This practice is carried to excess. The people seem to cry in the words of Tennyson, when he entered protest against the practice:

"Give out the faults he would not show!
Break lock and seal! betray the trust!
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."*

This curiosity has grown to a passion. There is nothing too sacred for the public gaze. Scandals, family troubles, secret crimes, are all held up to the profane eye of "the many-headed beast." It ought to be rebuked, and not pandered to. Where there is a sense of dignity and responsibility its cravings will not be satisfied. It is wrong to give more of a man's private correspondence than is necessary to illustrate his character. Such things as may have passed from his pen in weak moments should not be made to answer for the general tenor of his character. Momentary failings should rather be hinted at than paraded before the world. They should be placed in their true light. To give them prominence is to exaggerate them.

The series of letters that have become part of literature are comparatively few. We have thirteen letters of Plato (429-347 B.C.). Some of them may be, and probably are, spurious; but others breathe the spirit of Plato. They show the philosopher. The acute reasonings and the reflexive sentences are Platonic. They betray a certain flutter of anxiety about his dear philosophy.* He would stand on good terms with Dionysius of Syracuse; he would befriend Herakleides, though persecuted by Dionysius;† he would side with no feud, but would be a common friend to all.‡ He seems to be in his letters the wary philosopher who casts many probabilities, as in his writings he is the profound thinker who is argus-eyed in his views, and who so carefully examines the husks of error that overlay a truth until it stands before him in all its pure nakedness.

The letters of Cicero (B.C. 106-43) are more cordial. They are from friend to friend. The stately orator unbends himself. • He can, in the name of friendship, become so un-Roman as to write to his friend Trebatius:§ "In sooth, one hour's gay or serious conversation together, is of more importance to us, than all the foes and all the friends that the whole nation of Gaul can produce." In many of his letters is to be found a charming play of fancy—irony, based on true friendship, and that freedom of expression that shows him at his ease.

Seneca's (B.C. 7-A.D. 65) epistles to Lucilius are so many moral essays. They in many places reflect the spirit of Christianity. They may be considered as beautiful writing, but they are too stately for good letters. The same is true of Pliny's (A.D. 61-110) letters. They are too labored, and occasionally read like paraphrases of Horace. Still, they reveal a gentle spirit and a beautiful soul. His let-

* On reading a Life and Letters.

• Letter 2. † Ib. 7. ‡ Ib. § Written B.C. 54.

ter to Trajan, asking how he is to treat the Christians, is one of the first pictures of Christian life made by a pagan hand.* He occupies us with his rural sports,† with his studies, with the pleasures of a retired life,‡ with his daily occupations in winter and summer;§ he moralizes upon the changes wrought by time, upon the advantages of study, upon lasting friendships.|| He everywhere presents an unruffled appearance. It is evident that he is fixed up for the occasion. He has practiced too much before the glass prior to coming in our presence. We prefer knowing him in his unguarded moments. This is the charm of Madame de Sévigné (1626-1696).

In her *Lettres* are to be found all the vivacity, pleasantry, and openness that constitute the charm of a true letter. Writing to a beloved daughter, there was no need for restraint; all is said, and charmingly is it said. She writes as she speaks, and in the language best adapted to conversation. She gossips, but you weary not; her pictures are so simply and artistically sketched; her playfulness so natural; her soul is in her letter. And this is why she is embalmed in general literature. In Chesterfield's letters to his son are to be found a shade of that ease, and of graceful language, though they lack the sprightliness and familiarity. It is not heart to heart that speaks. It is worldly shrewdness indoctrinating a pupil in the maxims by which to walk; and the code laid down is such as unfolds the weaker parts of character, and suppresses what is noblest and grandest in human nature. In Cowper's letters we find an indescribable charm. Their style is the perfection of English spoken as it is thought. They have all the ease and delicacy of a woman's; and this is saying much, for nowhere is to be found such pure English as in the unrestrained out-

pourings of an educated woman in a letter. Hence the significance of that term, *our mother-tongue*. Woman's delicacy of sensibility renders grating to her ear any extraneous expression, whether of coarseness and carelessness, or of overwrought affectation.*

2. From the letter we pass to the diary. Therein the writer is supposed to jot down his first impressions; and as it is intended for his own eye, he is unguarded in his language, and expresses himself more freely than he otherwise would. It is in these free utterances that we read the man. We may consider him too selfish; but how else could he be talking to himself and of himself? And on what subject can one be more eloquent than self? He may exaggerate his abilities or his shortcomings; but in that exaggeration the reader has one of his weak points. The diary is a book of daily transactions intermingled with the writer's personal views and opinions. Historically considered, it is invaluable. It gives us the inner life of the times, and for this reason it cannot be too prolix. We would not lose a word that is jotted. The writer may be wrong in his opinions; but in his living and doing he is the representative of a class. In English we have two diaries that have become incorporate in our literature.

Evelyn lived in stirring times (1620-1706). He kept a faithful record of all he saw and heard. That record was published in 1818. It is replete with shrewd remark. It everywhere shows the scholar and the dignified gentleman. Therein is he pathetic, as in the touching picture of his daughter, who had died of small-pox in the bloom of life. Therein, also, is he graphic in his description, as when he records the great fire in London in 1666.

In a different tone—with less dignity and, because for his own eye alone,

* Book X, Letter 97. † I, 6. ‡ I, 9.
§ IX, 36-40. || IV, 24.

* See De Quincey on Style, p. 75.

with less reserve—did Samuel Pepys (1632-1703) write his diary. It was written in cipher, and first saw the light in 1825. It renders us intimate with Mr. Pepys. And from it we learn that he was a good business man, ever having an eye to his own advancement; a man who reluctantly expended, but who never objected to enjoy himself at another's expense; a worldly man who sought to blend pleasure with business; a vain man, who always makes pretence to more than he is, and who likes to be in the office, "which," he says, "is a great pleasure to me again to talk to persons of quality, and to be in command;"* a man limited in his views and education, who can see nothing in *Hudibras* at a time that the whole nation is in laughter over it, and who goes to church more to see the fashion than to pray; indeed, whose chief topic of remark is the dress and the looks of people; a spiteful man, who, on losing a silver tankard, and hearing that his servant has had a clock stolen at the same time, writes: "I hear that my man Will hath lost his clock with my tankard, *at which I am very glad*;" a covetous man, who, on seeing a dog follow him, would steal it; "and," he says, "I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me." Here, in these outcroppings of his nature we read the man, his foibles and frailties. Still, they reveal him as he is. We become intimate with one more specimen of humanity; we learn to know his kind the better, for we know that the world contains many such. The aspirations of a saint or a hero may be more ennobling; but even a sordid nature has its lesson to teach.

But far different from the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys are the journals of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin. Each writes for the eye of the other; each speaks the language of the heart. Maurice (1810-1839), in his

journal, has one central sentiment. It is a profound and universal sentiment of nature. He has sympathy with an atom. "Silence enfolds me; everything seeks repose, except my pen, which haply disturbs the slumber of some living atom, asleep in the leaves of my notebook, for it makes its own little noise scratching these foolish thoughts. Well, let it cease, then; for what I write, have written, and shall write, can never be weighed against the sleep of an atom." He would see nature work; he would be present at the imparting of life. "The germinating grain puts forth life in two contrary directions, the plumule grows upward, the rootlet downward: I would like to be the insect that takes up its quarters, and lives in the rootlet. I would take my post at the extreme tip of the roots, and watch the powerful action of the pores drawing in life; I would observe the life passing from the fruitful bosom of some earthy atom into the pores, which like so many mouths, evoke and woo it by melodious calls. I would be witness of the ineffable love with which life rushes to the arms of the being that invokes it, and of the joy of that being."* His sensibility was too great, his nerves too weak, to bear the pressure of this sentiment. It crushed out of him a whole world of thought. It nipped the buds of Christian sentiments that flourished in his heart under the fostering care of Lammenais—M. Féli (he used familiarity) call him—in his better days. And his soul grew sickly. "In his weariness," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "he embraced the stem of his lilac as the sole being in the world against which he could lean his faltering nature, as the only thing capable of supporting his embraces."† Introspection so terminating is unhealthy. For such a one the only remedy is to be up and doing. But Maurice de Guérin is a

* July 24th, 1661.

* September 29th, 1835.

† *Memoir*.

representative man. He was the child of a spirit that characterizes the age, and by which it is

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

This spirit of revery and introspection is the death of all activity. It undermines the energies of the soul, and leaves it a desert waste.

But Maurice need not have sought consolation in a lilac stem. He had a dear sister who was his guardian spirit. Her prayers, her sighs were ever for him. She watched over him with a mother's solicitude and a sister's yearning. And her tears and prayers had the consolation of bringing him out of his torpor. She tells him that she loves him not so much for this world as for the next; for heaven, the place of love.* Eugénie also penned a journal, in which she has left some of her beautiful soul. And a sweeter, dearer, more sisterly soul it was never given man to see revealed in a journal. If Maurice is absorbed in his love for nature, Eugénie is absorbed in Maurice. He is her whole thought, the inspiration of her pen. And how beautifully does she not revel, so to speak, in her descriptions of nature. She is happy as the sunshine she loves—as the flowers she describes—with the pure love for nature and her brother that fills her soul, both the one and the other overshadowed by love for the God of her heart, who is also the God of Catholicity.

3. It has been seen that Maurice de Guérin was oppressed by a sentiment. We now treat of a fragment that shows the author to have been oppressed by thought. It is the *Pensées* of Pascal. Written in his last years—often dictated to a faithful servant—the ideas stated in this profound work are fragmentary—sometimes the last word of a long train of reasoning, sometimes a first impression. On account of their desultory character they appear at

times in their isolated condition now exaggerated, now paradoxical, again inadequate to the idea, and frequently more pointed and startling than truthful. They were intended to embody a refutation of atheism, such that the atheist could not appeal from it. "Pascal," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "was a great mind and a great heart; what great minds are always not? and all that he did in the order of mind and of heart, bears a seal of invention and originality that attests strength and depth, and an ardent and infuriated pursuit of truth."* We grant him genius and heart, but it was not given him to achieve the work which he of all men was most capable to achieve. He had damaged religion by the *Lettres Provinciales*, that masterpiece of sophistry, as Schlegel correctly characterizes them, and in doing so had rendered himself unworthy of the honor of building up an invulnerable bulwark in her defence.

But if Pascal's intellect was oppressed by thought, so that his *Pensées* may be regarded as so many sighs and groans with which it yearned to know, St. Augustine's heart was weighed down with his life, and in his *Confessions* gave vent to the all-absorbing thought of God's greatness and goodness, and his own littleness. There he tells the story of a heart too great to find a home anywhere outside of God, and whilst he speaks, his capacious intellect is ever grasping for the reasons of things, catching at every fact by which it may raise itself nearer to the solution of the riddle of the world.

In our own day has lived a man, versed in the various questionings of modern times, in whom has been concentrated the whole skepticism of the age. He also is oppressed with the riddle of the world. But the faith whence St. Augustine drew his light and comfort is to him old and worn, and no longer adequate to solve the new problems that time has

* "Car voyez-vous, je n'aime pas pour ce monde: c'est le ciel, le lieu d'amour."

* Causeries du Lundi, Mars 20, 1852.

thrust upon the attention of man. In the pages of *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube*, is to be found none of the glowing earnestness of St. Augustine's *Confessions*. In the stead, there is a gloom, a sense of helplessness and of no hope of help, and a calm. But it is the calm of despair. It is the calm of one who is conscious of a growing danger, awaits it unmoved, and accepts the consequences. Read this summing up of his position :

"The loss of the belief in Providence belongs, indeed, to the most sensible deprivations which are connected with a renunciation of Christianity. In the enormous machine of the universe, and the incessant whirl and hiss of its jagged iron wheels, amid the deafening crash of its ponderous stamps and hammers, in the midst of this whole terrific commotion, man, a helpless and defenceless creature, finds himself placed with no security, not for a single moment, that in some unforeseen moment a wheel may not lay hold of him, and tear him asunder, or a hammer crush him to atoms in its descent. This sense of abandonment is at first something awful. But then what avails it to have recourse to an illusion? Our wish is impotent to refashion the world. . . . Our God does not indeed take us into his arms from the outside, but he unseals the wellsprings of consolation within our own bosoms. He shows us that although Chance would be an unreasonable ruler, yet that Necessity or the enchantment of Causes in the world, is Reason herself. He teaches us to perceive that to demand an exception in the accomplishment of a single natural law, would be to demand the destruction of the universe. Imperceptibly he leads us to perceive that the form of our frame of mind is conditioned only by external circumstances, that its substance of happiness or unhappiness, however, is derived from within."*

When Strauss penned these words,

he knew not how insupportable self were without a Providence. And the world he has pictured is the reprobate world the Christian prays and labors to avoid. *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube* is the product not simply of Strauss, but also of the skepticism of which he is a recognized exponent.

Another leader of thought, ten years previously, penned a word that for twenty years had been burning within him. John Henry Newman wrote the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. He finds that "outside the Catholic Church things are tending to atheism in one shape or other."* Were it not for the strong voice within him, that a God is, he would follow the tendency. "I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history; but these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice."† He shrinks, as from a precipice, from the cold skepticism of the day. His whole nature is cast in a religious mould. His early life was a reaction against the liberalism, and ultimately the atheism, into which he saw and felt that Protestant Christianity was fast drifting. The *Apologia* is a vindication of that life. With breathless anxiety was the book read by the numerous friends absorbed in his life; who had for years followed his every beck, who had clung to his lips, and caught and hoarded up every word that fell therefrom; who had cherished every idea he put upon paper, and revered him as their guide and master. Eagerly and anxiously did friend and foe follow every step, and the motives for every movement that this great controversialist had made, from the day he graduated at Oxford to that memorable day of the

* *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube*, Appendix, § 108.

* *Apologia*, 2d ed., p. 244.

† *Ibid.*, p. 241.

23d of February, 1846; after which he could write: "From the time that I became a Catholic, of course, I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. . . . I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt."* No book for a quarter of a century created such a stir as did the *Apologia*. But no name has more influence in England to-day. As the psychological study of one of the acutest minds of this or any other age, the *Apologia* is a great book, always worthy of a thoughtful reader. It has been urged against the author that in his works he is in general too digressive. But in this imputed weakness lies his strength. It is the characteristic of Plato. But in neither the one nor the other does the digressiveness interfere with the making of the point in view. Each likes to think in the concrete; neither wearies of accumulating probabilities. Each differs in this respect from Brownson, who, in his masterly style, delights in handling principles. But there is one point on which all agree concerning John Henry Newman, namely, that he is the greatest master of English prose in the whole range of English writers.

A young man, with good education, thinks he can live without a formal religious belief. He imagines he finds everything in philosophy. Reverses come upon him. In 1820 he is imprisoned for being an active member of the Carbonari. In the solitude of his prison, the faith in which his mother had taken such pains to raise him, returns to his soul with all the ardor of a first love; he sees things in a different light from that with which he had looked upon them in the hours of his prosperity. He embraces the practice of Christianity. "Christianity," he

says, "instead of undoing in me whatever of good philosophy had done, confirmed it, strengthened it, with reasons more elevated and powerful."* After ten years' sufferings he was pardoned, and in 1833 presented to the world that charming and open recital of his thoughts and words known to all as *Le mie Prigione*. Silvio Pellico wrote this work to show that in all stations of life, among the criminals and outcasts, human nature has still its good parts, and that no mortal ought to be hated.† It everywhere breathes a spirit of gentleness and resignation. Throughout the book there were in an undertone these words that break out at the last page: "Ah, for past misfortunes, and for the present contentment, as well as for all the good and the evil from which I will be preserved, blessed be Providence, who maketh men and things, willingly or unwillingly, admirable instruments of ends worthy of him!"‡

In this brief outlook, we have found men, some of them uttering to themselves their most cherished thoughts, others unreserved with their friends, others again oppressed by an idea they considered the world entitled to know, and unburdening themselves of it; we have contemplated some of the inner workings of that complicated being called *man*; we have noticed each soul shaping its course, and directing its actions according to the manner in which it comprehends the meaning and value of life; and, in contemplating the mazy windings of life running through apparent inconsistencies and contradictions, we learn to forbear in passing judgment upon any one, leaving it to Him who alone knows the workings of the soul in its inmost recesses.

* *Le mie Prigione*, cap. vi, p. 17.

† *Ibid.*, Introduction. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 286.

* *Apologia*, p. 238, ch. v, 2d ed.

THREE STORIES.

"He must have been a convict!"

"Yes, he always walks as if he had irons attached to his heels."

"And then, *such* a furtive manner!"

"And, la me, how careless about his clothes, and beard, and all that!"

"And he never talks in company; just sits and gazes at every one, as if he would gaze through their souls!"

"Yes, and Nell says his room has such queer things in it; a tent folded up, and a camp-stool, and a flock-bed, and all kinds of arms; and pictures of people in the most outlandish costumes; and shells and stones of every sort!"

"And she told me, there's one picture on the wall near his bed, a picture of the loveliest girl!"

"I wouldn't listen to the chambermaid's tales, girls. Come here, Elsie. What have you got?"

They were a group of fashionably dressed girls, chatting in an arbor, which was one of the belongings of a "first-class" boarding-house, just outside of the city. Elsie was a little child about five years old, painfully approaching this arbor on crutches, and holding carefully in one hand some object, the contemplation of which appeared to give her intense delight. From it she raised her eyes, dark violet, and thrilling in expression, probably from suffering, as eyes of children will be when they are the "windows" of innocent souls on which the cross has laid its impress. They met those of the last speaker as they were raised, and the look must have touched some tender chord in her heart, for she said,

"Poor little thing! Don't be afraid; I'll take it from you."

"Pshaw!" cried one of the others, a darkly beautiful girl, with no soul in her almost faultless face; "don't

bother with her, Lute. Let her go to her mother!"

"Yes, and we want to talk about that phenomenon which has come among us this summer, and little pitchers have big ears!" cried another.

But the one called "Lute" (and the name sounded as if it were made expressly for the person, if sweetness of look could claim that which bespoke sweetness of sound), stooped gently over the child, who began to shrink away, evidently understanding all that has been said.

"Let me see it, dear," she said; "I want you here, and when I've seen it, I'll take you for a walk, and tell you a story."

The hearts of the violet eyes held gold now in the light that leaped to them. The little bit of a wasted hand opened slowly, and showed in its white palm a tiny, pink-tinted shell, so dainty and so perfectly shaped that it might have been taken for a curled-up rose-leaf lying there.

"Mr. Shawe gave it to me," she said; "and he told me, oh! a lovely story of the sea away off it comes out of, and how the bed of it's full of queen's things, and the sand is gold, and the roof is light, and this is a leaf off a flower that a princess loved."

"Likes children," said the dark beauty, toying with her scarlet sash that wandered over her black dress in brilliant rivulets of sheen, caught here and there by a jet pin that enhanced its stylish effect.

"He saw the lovely sea," pursued the child; "and he said if I put this to my ear, it would sing to me of it. Listen!" and deftly supporting her crutch against the lattice-work near, she held it to the ear of the one called Lute, with a pretty look of delight that forgot all insinuations as to her going away.

"It sings," she said then, softly, "sings, sings."

"Sings, sings," repeated the one called Lute, in a voice like her name. "What will you do with it, dear?"

"Keep it, and when I am sorry get it to sing for me," said the child in a dreaming tone. "Mr. Shawe said some hearts sang that way all the time, and—"

"Go on," whispered Lute.

"If one could only keep such a heart for his own, life would be very sweet."

"Yes," said Lute. "Come, walk now, poor little pet."

"And you'll tell me the story!" cried the child, eagerly, as she fixed her crutch under her arm. "And please make it about some one that kept a heart that sang."

Then the one called Lute stood up to go, thereby making a picture of herself, which was a very fair one of a slight and dainty figure, becomingly but unpretendingly draped in soft gray, with a knot of rose blushing in mists of lace at wrists and neck; the head crowned with sunny coils of brown hair, in which a rosebud or two nestled as if they sought the light hidden therein, and would coax it out; and the face, all its bloom, and youth, and beauty of outline, tenderly held captive in a downward look of pity at the little creature helplessly making her way through the entrance of the summer-house.

"He's travelled," said the dark beauty, when the two had disappeared down the garden-walk; "that's evident as that he has worn iron on his heels."

"Oh, yes," said a beauty of the classic style, "he told papa he had been all over the world; and brother Charley says you can't mention any place he cannot describe for you."

"Then he talks," indignantly cried a creature, exquisitely "gotten up" in cerulean blue, with blonde hair, and pink face to match; "talks to—men?"

"Oh my, yes! Papa says he never heard a more interesting talker, and you know he is a pretty good judge, having travelled himself, and met many distinguished people."

"He don't care to talk to ladies, anyhow," decided another; "but maybe he's ashamed of his clothes."

"He must be a very lazy man, to spend all his time lounging round here, and doing nothing, and of course he needs to do something, for if he were well off he wouldn't dress so shabbily," was the decision of another of the group.

"But how can he afford to stay at a house like this?" was the query that then naturally arose.

"Maybe he don't pay his bills," the charitable conclusion drawn.

"Pshaw! catch our landlady taking any boarder without good security!" the next remark ventured on this evidently knotty subject.

"I guess he's a prince in disguise. Girls, did he ever try to pay any of you any attention?" now rose to the surface from a pair of very rosy lips.

"Never!" chorussed the others.

"Lute's away; Nell says she heard him ask Lute to ride with him once, when she was cleaning the hall. Lute's crazy about scenery and that kind of thing, you know, and he offered to take her over the mountain."

"And she?"

"Refused promptly! How do any of us know but that he *has* been a convict. It was Lute first thought it, too."

Straight down the path was coming a figure; they saw it too late. The look of intense pain that swept over the astonished countenance showed that the last words had wounded ears not meant to hear them. It was a beautiful, nay, noble countenance, with a man's soul stamped proudly thereon; but eyes of beauties discussing it could not see that, because the luxuriant brown beard was not trimmed in the latest style, and the waving brown

hair fell in waves that were careless and innocent of pomade or barber's magic touch. The figure was large and well built, but all its power as well as grace were concealed by the ill-made garments in which it was clad; and the walk had a peculiar shambling gait, truly like that of one "dragging irons." The whole effect, notwithstanding the beauty of the face, was, to say the mildest of it, not charming. It came slowly on, this figure of the subject of their gossip, and, pausing at the entrance of the summer-house, looked straight at the group seated there, saying, very quietly, but with a certain dignity of manner not to be assumed by one of low birth or breeding:

"Excuse me, ladies. I unavoidably heard what was not meant for my ear. All I can do, in atonement, is to make this acknowledgment," and, with a low bow, he withdrew, appearing to drag, as he went, an unusual load of irons.

"Heavens! I can almost hear them clanking!" cried a beauty under her breath.

"But, gracious! isn't it too awful that he heard us!" cried another.

"Well, he never denied it!" cried a third.

"So he must be, or have been, a convict!" was the universal conclusion.

Which conclusion echoed from these pretty lips to others equally as pretty, but over which no whisper holding a lofty thought was ever wafted, swiftly assumed the form of fact, and finally was told as fact in all the places where gossip called these prattling lips to ply their fatal, but, oh! so charmingly disguised work. And in this way, and from such foundation, grew the "First Story about Launcelot Shawe," that he had been a convict across the water, and came to America after travelling everywhere else in vain to hide his identity. You will say, it was not logical to draw such a conclusion from such premises, but you

must remember that gossip knows not logic; and if you further remonstrate that truth and justice were laid aside in such a story, I need only remind you that to these gossip is a well-known and ancient enemy. Then, with your permission, I will pass on to the Second Story.

II.

"It sings! it sings!" the little voice was chanting softly, for Elsie had the arbor all to herself, and sat perched upon the seat where the dark beauty had held forth yesterday. The pink shell was being pressed to her tiny ear, and her face was telling the story of her childish delight. The crutches lay idle on the floor as something cast away, and the glory of the sunshine stole tenderly through the lattice-work, defiant of the shadow of the vine, and lit the brown of her bent head. Upon the picture thus made of the little creature, came the awkward, shambling figure, which stood gazing at it with a look wherein pity almost divine was blended with pleasure heartily human.

"It sings! it sings!" again sweetly broke from the baby-heart.

"What does it sing, Elsie?" the tone was so gentle, it scarcely startled her. She looked up, and the look was love unmistakable. The man, who was such a mystery, then came over to her, took her tenderly in his arms, and lifting her up to his shoulder, seated her there.

"Queen Elsie's throne!" and he laughed as a light-hearted boy might laugh. "Say from your height, *what* it sings, sweet queen."

"The story of the heart that sang, and some one kept it."

"Tell us while it sings."

"Oh! yes, oh! yes," and she fell to chanting softly again in tiny measures. "It sings, it sings. The heart said 'Love,' and all the world then sang, then sang, and then he stooped, to take, to take. The heart that sang, because its world all sang, all sang. Who was he?" stopping in her quaint

little chant to descend to prose. "She didn't say any name, only he."

"That was the name then," but his voice spoke a quivering heart, a heart that was thrilled to the core. "Who told the story?"

"Lute, of course," chanting again. "Of course, of course. He took the heart, but never saw it in his hand, and never knew it was his own, his own, his own;" the sweet, sweet voice dropped softly here like an echo of itself. "But still it sang, and e'er it sang, 'I am thy own, thy own, thy own.' He heard the song; he heard the song, but never knew it spoke to him, and never knew the heart was his, and yet, and yet he kept the heart. Ah! me, ah! me, he kept the heart."

The shell was here held to his ear. "Listen, don't it tell all that? What do you think he did with the heart? and was he a prince? But of course he was. And was the heart a heart standing out by itself, or in a princess?"

"In a princess," said a very, very muffled tone.

"And why didn't he know the heart was his, the heart was his?"

"Because," promptly answered the muffled tone, "he was blind, let us say."

"Oh! yes, couldn't see, and didn't know it was the heart he picked up."

"Precisely."

"But he wasn't deaf, was he? Didn't he hear the song?"

"Let us suppose," surmised the muffled tone, "that the song was in an unknown tongue; that's the only way to account for the fact of its being sung, and at the same time of his freedom from deafness, yet his perfect want of knowledge that 'he kept the heart, he kept the heart.'"

She stroked his brown, careless waves of hair, and a rippling laugh came from her heart.

"Wasn't he stupid, don't you think?" said she.

"Yes, that certainly entered into his list of infirmities, whatever may

be said of his deafness or blindness, either."

"I think—I think," this was a very confidential whisper, "his name wasn't he, prince; he wouldn't sound right, you know, and I believe Lute could have told his name."

"Why?"

"When I asked her, she said, 'Oh! only the heart of all the world knows that,' and her face got nice and red like roses; and then she said, 'Yes, of all the world;' but she didn't say that to me, you know; she said it to herself. I love Lute, don't you?"

A stoppage of speech seemed to affect the listener, for he made a very wild effort at utterance, which resulted in nothing at all in the way of sound.

"Of course," pursued Elsie, "she *can't* tell *you* stories, and carry you over all the rough places on the path, and show you how feet that ache and won't walk without crutches, are only like the feet that ached and had to walk up Mount Calvary; and she can't tell *you*, when you're sent to bed and are afraid, and your mother is gone to the ball, about the angels that stay, and so nothing can touch you."

"No, not just so."

"Because you can walk without crutches, and you don't be afraid in the dark, and I suppose *you* don't need angels."

"Ah! how well God knows I do."

This was a burst of genuine feeling from the very depths of a man's touched heart, than which God's wide creation owns no more beautiful spectacle.

"Did he send you any?" in a hushed and wondering tone.

"Yes, two. Dearie, there are feet that ache, which people see not, and rough places to pass, of which such as you cannot understand, and there is a 'dark' I *am* afraid to face, out of which one angel has brought me often."

"And you love Lute with me; she's the angel."

"I do. She is."

That was all just then. But out of it, the third story found life.

III.

It was in this wise:

"Did you refuse to ride with me the other day, because you fancied I was a convict, Miss Lute?"

"Certainly not," and a soft crimson mist rose to her cheeks, while her eyes drooped. "I never thought it. I could not think it. But I promised my mother, when she let me come here, that I would not ride with any gentleman."

"And you could not think I was a convict. Why?"

"Because," she hesitated, "let me tell truth, Mr. Shawe, without fear of your calling it mere compliment. I have found in you a soul above meanness."

"And must all convicts necessarily be mean?"

"It would be a miraculous case to find one not so."

"Let us suppose a case. Weigh the story well in your mind, for more than a mere opinion is held in your answer to the question at the end. Ten years ago, in the busy city of London, a young man found himself standing on the threshold of life, fortune, a fair share of talent, a good appearance, and influence all at his command. But he had no sweet tie of love to bind him to a family circle of warm hearts; he stood alone. Now, in the past, spent in school and college, this isolated heart had learned to love a friend who once saved his life at the risk of his own; who truly became to him as a brother, and whom he held in his heart as one. It was strange, too, that these friends resembled each other in look, though not the most distant relationship existed between them. They were called by their companions in school 'the accidental twins,' and many a mistake, as well as many a jest, was per-

petrated through the fact of their strange likeness to each other.

"Five years from their entrance into manhood, saw the first still isolated, but the second had married a beautiful woman, and become the father of two lovely children. He was not rich like his friend, but earned a comfortable, nay, respectable income by the practice of the law, and their home was a little Eden of love and happiness. But every Eden has its serpent, and into this crept one most dread. His beautiful wife excited his jealousy by the admiration she received from all who met her, either in society, or her own house, where distinguished legal men often met for the pleasant, intellectual enjoyment to be found there. The truth must be told; her vanity accepted it too complacently, though no actual wrong could be found in her conduct. She too evidently enjoyed the homage she received, for the patience of a jealous man to bear it, and he grew more and more suspicious every day. At last a day came, when, heated with wine, he resented a toast drank in his wife's honor by one of his guests, threw a glass in his face, gave him the lie, and challenged him. When the next morning this man was found all but murdered in his bed, and his challenger's hands and clothes were discovered to be stained with blood; when, in the latter's room, a bloody knife was discovered, which corresponded to the character of the victim's wounds, it is not strange that he was arrested. Neither is it strange that he was found guilty of attempt to kill, and sentenced to transportation, fearful sentence, which beggared his family, and deprived them of husband and father all at one blow. His friend could not bear the despair and remorse of his wife, the tears and innocent prayers of his little children. He determined to save him, if need be at the sacrifice of that life he owed to the prisoner. Ah! he was called upon to sacrifice

what was dearer, honor, an unstained name."

There was a pause, a gentle, softly regretful, yet proudly reliant pause; a pause that held her heart in its hush, quite as truly as the singing shell held its song for the child. On the spell of this pause, fell the words:

"He sacrificed them—all, all. After striving in many ways to effect his friend's release, he at last went to the prison to seek him, and said: 'There is but one way, John; my resemblance to you will enable me to take your place. Go to those who need you—I am not needed outside this prison?'"

"He remonstrated long, but finally, at mention of his children's cries for him, consented. They changed clothes, and he who had been free was now the prisoner. What would you say of such a convict as that?"

"I would not name him convict, but hero!" was the proud reply, given with flashing eye and rose-lit cheek.

Then a look met hers, whereof the meaning cannot be put into words, but which, rejected back from her eyes, told an old, old beautiful story to both hearts, far better than any language could have done. So a pause and a silence ensued, of which neither had to wonder at the cause, and during which, neither "took note of time."

After this:

"It is about a year, now, since the convict escaped from his thralldom, and found his way to the dwelling of his friend, living in elegant style on the fortune he had given him, as part of his sacrifice; living in a home far from his old one, purchased by it, and to which it had enabled him to remove his family secretly. Can you believe it, you, whose lofty heart calls this convict a hero! His friend refused to recognize him; treated him as a madman; and when, with the hunger of a wounded heart

for love, he begged him to acknowledge *him*, and keep all the wealth that made him fear to do so, he had him forcibly ejected from the house by his servants! Ah! there was murder in the heart of the convict that night! God must have sent him some good angel, that it was not done!"

"The angel of his own lofty deeds in the past," breathed, rather than spoke, the young girl.

"He retired to a spot not far from the magnificent home of the craven, to meditate some complete and sure revenge. He gloated on it night and day. He had plenty of money, amassed, as convicts can amass it, if they wish, and so he did not need to work. With a demon in his heart, he entered where two angels stayed. A little, suffering child, was one, and a young girl, who dwelt amongst the false and worldly with unspotted soul, and who daily showed the cross to the little child, was the other. This young girl did not act out any wonderful mission, nor did she seem to exert any extraordinary influence, but her life breathed purity, and her words, simple in themselves, elevated the heart to God. He drew near—he listened—he drank in new knowledge. He learned that aching feet are only like feet that ached on Calvary's mount; that injustice here is only sharing the fate of a God; that persecution is only his crown to those he elects his own from the beginning; that angels are with us in 'the dark;' and that all weeping hearts may hide in his. He gave up his revenge—he laid his wrong at the foot of the cross. What do you think of that convict now? His story is ended."

"I think—I think," and the sweet voice came like a whisper from a soul that saw heaven, "he is more than a hero now, he is one of God's truly elect, and his heart is a sacred thing in God's keeping!"

"Then take it from his hand, for I am the convict, and I place it at

and harmonious versification. The pure and lofty sentiments of patriotism and virtue that breathe through them will be felt as long as "rivers roll and woods are green." The *Melodies* are the richest and most finished collection of songs the world has ever seen. In melody and flexibility of diction and versification, in graceful and appropriate imagery, in brilliant wit, racy humor, deep feeling, and patriotic enthusiasm, they are not surpassed by the most finished lyric productions of the ancient or modern world. The sublimity of Pindar, the grace and sweetness of Sappho, the energy, conciseness, and vivid imagery of Alcæus, the elegance of Horace, the fiery enthusiasm of Beranger, the humor and pathos of Burns, the classical finish of Gray, and the martial fire of Campbell, have won the praise and extorted the admiration of acute and eloquent critics; but these different qualities and beauties of style can be found in the exquisite songs of Moore. Neither Greece, nor Rome, nor France, nor England, nor Scotland has produced any lyric poet equal in united excellence to the bard of Erin. Sublimity is not the prevailing beauty of his songs, but he is sometimes as sublime as Pindar. He was unequal to the task of producing a battle-piece that could rival Campbell's *Hohenlinden*, but he surpasses the latter in the abundance and variety of his lyrical productions. He has no war-song equal in concentrated energy of expression to that heroic strain of Burns: "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" but in richness and variety of imagery, graceful and musical diction, classical finish, and extent of knowledge, he was superior to the rustic bard of Scotland. In genius, taste, vigor, elegance, harmony of numbers, and felicity of expression, he resembles Horace, the greatest lyric poet of pagan Rome. The odes of Horace are the most durable monument of his fame; the noblest

inspirations of Moore are his *Irish Melodies*. Horace skilfully and felicitously adapted the graceful and flowing measures of the lyric muse of Greece to the stately and inflexible Latin language. In the hands of Moore the harsh and discordant English language became flexible, soft, and musical. All the treasures of sweet sound were at his command. He surpassed Milton in his power over the English language. He surpassed Horace in originality, versatility of intellect, and brilliant and copious imagery. The *Irish Melodies* are so finished, expressive, and musical in language and versification, that an effort to improve them would be as vain as

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
Or add fresh perfume to the violet."

They are the joy and delight of youth and manhood, the cheering consolation of old age. They have winged their way to every clime, and have been translated into every tongue. The correct language and versification which Moore employed in their composition improved and purified the public taste. Their publication heralded the dawn of a new era for Irish literature. They elevated the character of English song-writing, and exalted the standard of taste and imitation. When Moore first touched the chords of the national harp, many sweet Irish airs had been disgraced by poetry unworthy of their energy, depth, and tenderness. The coarse and vulgar language and thoughts of English song-writers were nearly as fatal to Irish minstrelsy as the deadly and destructive pressure of the accursed penal code. The penal laws vitiated the national taste, and this sad result of a barbarous policy increased the evil of the degrading connection of Irish music with the coarse language of anti-Irish songsters—language which was as injurious to literature as to public morals. The spirit of the ancient muse of the island seemed to be

dead, song and sense were divorced, and many good Irishmen despaired for many years of witnessing their union again at the close of the eighteenth century in Ireland. "When I first tried my novice hand at the lyre," said Moore, "the divorce between song and sense had reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a birthday ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs in general: 'Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.'" At a time when words without sense passed current for the genuine inspirations of the lyric muse, the merit of Moore was soon appreciated, and his zeal for the preservation of his country's music encouraged by patriotic and educated Irishmen. Its preservation in his national lyrics seemed to be providential. It was fast sinking into the grave of oblivion, when with patriotic pride he rescued it from the general wreck of his country's hopes and liberties, and made it known and popular in lands where the name of Erin was seldom previously heard or mentioned. True, Hardiman and Bunting are entitled to the lasting gratitude of Irishmen for their patriotic labors in collecting some of the most valuable relics of the ancient poetry and music of Ireland. But the zeal and intelligent research of even Hardiman and Bunting would have been only partially successful, without a patriot poet capable of adapting appropriate words to the sweet airs which they had so laboriously and faithfully collected, and of making the poetry sympathize with the music. Hence the universal suffrage of his countrymen has bestowed upon Moore the proud distinction of being called the bard of Erin, not only because he was her greatest poet, but because he wedded her music to deathless song, and made it immortal as the shamrock on her green hills.

By purifying public taste, he rendered lasting services to the literature of his country. In his *Melodies* he has supplied the song-writers of each succeeding generation with models of taste and standards of excellence. Those immortal songs, however, accomplished much more than the improvement and elevation of Irish song-writing. They were instrumental in advancing the great cause of Catholic emancipation by creating a sympathy for the sufferings of Ireland in the higher classes of English society. They stimulated the patriotic ardor of the millions who hung with rapture on the inspiring accents of O'Connell and Sheil. How often did these mighty orators lend force to their arguments, and kindle the patriotic enthusiasm of the people by felicitous quotations from the *Irish Melodies*! They were sung by the humbler classes as well as by the wealthy and educated. They were the most read, the best remembered, and the most frequently quoted productions of the natural muse, since the race of the old Irish bards became extinct. In the gorgeous drawing-rooms and saloons of England they charmed all tastes, and calmed the angry and vindictive passions of the hereditary foes of Ireland. In those plaintive strains her cause was pleaded in accents more pathetic and persuasive than the eloquence of Grattan, O'Connell, and Sheil. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, whose military experience was not calculated to soften his heart, shed tears when the last lines of that famous song, in which Moore commemorates the great warrior's glory, were sung in his presence in one of the fashionable drawing-rooms of London. These are the lines which brought tears to the eyes of the Iron Duke:

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, ev'n thou hast yet
known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchain-
ing,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.

At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast
stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's
name!"

Moore boasts that fourteen years after the first appearance of this stanza the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation. Never before did music and song win such triumphs in the cause of freedom. Armed only with his harp, the Irish minstrel subdued the world of fashion, and by his enchanting strains, won the proud nobles of England to his country's cause.

At the music of the lyre of Orpheus—to borrow the beautiful language of ancient Greek poetry—the wheel of Ixion stopped, Tantalus forgot the thirst that tormented him, the vulture ceased to prey on the vitals of Tityus, and the stern Pluto became pliant and merciful. But the Irish harp worked miracles as great as those of the Greek lyre. It was as difficult for Moore to awaken sympathy for Ireland in England as it was Orpheus to civilize by the tones of his lyre the early race of men. The musical triumphs of Orpheus, however, are mythical—the beautiful traditions of an imaginative people who made even fable instructive. The musical victories of Moore were real—not the echoes of pagan mythology. His songs were consecrated to recollections of the ancient glories, valor, beauty, and sufferings of a country honored in the archives of civilization—once the light of Europe and still the glory of Christendom. The severity of the most refined literary criticism only discovers new beauties in them, time only increases their popularity, genius reads and studies them only to bestow new praises upon them. Horace, in his glowing panegyric of Pindar, says that the poet who would rival him is destined to fail as ignominiously as Icarus, who endeavored to fly with artificial wings—wings

made by his father, Dædalus. Horace's eulogy, however, of the Dircæan swan might be bestowed with more propriety upon Moore. Pindar, who is proverbial for his sublimity, is often obscure, often abrupt, fond of digression, and negligent of unity. But whether grave or gay, whether mirthful or melancholy, Moore is always perspicuous and felicitous in expression. Whether he sings the glories of Malachi and Brien the Brave, or mourns the tragic death of Robert Emmet, or weeps with Sarah Curran, "far from the land where her young hero sleeps," or celebrates the praises of the warrior bard who prefers an honorable death on the battlefield to life without freedom, or adds new glories to the magic scenery of the vale of Avoca, or moralizes on human life at early morn on the beach, or brings before our eyes the once royal halls of Tara, crowded with gallant chieftains and fair women, and ever echoing the enchanting notes of the harp, or renews the festive strains of Garry Owen, or inculcates union among his countrymen, or gives a new immortality to that golden era when honor and virtue were dearer to Irishmen than gold or beauty, or chants the lament of Grattan, he is always harmonious in diction, and musical in versification. In a word, he is the prince of lyric poets—the inspired minstrel—"who ran through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

In this estimate of Moore as the greatest master of the lyre, some persons may consider me too encomiastic. I am supported in my opinion, however, by some of the ablest and most eloquent critics this century has yet produced.

"Of English lyric poets," says Lord John Russel, "Moore is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may indeed be found from the earliest times of literature to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet

can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions." "To me," said Lord Byron, "some of Moore's last Erin sparks, 'As a beam o'er the face of the waters,' 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh, blame not the bard,' and 'Oh, breathe not his name,' are worth all the epics that were ever composed." "Of all the song-writers," said the great Scotchman, the immortal Christopher North (Professor Wilson), "that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best in our estimation is verily none other than Thomas Moore." "However multifarious his accomplishments," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "and various the paths by which he has risen to his elevated reputation, that portion of Moore's celebrity is not the least precious and enduring, which is derived from the *Melodies*, where music, adapted beyond all other to the expression of national woe, was wedded to verse of an incomparable sweetness. The beautiful airs which are supposed to be produced by grief, and possess so admirable an aptitude for the language of lamentation, were turned by Moore to a noble account. He made them the vehicles of those delightful effusions, in which the most graceful diction, the most harmonious versification, and the most brilliant fancy were employed to charm the ear and touch the heart with the calamities of Ireland. A new sort of advocacy was instituted in her cause, and in the midst of gilded drawing-rooms, and the throng of illuminated saloons, there arose a song of sorrow which breathed an influence as pure and as enchanting as that which ravished the senses of Comus with its simple and pathetic melody. He whom many pronounced at first too trifling to succeed, and then too successful in his own day to abide the test of another, but whose position in the brilliant band of poets of this age (now so rapidly vanishing from us one by one and unreplaced), is already fixed

beyond the power of criticism or of time, unrivalled in one exquisite department of his art, delightful in many." This is high praise from a Review which was long the terror of poets, and which, under the control of the gifted Jeffrey, promulgated its canons of criticism on literature, science, and government with a fearlessness and independence never before witnessed in the English world of letters. Such a tribute is the more remarkable, because Jeffrey reproved Moore with undue severity for the licentious tendency of some of his youthful productions. "We think it a duty to state," said Jeffrey, in the November number of the *Edinburgh Review*, 1817, "that he (Moore) has long ago redeemed that error; and that in all his later works that have come under our observation, he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honor." What higher eulogy could the most celebrated critic of the nineteenth century have bestowed upon a patriot poet? An eloquent priest, in an article in the *Dublin Review*, speaks in the following enthusiastic terms of the *Irish Melodies*: "This is truly a great work, whether we view it as a production of rarest genius, or as a precious repository, in which are treasured up all the essence of the purest and warmest and noblest feelings, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and regrets experienced by a brave and kindhearted but unfortunate people, through long and checkered ages. In the first point of view, we look in vain through the literature of other nations for a work like this, but for a series of poems like the *Irish Melodies*, so perfect in all that makes perfection, in simplicity, in beauty, in condensation of thought, we search but find not. Ireland is proud of this work, and justly; it is her own in its general theme, in the sentiments it breathes, but, above all, it is her own in the immortal genius

impressed upon its every page. No one but an Irishman could have written it." Archbishop McHale translated the *Melodies* into Irish in the same metres which their author employed, and in an eloquent introduction, paid a noble and graceful tribute to his genius and patriotism. "The genius of Moore," says the illustrious Irish prelate, "must ever command admiration; its devotion to the vindication of the ancient faith of Ireland, and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instrument of every muse, and became master of them all; sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the East, and listens with rapture to its prophetic melodies; subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and of Erin, at once the emblem of piety and patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of religion." Moore might have felt prouder of this high encomium than of a thousand panegyrics by the Russels and Charlemonts. The numerous tributes to his worth cannot be all quoted in a short article. We can only select for prominence the most valuable and important.

The following eloquent passage from *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature* should be read and remembered by those whose bigotry is too stupid, and whose anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudices are too deeply rooted to appreciate the lyric beauties of Moore. "The *Irish Melodies*," says the critic who wrote the article on Moore, "are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular and the most likely to be immortal of all Moore's works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words, graceful

in thought and sentiment, often tender, pathetic, and heroic, and they blend poetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared. The most familiar expressions become, in his hands, instruments of power and melody. The songs are read and remembered by all. They are equally the delight of the cottage and the saloon, and, in the poet's own country, are sung with an enthusiasm that will long be felt in the hour of festivity, as well as in the periods of suffering and solemnity, by that imaginative and warm-hearted people."

Lyric poetry, however, was not the only department of literature in which Moore shone with extraordinary lustre. His oriental romance, *Lalla Rookh*, is a poem of which Pope, or Scott, or Campbell would be proud. Its chief defect is excessive ornament. Hazlitt says that Moore should not have written it even for three thousand guineas, the price which the booksellers paid him for the copyright. "The land of the sun," says Lord Jeffrey, in his article in the *Edinburgh Review* on this poem, "has never shone out so brightly on the children of the North, nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe. The beautiful forms, the dazzling splendor, the breathing odors of the East, seem at last to have found a kindred poet in the 'Green Isle of the West.'"

As a satirist, Moore rivalled Horace. He did not scourge the bigot, the despot, the fool and the knave with scorpions, like Juvenal, but he was as successful as the Venetian bard in exposing them to laughter and scorn. Stupid and profligate as the Prince Regent (George IV) was, he felt the lash of the Irish satirist. There was no gall, no bitterness in the joyous na-

ture of Moore; but, if he is sometimes exceptionally severe in a few of his satirical effusions, the theme justifies his severity. His indignation is always roused by the follies, bigotry, intolerance, and baseness of the royal personage whom flatterers eulogized as the "first gentleman in Europe," but whom honest men stigmatized as a prodigy of turpitude—false even to his bosom friends—false to every honorable obligation. His caustic wit, piercing as pointed steel, stung Lord Castlereagh to madness, and the pious hypocrites and surpliced incendiaries of Exeter Hall feared his satiric lash more than the scathing invectives of O'Connell. His versatility of intellect enabled him to excel in prose as well as in poetry. Had he never written a line of the *Melodies*, his prose works would have been sufficient to immortalize his name. His *Memoirs of Captain Rock* placed him in the first rank of English prose writers. His *Life of Sheridan* is the best historical notice of the great events of the age which the eloquence of that renowned orator astonished. His *Life of Byron* was praised by Macaulay and Campbell as a model of style and taste in biography. His *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* was read with deep interest by every lover of freedom in the English-speaking world. The *Travels of an Irish Gentleman*, a most eloquent vindication of Catholic truth, won the praise of Dr. Doyle and Archbishop Kenrick, two of the most eminent controversialists and theologians Ireland ever produced. Moore's *History of Ireland* was only a partial success. Varied as his intellectual gifts were, and active as was his mind, he could not attain universal supremacy in literature. To excel in different departments of literature is a task which few men can accomplish. The history of Ireland has not been yet written. The future Lingard of that ancient land must be thoroughly acquainted with

the Gaelic records. The falsehoods, calumnies, and misrepresentations of English scribes, and the defective annals of Anglo-Irish writers, are not sufficient materials for a full and true history of Ireland. The manuscript materials of Irish history were accessible to Moore in the Gaelic tongue, but the poet was not an Irish archæologist. His literary labors and engagements allowed him no time for the study of Gaelic literature and Irish archæology. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he labored, the first volume of his history will be always read with delight by the lovers of the ancient literary and religious glories of Ireland. I am not, however, discussing his merits as a controversialist, biographer, historian, essayist, or satirical poet in this article. I have limited my remarks to his lyrical talents and productions. He well knew that his fame as a lyric poet would be immortal. "I now take leave," said Moore in his preface to the fourth volume of his works, "of the *Irish Melodies*—the only production of pen, as I very sincerely believe, whose fame (thanks to the sweet music in which it is enbalméd) may boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond our own." Though the *Melodies* are the most lasting productions of his pen, I am inclined to believe that in these modest words he underrates the enduring fame of many of his other works. He lived long enough to witness the influence which he exercised upon Irish genius and literature. When the generation which he first addressed in Ireland had passed away, he saw a youthful band of poets rousing by their soul-stirring odes a spirit of resistance to tyranny, and inspiring the oppressed masses of the people with an indomitable resolution to free themselves from the galling yoke of the stranger. When bidding farewell to his harp, he little thought that a young bard was soon destined to

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE movement in India of the educated Hindoos from Brahminism and Buddhism into pure infidelity is becoming so obvious that it is forcing itself upon public attention. It is not a recent movement, but its extent was not, until recently, generally known. Intelligent British residents of India perceived it, and incidentally referred to it in their letters and published accounts of India. But Protestant missionaries generally denied it, and endeavored to conceal it from public view. Its recent rapid extension is due, in a very great degree, to their own unintentional and unconscious influence along with that of government educational institutions. As Protestant and non-Catholic schools have multiplied in India, and brought under their influence children of the wealthier and higher caste Hindoos, they have broken down to some extent the traditions of Brahminism and Buddhism; but they have utterly failed to inspire any belief in Christianity as a divine religion. The utmost that can be said of these institutions is, that they have helped forward the supplanting of Asiatic civilization by European. But as in Egypt, China, and Japan, so in India, along with the adoption of European habits and ideas, of European industrial improvements and inventions, you look in vain for any movement towards belief in any of the distinctive truths of Christianity. The more highly educated Hindoos are rapidly adopting a species of Pantheism, something not very different from that of this country and of Europe, whilst the less educated are throwing aside all religious restraints, and falling into the lowest abysses of open, vulgar infidelity and atheism.

The effects of this in the deterioration of Hindoo morals are so marked, that the leading reviews of England are discussing the question whether it would not have been better to have left the people of India undisturbed in their heathen delusions. The *London Quarterly*, in an article on "Indian Missions," says: "*It has been proved in the history of India, again and again, that a bad religion is better than none.*" The *British Quarterly* asks: "*Was it altogether unreasonable, to argue that it was better for a man to believe in any religious system, however superstitious, to worship any god, however repulsive, than to be absolutely without a faith and without a deity?*"

Here we have in two leading British reviews, what, in plain words, amounts to an acknowledgment that Protestant missionary efforts in India are worse than a failure; that

their practical results are what logically was to be expected from the principle of private judgment (free-thinking), on which they are based—infidelity, and the throwing aside by the Hindoos of all moral restraints, even of their false religions.

THE recent exposure of the manner in which the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior has been conducted, makes it plain that the most outrageous abuses and frauds have been committed by Indian Agents, and winked at, if not encouraged, by the higher officers of the department. Incidentally two facts were brought out which connected a number of the Protestant missionaries in the employ of the Government with these abuses and frauds, and which also showed that the Indians have been in quite a number of instances subjected to a species of religious persecution and proselytism. The Indians, with a unanimity which would be surprising had not so many similar instances happened, expressed their utter want of confidence in the Protestant missionaries who had been imposed on them by the Government contrary to their wishes, and asked that Catholic missionaries be sent to them. We look in vain in the reports thus far made by the Indian Commissioners for any reference to this subject. Yet, if the Government has really at heart the improvement and welfare of the Indians, it cannot pass over without attention their plainly expressed wishes.

It is certain that men in whom they have no confidence, and for whom they have no respect, cannot exert any influence over them for good. And it is equally certain, from the experience of the past, that Catholic missionaries can. It is only necessary to refer to the progress towards civilization of the Indians of California and Arizona, to their transformation from fierce, cruel, blood-thirsty savages into peaceful, industrious communities engaged in agriculture or the raising and herding of cattle, as proof. Abundant additional evidence, too, could be furnished, if necessary, from the results of the labors of the well-known Father De Smet, deceased, and of others, that Catholic missionaries, if permitted freely to labor amongst these Indians, could not only Christianize them, but, what the Government is most interested in, lift them gradually above their present savage condition, and form them gradually into settled, peaceable tribes.

their charitable care a poor blind woman, aged eighty years, was placed, the first of the thousands of suffering age that have since followed. This first foundation was made on the 15th of October, 1840. As we write, the Institute of the Little Sisters of the Poor numbers a hundred and forty-five houses in Europe and America; two thousand four hundred sisters, and three hundred novices, are either working or preparing for their labor of sublime charity; and more than eighteen thousand aged poor of both sexes are enjoying the peace and calm of the Homes of the Little Sisters as a vestibule to the life to come to them so shortly; whilst, since its foundation, thirty-five years ago, not less than forty thousand aged men and women have partaken of this charity, and gone to bear testimony of it before the throne of God. The venerable founder, the Abbé Le Pailleur, still lives, and one of the first sisters, Marie Augustine de la Compassion, still directs the vast sisterhood as Superior-General. But what is most wonderful of all is to remember that all this wonderful growth is the result of implicit reliance on Almighty God, no funds can be accumulated by the rule of the Institute—*La Petite Famille vit du jour au jour*.

It was our special good fortune to be allowed to visit the Mother-House, where these devoted "Sisters of the Poor" are trained to their labor of love, during the course of last year. Leaving the railway between St. Malo and Rennes, passing under the shadow of the massive walls and towers of the ancient *château-fort* of the Chateaubriands, at Combourg, we passed the richly cultivated district of the department of the Ille et Vilaine, and after a long drive through fields which had yielded their rich harvest, under apple trees laden with gilded and ruby fruit, and by tracts of *sarazin* with its white drift of flower rising above its forest of red stalk, we slowly mounted the steep hill on which

stands the ancient and picturesque town of Bécherel. From this height a wonderful view presents itself, a vast carpet of deep soft green spreading away in every direction, only broken here and there by the village spire—marking, thank God! the Adorable Presence, and not a desolate and desecrated church as, alas! at home—whilst far away on the northern horizon gleams the silver sea, the winding and picturesque Vilaine, breaking in with its reflected lights to the east and south. We soon began to descend the height of Bécherel, and evening descended with us, but not before, rising out of a darkening sea of foliage, we saw the granite spire of La Tour St. Joseph, crowned by the colossal statue of the holy Patriarch, the special patron and protector of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Passing through a quiet Breton hamlet, with its quaint old church and shingled spire, and granite Calvary, we entered on the property of the Institute marked by a simple signboard, but unguarded by any jealous gate or barrier. Through fields and orchards, where the evidences of patient and skilful labor were plain, and where a group of Little Sisters returning through the coming dusk, showed by whom that labor was bestowed, we reached the Convent, and there a cordial welcome, such as was to be expected from the devoted and genial Père Ernest Lelièvre, well-known, and respected as well known, to many of our readers, awaited us, with a no less truly Catholic hospitality by La Bonne Mère de la Conception, sister of the original founders, and the fifth of those received into the *La Petite Famille*. We were just in time for Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, and rarely, if ever, did the feeling of the special sanctity which seemed to envelope and permeate the church and its very atmosphere descend so deeply into our soul as on that evening, as in the half-lit aisle we knelt apart

soon there will be no independent peoples or country between the territorial dominions or dependencies of Russia and England. The intermediate territory at present is small in extent, and its limits under the onward movement of Russian influence are rapidly diminishing. An insurrection in Southern Khokand is now furnishing Russia an occasion for a military movement still further south and eastward, bringing her into immediate proximity to Cabul, Cashmere, and Cashgar. The arriving at a definite, practical understanding between Russia and England, in regard to the limits of the territorial extension of the former, cannot therefore be much longer postponed.

REV. DR. MILLER, of New York, must, according to the Darwinian theory, be descended from a bull; he shares that quadruped's antipathy to red. At a meeting, on October 20th, at Cooper Institute, he protested against the New York ladies wearing red. He says, "You see them everywhere badged with a rosette of scarlet, or wearing a sash of red, and wearing it because it is the color of the Cardinal. Men wear scarlet cockades, and children scarlet ribbons. It is a matter to fill one with dismay. For my part, I would rather, if a badge of color must be, see the yellow, the yellow of the Protestant Orangemen flaunting everywhere, than to see these insidious expressions of sympathy with the Roman Church."

The British army is clad in red, and the Indians are red men; consequently these colors should be immediately changed. The Communists with their red bonnets and red flags are concealed Romanists. The Red Sea should have its cognomen changed not into the Yellow Sea which the Chinese Orangemen no doubt named, nor into the Green Sea (which sounds Irish), nor into the Blue Sea (blue is the Blessed Virgin's color), but into some inoffensive color.

ON September 29th, the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States lost a pious and devoted member, the Right Rev. A. M. Martin, first Bishop of Natchitoches. Born in France, he came to America in 1839, and after various labors in Indiana and Louisiana, he was appointed Bishop of Natchitoches, which comprises the northern portion of the State of Louisiana. On the 30th of November, 1853, he was consecrated in New Orleans by Archbishop Blanc, assisted by Bishop Portier, of Mobile, and Bishop Vandeveld, of Natchez.

The diocese of Natchitoches now con-

tains 20 priests and 30,000 Catholics. It has been grievously retarded by sickness among the clergy, as well as by the war. It has been created entirely by the labors and efforts of the late venerated prelate.

Louisiana contains 730,000 inhabitants, of whom 270,000 are Catholics, a proportion of a little more than 1 in 3.

THE annual meeting of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States took place at Rochester, N. Y., on October 20th. Bishop McQuaid delivered an able and very interesting address, in which he strongly urged the Catholic laity to take an active part in forwarding all movements for the interests of the Church.

At the convention there were representatives from 30 Pennsylvania societies, 10 Ohio, 12 Missouri, 6 Maryland, 7 Virginia, 9 Kentucky, 7 New York, 1 Rhode Island, 2 Indiana, 1 Tennessee, 1 Wisconsin, 2 District of Columbia, and 1 Canada.

Sixty-three societies have been added during the past year, \$118,000 expended in the cause of charity, and \$150,000 are in the treasuries of the societies. Hon. Mayor Keiley was re-elected President, and Cleveland selected for the meeting next year. Canada was united to the Union, a board of colonization appointed, and the Centennial fountain at Philadelphia was indorsed.

THE Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States which met at Philadelphia on November 9th, occupied itself by discussions on Ultramontanism and Civil Authority. The speakers dealt their heaviest blows against the Pope, but the accusations they made were self-contradictory, and defeated each other. One speaker called Ultramontanism "a plot to destroy variety of opinion in the Roman communion." Another emphatically asserted that it was "a modern novelty," while a third declared that it was "the logical development of the Papal System, and was the only real Catholicity."

All the speakers indorsed the public school system, and one, the Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D., pronounced the reading of the Bible in the public schools, "a desecration of the Scriptures," and said that the schools should be purely secular.

A NEW Quarterly, in the interests of the Church of England, has been recently brought out, and Mr. Gladstone contributes a paper to it, in which he strongly urges the govern-

earth, is now a novice at La Tour. The plan of the structure is a fine one, a vast nave and aisles, with lofty clerestory and triforia, transepts and apsidal sanctuary with its ambulatory. The style is "Norman," as we are accustomed to call it, and chiefly executed in the gray granite found on the property, but with its upper portion and vaulted roof in white limestone, producing an excessive contrast much to be regretted from a purely architectural point of view. Throughout the ornamentation and the fittings are of that strict simplicity always observed in, and so characteristic of, the churches or chapels of the Institute. One work of religious art well worthy of notice adorns the walls, in the shape of a most remarkable picture of St. John of God washing the feet of Christ as a pilgrim, by M. Lafond, the gift of the able artist, a true and devoted Catholic, to the Little Sisters.

In direct communication with the church, and linked by a vast corridor upwards of four hundred feet in length, is the Convent proper, extending thus at right angles from the church, and from this again run out, towards the opposite side, long wings of buildings to the number of three, yet to be increased by one more, and a proportionate extension of the principal *corps de bâtiment*. This vast extent of buildings contain all the various apartments for the carrying out of the daily life and rule of the Institute. Work-rooms, linen-rooms, oratory, dining-rooms, kitchens, infirmaries, dormitories, etc., all as may be supposed, considering the numbers they were to accommodate, vast in size, but all utterly devoid of the smallest approach to anything like ornamentation, nay all of most monastic simplicity of construction, yet all spotlessly clean and all in the most exquisite order. In the *vestiaire*, neatly folded away and ticketed were the "worldly" clothes of the novices in which they have presented themselves as postulants,

and which will be restored in case of non-perseverance. The kitchen is the perfection of arrangement, with its vast *fourneaux économiques*, its gleaming *casseroles* (which would have rejoiced the heart of a Jan Steen), and above all, its perfect order and cleanliness, and further as a striking example of the truth of the remark that a religious house is really "*une République de la Charité*," here was the fountness of the great convent church occupied in paring and preparing vegetables for the *pot au feu*. In the work-room, the marvellous ingenuity with which everything is turned to account would be worthy of a fairy tale were we not writing of a convent. The spacious infirmaries were but scantily occupied, and the few patients were none of them seriously ill, indeed had they been, the benevolent, joyous physiognomy of the Sister Infirmarian would have been enough to cure them, independently of her real skill in the healing art, which, as we learnt, was acknowledged by the leading members of the medical profession of Rennes.

No words of ours can express the tranquil peace, the holy calm, and the silent activity, which pervaded even those of the vast *salles* which were occupied. If a face was raised from work to answer a question, the same abstracted air of perfect happiness, not of this world, of deep calm and angelic purity, beamed forth from eyes and lips and brow. St. Joseph, the great Saint, had set the seal of his Divine foster-Son upon all these young hearts, and lowly or of high lineage as might be their birth—French or English or Irish or Belgian as might be their nationality—all, all, were absorbed in one thought, one aspiration—*Christo in pauperibus*. We passed from the Convent to the grounds beyond, where long alleys with bordering flowers and shrubs lead up to turfed pedestals on which stand images of *La bonne Vierge*, or other of God's chosen

Shah, and a letter in which the Ruler of Persia promised to protect the Catholics of Persia, and to shield them from all oppressions.

How strange and wonderful it is to think that the Mohammedans and Turks recognize the value of Catholics as good subjects and loyal people, and that so-called "enlightened statesmen" oppose and oppress Catholics! The Shah has no gloomy fears of "Ultramontane" plots.

"DOMINE SALVAM FAC REMPUBLICAM"—"God save the Republic"—was chanted in all the cathedrals and churches of France on Sunday, November 7th, by order of the Bishops, and in conformity with the circular of the Minister of Public Worship.

The splendid cathedrals and Gothic edifices of Notre Dame, Chartres, Rheims, Orleans, Amiens, and countless others, re-echoed the prayer that proclaimed the establishment of the French Republic, and all lovers of that gallant, beautiful, and Catholic land must hope that civil dissensions and tumults will no more annoy the nation or consume its wealth.

By late successive pastorals, the Right Rev. Bishop of Montreal has earnestly exhorted, commanded, and entreated the Catholic Canadians of that city to remain tranquil. He has explained to them fully that the interment of Guibord will not desecrate the cemetery, or violate its sanctity.

The grave will be set apart by ecclesiastical order from the rest of the ground.

There is good hopes, therefore, that this troublesome and scandalous affair will be terminated, and that the Catholics will co-operate with their Bishop in preserving tranquillity, and thus really defeat the Orange fanatics.

SEVERAL distinguished priests have died lately. The Rev. P. Bede O'Connor, O.S.B., Vicar-General of Vincennes, died on the 25th of September; the Rev. W. P. Morrough, pastor of the Immaculate Conception, New York, died on the 26th of October, in Italy; Rev. William Murphy, S. J., a distinguished missionary, on October 25th; and the Rev. Alexander S. Healey, pastor of St. James, Boston, and brother of Bishop Healey, of Portland, died on October 21st.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL McCLOSKEY,

after a brief stay in London, where he was the guest of Cardinal Manning, visited Dublin. On November 9th, Cardinal McCloskey attended at the commencement of the Catholic University in that city. Cardinal Cullen presided as Chancellor. Several Bishops, the Lord Mayor, and the leading citizens were present. The University presented an address to the American Cardinal. He embarked at Queenstown on Sunday, November 14th, on board the steamer Abyssinia, for New York.

THE great-grandson of the illustrious Carroll of Carrollton, has been elected Governor of Maryland, by a large majority. The attempts of the Know Nothings to prejudice the electors against him have failed, and Maryland has a Catholic Governor in the person of John Lee Carroll, who will fill the gubernatorial chair of Maryland in the Centennial year with honor, as one hundred years ago his ancestor reflected honor on Maryland by signing the Declaration of Independence.

WE are often surprised when we think how little credit Catholics get from Protestants for their exertions on behalf of the observance of Sunday. All the Catholic associations are laboring for the better observance of Sunday; the Pope has frequently urged it on the Italians; and not only in the cities and towns of France, but in Paris itself, Sunday is far better observed than formerly. And why? Because the Catholic revival is strong at present, and yearly increasing.

A VERY curious incident took place at Columbus, Ohio, on Sunday, October 24th. The Rev. Father Sherman celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass according to the Chaldean rite. This ancient rite is celebrated in Syro-Chaldaic, which was the same language as that used by our Blessed Lord and the Apostles. The rite dates from Apostolic times. How such a fact proves the antiquity and universality of the Catholic Church!

IT is very gratifying to hear that the Bishops imprisoned in Brazil through the machinations of the Freemasons, have been liberated, and that diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the Empire of Brazil, temporarily suspended, will be resumed shortly.

THE attempts made to prejudice the citizens of Oregon against the election of Mr. Lane as Congressman, on the ground of his being a Catholic, have been unsuccessful, and he has been returned.

We do not know anything about Mr. Lane, but we see in this result a proof that

the giant and growing West is not troubled with "Pope on the brain."

A CATHOLIC Emperor, Don Pedro II, of Brazil, will visit the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia next year.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF ST. JOHN, APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST. Translated from the French of Braunard. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received from P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

For nearly a year the Catholic Publication Society has kept us in expectation of this work, but the charm which its perusal throws like a spell over the reader, is ample compensation for the delay. It is a work, such as is issued only at rare intervals to serve as it were for a literary epoch, and it ought to be in the hands of every intellectual person, Catholic or Protestant. To the former it will open new veins of sacred, historical, and geographical lore, and refresh the mind with its beautiful sentiments, and strengthen it with theological arguments; while to the latter it will be a revelation of literary beauty, and that celestial wisdom of which the world and its votaries never dream. The preface alone is a sermon, replete with rare ideas and exquisite sentiments, and a fitting introduction to the charming pages which follow. We feel quite incompetent to speak in a brief notice like this, of the merits of such a work, and therefore forbear from all attempts to make our readers comprehend the intrinsic value of a book, deserving whole pages of analytical commendation; but *our readers must be its readers*, therefore we need say no more.

THE LIFE OF ST. BENEDICT, THE MOOR. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street.

Good Mother St. John, Superioress of Mount St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, has gone

to receive the reward of a life of patient suffering and unflinching service in the cause of her divine spouse and lord, and on the very day when death took her from the world, this, the last of many translations, appeared like a deathbed legacy to her friends. She could scarcely have left us a more acceptable treasure than this brief sketch of the beloved saint, the absence of whose biography has been a vacuum too long observed in our Catholic literature. In vain have we ransacked well-stored libraries to find one in any modern language. A number of old prints of the saint were sent many years ago to this country by the late Father Roothan, general of the Jesuits for distributing among the colored people of the Maryland missions. Some of these have lately been brought to the light of day, and it is a noteworthy coincidence that this little biography comes forth suddenly like a witness to their resurrection. Is there any divine economy or special providence in this for the Catholics of Philadelphia? Perhaps, the gentle St. Benedict wishes the devotion to him to be propagated anew. Certainly, the reader will be amply repaid in the perusal of his beautiful biography, and who will say that benefits of a higher order than mere pleasurable emotion will not accrue therefrom to the souls, for, though its hero be black in person, he is beautiful in the lessons of his spotless life.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF PAUL SEIGNERET, Seminarist of Saint Sulpice. Translated from the second French edition by N. R. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. Received through C. A. Hennessy, 826 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

This is a very beautifully written biog-

raphy of a young seminarist of St. Sulpice, Paris, who was shot by the Commune at Belleville, May 26th, 1871. The subject of the memoir was, in the language of the preface, a model for youth in the domestic life, as well as for young aspirants to the priesthood in the seminary. The portrayal of his life at the castle of Frondue in the grand old abbey of Solesmes under that glorious man, Dom Gueranger, at St. Sulpice, in the Mozas prison and La Roquette, affords plentiful scope for fine writing, of which the author has availed himself, while much judgment is displayed in the compilation of the hero's own beautiful letters. Incidentally to the main narrative, we have some beautiful pictures of domestic life as it ought to be, and always is, in a thoroughly Catholic family.

MISCELLANEA, comprising Reviews, Lectures, and Essays, Historical, Theological, and Miscellaneous. By M. J. Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1875. Received through Catholic Publication Society of Philadelphia.

Of all the reprints or new editions of old and standard works which have lately been given to the public, we know of none more opportune than this. The book is so well known that we need say nothing of its merits, for we doubt if there is a Catholic family of any repute which does not possess it, or rather did *not*, for there are many rising families of the new generation or Catholics, who must be told to procure it in forming their libraries, and now is the acceptable time to tell them of it. Why? Because the rampant spirit of know-nothingism and bigotry, which showed its teeth so fiercely a few years ago, is again deserting its lair, and seeking whom it may devour. The Boanergic pummellings which the then Bishop of Louisville knew so well how to administer upon its back in the guise of his trenchant logic, profound research, and incisive sarcasm are about the best weapons that a good Catholic can use in the present crisis. When the roaring monster gets a whiff of his own congealed gore upon the time-honored blades, he will be very apt to beat a hasty retreat, growling as he goes,

Fee, Faw, Fum,
I sniff the blood of—
I know whom.

Gentle Francis Patrick Kenrick used to

say that this elegantly pugnacious prelate of Louisville was always trying to get him drawn into his quarrels with the outside beasts of Puritanism, Native Americanism, and Protestant falsehood generally, but that he preferred his brother in the hierarchy to manage such matters for himself, he being abundantly able to do so, while he allowed him to maintain in the quiet of his sanctum the battle under the more elegant form of amicable and scholarly controversy. Both these methods are good in their way, but Dr. Spalding's may seem to some to be just now the better part. So we advise our readers to seize upon some of the weapons from his intellectual armory.

MANUAL OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

Compiled for the use of the order in the diocese of Louisville, and adapted to general use. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1875. Received through the Philadelphia Catholic Publication Society.

This is a compilation of excellent devotional exercises, and bears the *imprimatur* of the Bishop of Louisville. It, however, presents no new devotional features differing to any extent from former editions.

REPARATION, AND OTHER TALES; TRON-VAILLE, AND OTHER TALES:

Are the titles of two attractive little volumes of juvenile tales received from Messrs. Kelly, Piet & Co, 174 and 176 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE DE RICCI DE FLORENCE, a glorious saint of the order of Saint Dominick, who flourished from the years 1522 to 1590, has been written by Father Bayonne in French, and will be read with interest by all who love to peruse works of ascetic devotion, or to ponder on the great deeds done by the favored servants of God.

DR. JOSEPH HERGENROTHER, Professor of Canon Law and Ecclesiastical History at the University of Wurzburg, has written eighteen essays on "the Catholic Church and the Christian State, in their historical development, and in relation to the questions of the present day." Dr. Hergenrother is the intellectual head of Catholic Germany, and his work is most able. It will be translated into English.

perfect competency of individual self-direction in religious matters, but he further assumed that man is not responsible nor held to the slightest accountability for errors regarding the teachings of Christianity. This postil is, unquestionably, consistent with the theory upheld by the innovators of the sixteenth century, and must be received, either tacitly or expressly, by all who embrace the Protestant system of religion; but when carried to its logical issue it commits sad havoc on Revelation and makes the Atonement a mere condition, and not, as it must be from its nature, the pre-eminent cause of man's salvation. This position is pure theism, which is in itself only distilled Paganism, and now, indeed, when the progress of a couple of centuries has well nigh worn off the thin coating of Christian polish with which the fabricators of heresy covered their handiwork, the true and native hue of this religious compound is displaying itself. It is neither unusual, nor uncommon, in the present age, to meet people calling themselves Christians who know nothing, or next to nothing, of Christian doctrine, and who have no conception of conscientious morality. Believers without belief; Christians without Christianity! This is the inevitable logic and the common-sense issue of the Protestant theory. Nothing in thought or science is more self-evident than that any principle, theorem, rule, doctrine or discipline, that results in the negation of Christianity is not Christian, but much more anti-Christian and consequently diabolical.

As hundreds of thousands have received the notion that private judgment is a sufficient and salutary indicator of religious obligations, its consideration is, to any one valuing the salvation of souls, a serious question. It is such a question, or there is none so on this side of the grave. Doubtless, it is very flat-

tering to human pre-conceptions to assert and insist on its full sufficiency under any aspect. There is no man to whom the writer would yield in his advocacy and constant assertion of this prerogative could he discover a warrant for it in the economy of Revelation; or its indicated provision in the ordination of nature. But as its tracings, in either the moral or physical world, are not discernible, its status must be determined from the hypothesis alone.

Pure, unbiased private judgment can have no existence in any stage of human life. Take the three customary periods into which a man's career is commonly divided, youth; the time of full vigor, and the period of caducity. In youth there is as guidance the tutelage of parents and instructors; in middle life, the imbibed principles of earlier years and the position into which they have thrust the man determine the mind's predelections, or they are abandoned, owing to reason or interest, for others; and in a state of senility the man lives in the traditions and habitudes of the past. It is not possible even to imagine a mature mind without bias of some kind: for it is in the very constitution of human intelligence exercised amidst a multiplicity and variety of objects, to set a different value on different things. In the most isolated, rude, and contracted state of Nature imaginable, as long as man lives on this earth he must feel, think, and see through the medium of sense; and so long as he applies those sensual faculties will he have his preferences and, however it may be disclaimed, his prejudices too. It follows then that if private judgment be the supreme umpire it cannot be of a colorless, nude and unimpressed kind; for such is not possible in a race that grows from weakness to strength, and passes, by slow steps, from infancy to maturity. There is an imaginary

state, into which man might be sprung by his Creator with powers of soul and sense just fashioned into perfection by Omnipotence, where undetermined private judgment as sole and all-sufficing-guide would satisfy and err not. But in this sublunary sphere, with its successive generations and peculiar aptitudes, an unswayed judgment cannot be. The assertion of such a possibility destroys that great truism of philosophy and ethics: "Man is a social animal." For unless man influenced man, receiving and communicating knowledge, the social ties were broken; and the intelligent human family dismembered. No one less hardy or less absurd than an idealist will venture to deny that in the ordinary human person there is the faculty of speech and a reasoning endowment. These are the links by which the individual is bound up with his particular community and with general society; and they indicate in the clearest manner that man *is* a "social animal;" and in consequence a being influenced by and influencing his fellows. A totally unbiased and undirected judgment, therefore, cannot be hoped for in experience or assumed in argumentation.

This is the Protestant rule of faith narrowed down into an investigation concerning, not simple unqualified private judgment, but the fact whether it is possible to find a judgment possessing as much inherent liberty as would suffice to prompt consideration anew of subjects once accepted, or rather impressed on the youthful mind by parents and tutors. That there is a love of truth inbred in the human intelligence is a thing assured, and may be regarded as a mental law fixed and invariable. But as other laws so is this likewise, in its force and direction, liable to perversion and abuse. A lover of his kind may be a hater of his

kindred; and the universal philanthropist is very frequently a petty local despot. It is not and cannot be denied that divine grace can and does remove all obstacles which human ignorance or contrivance may interpose. There is, however, another consideration. Such conversions as that of the Apostle of the Gentiles, are not the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit. If it were so, then there should be no necessity for either Bible or Church, record or teacher. Any such thing as that individual illumination pretended by certain sects would render nugatory and aimless Christ's temporary mission in propria persona, and the ordination of the Apostolic College. The shedding of the all-saving Blood, together with the secret and mysterious visitations of the Paraclete, would be all that were requisite. The blasphemous logical consequence to which such an assumption leads, displays its essential absurdity. The Christian religion, therefore, does not grow up in the soul either spontaneously, by intuition, personal inspiration, or moral necessity, but must, in the usual course of spiritual events, be communicated in some way from without. Christianity is in no part of its contexture human, though framed to human capacity. In the development of the mind and body by the properties implanted in them not a single principle of the Redemption is ever evolved, or as much as suggested in a state of unregeneration. The reason is plain and easily intelligible; for those priceless gifts are not from below, nor from within man, but from above as it is written: "Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no change nor shadow of vicissitude." Jas. i cap. 17 verse.

The infidels of the age, not comprehending the nature or constrict-

tion of Christianity, are clamorous, and as they think rationally indignant, over the efforts made by the Catholic Church to place youthful education on a Christian basis. They cry out that the attempt to impress the young mind with Christian principles is a virtual acknowledgement that those principles are not credible to a matured mind left to its own discernment. This sort of clamor shows, very manifestly, that the infidelity, which they advocate, had once had a Protestant chrysalis. In the Catholic system of Christianity it is not at all supposed that the placing the creed in the hand of the unbeliever will convince him of its tenets; or the delivering a bible to him to puzzle over will end in his conversion. Faith is a gift of God, and not at all a logical sequence; and, therefore, as all gifts, a thing to be guarded, cared, and preserved, by the possessor. If Christianity convinced men at a glance, as its opponents pretend it should; and as some misinformed Christian zealots profess; it would be hard to show reasons why its Author—Christ—lived and died amidst an unbelieving and hostile race, and that race his own: or why the red hand of the executioner was so often dyed in the pure blood of the martyrs. Such axiomatic Christianity had never an apostle; for there is no such thing. Christianity is a magnificent, though mixed power; in part intellectual and in part moral. Its composition of doctrinal tenets, and ennobling morality, encounters obstacles and hindrances from two very distinct sources—the intellectual weakness and the moral corruption of a fallen being. It is natural that the custodian of Christ's sacred deposit should select the most opportune moment, ere pride darkens the mind, or vice corrupts the heart, to impart its salutary and precious lessons. There is, therefore, neither want of confidence in

the eternal truths, nor dread of mental acumen, in the method on which the Catholic Church insists, of imbuing the budding mind with religious teachings and practices; but there is in it superhuman prudence and celestial wisdom. Any other course would presuppose the necessity of converting every generation from youthful paganism; a theory for which no provision is made by the spirit, or precepts, of Christianity.

In communicating religious instructions to the growing mind, the absolute truth of the principles communicated is first impressed. This is true of religions man-made or heaven-made. Thus all motives of doubt are cut off, and all the avenues of investigation stopped up in early life. As long as the mind is governed by those principles it is by them excluded from all inquiry. In this state, which is normal to all persons born in Christian communities, there is no liberty for religious investigation, and the consequence is what we see—the great majorities adhering to the religion of their cradle. When the doctrines taught are true, and their Christian complexion undoubted, this tenacity is one of the primal virtues, and fecund of good and lasting fruits. Catholicity regards it as a natural grace and utilizes it accordingly; as is proved by the zeal with which the children of Catholics are trained and instructed. On the other hand this propensity dispels the illusion of any such thing as private judgment. It is ever true of the human mind that it possesses a faculty sufficiently discriminatory to embrace the veritable and reject the false, when both are fairly presented. The difficulty in private judgment is not with the mind but with the man.

God never intended or directed any manifestations of his high will to man, but such as came with sufficient evidence, either in them-

selves, or in their circumstances. But such as are manifest in themselves, are so to the universal race. Those eternal truths may be termed the dogmas of Nature; for they are written in unfading and unmishtakable characters on the scroll of creation. Of such a kind are the evidences of a Creator, his wisdom and power. Supernatural religion re-affirms all these natural dogmas; and adds others of equal value and infinitely beyond the human comprehension. But the mode in which they are conveyed to man is certain and of the highest guaranty. That those principles should be authenticated admits no question; for they rest, so far as man is concerned, solely on authority. Neither reason nor science, ignorance nor intuition add to their intrinsic and real credibility. The sole interrogation for those who desire Christian knowledge is: "Has Christ so taught?" In the determination of this question alone has the rational faculty of man a province in Revelation. It may not be in our every-day experience to behold thousands fed with a few loaves; nay, it is in direct contradiction to human notions of cause and effect; yet he who believes in anything like substantial Christianity, must believe this fact, although it asserts what human reason left to its own perceptions would pronounce an impossibility. The mind of man cannot be the measure of Revelation, for it had not a human source. But as the intellect and heart of man form the receptacle of Christianity, there must be some way by which its tenets are introduced into this receptacle.

Among those who hold to the Christian profession there is a radical divergence at this precise point. The Catholic maintains the necessity of an infallible living teacher, divinely commissioned and aided, to direct and instruct on all points and features of doctrine and

morality: the Protestant asserts the sufficiency of the individual for himself in the like matters. It will, then, be a thing absolutely conceded by the rigor of logic, if the individual is incompetent, that a teaching church is indispensable to the propagation of Christianity. There are two modes by which it is possible to test the competency of the individual. The one a process which might be called *a priori*; and the other *a posteriori*; or in other words, the extent of human capacity and its adaptability to religious investigations; and the results to which the experiment has led.

Christianity does not come as a vision of the night over the human soul and rest thereupon; neither will the Holy Spirit whisper the secrets of eternity to the uninstructed ear. Other provisions, therefore, have been made for instructing the human race; or other provisions, not subject to human caprice and mundane revolutions, have been made; or Christianity would be a useless theory, and consequently no emanation from God. In point of fact this is conceded by all who hold Christian doctrines, a few obscure sectaries only excepted. There are three methods possible, man being what he is, by which God could have instructed the human race in religious tenets. He might have implanted in the rational nature of man the germs, to be matured by time, of all those supernatural truths; but this would preclude the necessity of an after-revelation; which alone demonstrates its absurdity. He might personally inspire each individual, which is false to the test, and would render the Christian system a mere human fabrication. And lastly He might have provided man the means of instruction in religion; which is alone capable of demonstration, and perfectly consistent with existing institutions, and

shown by experience. Of the manner in which such means have been provided is there any controversy among informed Christian people? Some assert that written records, sufficient to educate the individual mind, constitute the whole depository of Christian science; others that these records are incomplete in themselves, and that they require an expounder divinely guided for their exposition as well as their transmission, and the transmission also of tenets not contained, or but obscurely hinted at in them. It may be laid down as a veritable and unexceptionable axiom that any Christian policy that sustains itself by an "argumentum ad tempus," having no other foundation, is false and of purely human contrivance. All things essentially Christian must be co-extensive with Christianity and inseparable from it. As Christianity was given not to the Jews only, but likewise to the Gentile; not alone to the polite Greek, but also to the untutored barbarian; there must be in its constitution an adaptability to man, irrespective of the fortuitous adjuncts of civilization and literature. To the unlettered people of the earth, (and they form beyond all comparison the majority of the race,) written records alone are worthless; and hence it can be concluded, by just illation, that this pet scheme of some favored individuals, has not that universality requisite to anything truly Christian. Were it otherwise, Christ would have given to his apostles a command to teach first the knowledge of grammar, that the rest might come; whereas, he bids mankind: "Seek ye, therefore, first the Kingdom of God and his justice; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6 ch. 33d verse. As a universal method, therefore, the Scriptures committed to private judgment and research fails clearly, and cannot be defend-

ed as the choice and prime means of religious instruction.

The question then turns to its vital phase: Is it possible so to train a man that his judgment never errs in religious matters? We must suppose such a man left, altogether, to his own thoughts and musings, previous instructions and received principles. With all those helps and the habit and possession of the best systems of exegesis it can be, unhesitatingly, stated in despite of that fine hobby of a certain school—the theological instinct—that no man, in a private capacity and without a special promise of divine assistance, can vouch for the orthodoxy of his conclusions. The fact of the existence of a teaching church shows this; the following reason, drawn from the nature of things is conclusive in its own way. As all the relations between God and man are on the one side infinite and on the other indefinite, there will come occasions and occurrences where doubt can find a resting place; and as to the nature of which the individual has learned nothing. Many, who never clearly comprehended the necessity nor office of a teaching church, and who, whilst moral events follow the same path, are obedient to the instructions of early life, and seemingly in communion with that church, rebel against and disown the teacher when its decision regarding novel customs or practices clashes with their own fond, though false pre-conceptions of the same matter. Every century bears witness to this strange rebellion. The "Old Catholics" and Jansenists are merely the latest exemplars. Of them it might be stated, without the slightest breach of charity, that they never logically discovered the existence, indefectibility and obligating authority of an infallible church, and that they were Catholics only inasmuch as the doctrines they had been taught when children conformed them to the

tenets, ritual and discipline of the Church. Had they recognized in its plentitude the teaching Infallibility of the Church, their own theorizings would have counted with them as nothing in a case of antagonism, and they would submit without a murmur. That they did not do so simply proves that they were Catholics of the nursery and not of the intellect and heart. Such defections, more conclusively than the absurd and impious errancy of sectism, manifest the absolute need of a living, authorized and infallible teacher. Confidence in, respect for, and submission to such a teacher alone can keep a Catholic steadfast in the faith of Christ, and make a man consistent in his creed.

If it cannot be denied that the mind expands by experience and the acquisition of knowledge, it is not logical to maintain that the faith which, according to the theory of private judgment, comes through the mind's industry is neither increased nor diminished by the quality and quantity of the science gained. What is continually growing never reaches its maturity and has in it nothing fixed or stable; therefore, absolutely nothing that can be embraced as the ultimatum; and hence is sheer uncertainty. Christianity is worse than an absurd fable if it has in it nothing to present to the human mind but change, doubt and contradiction. As Revelation is inevitably thus reduced to absurdity and human folly where the individual usurps its interpretation, it is as manifest as truth can be to man that it was not so designed by its Omniscient Author. But if the man of religious training is sure to err, how utterly impossible it is for the man whose mind is either totally uninformed, or worse, misinformed, to extract from the sacred records anything like the true code of revealed principles!

Having learned the creed, or

other formulary of belief, it is easy enough to search out textual corroboration, or what seems such to a mind prepossessed, in the Bible. But it is a physical, or rather constitutional impossibility, (which might have been laid down earlier in this paper,) for the human race, a few favored individuals through the centuries excepted, ever to possess so thorough a knowledge of the Scriptures that they can say this, or that, is contained in the Holy Book, and not amplified, abrogated or explained in any other part. To illustrate this matter, the relation of a little incident in the experience of the writer may be pardonable. It happened that he was present at one of those polemic encounters, between a Baptist preacher and Methodist itinerant, common in the Western States. The customary subject—Baptism—was debated with more fervor and rhetoric than sense and logic. The Methodist evidently supposed himself the victor; and with that strong quiver of the lungs and jubilant flourish of the arms, for which the exponents of Methodism have obtained some notoriety, bestowed the *coup de grace* on his opponent after this fashion: "Now, sir, having shown you that baptism is in all cases a necessary ordinance of salvation; in order to cover you with triple confusion I will add *Christ himself administered it*, as witness John, chap. 3, verse 22, (read from King James' version as follows:) 'After these things, came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them, and *baptized*.'" The controversy closed and Methodist friends approached their champion to congratulate him; when the bays were suddenly plucked from his brow by a stranger hand. From among the audience an unknown gentleman rose, and requested the Baptist preacher to read for him John, chap. 4, verse 2, which, according to the same

version, runs as follows: "Though Jesus himself baptized *not*, but his disciples." The effect was magical; the tables were completely turned on the exultant theological gladiator of the previous moment.

The sufficiency of private judgment assumes always the prior acquisition of sufficient knowledge, which is a false and unfounded assumption. When the artificial aids of a Christian community are pleaded, the question at issue is abandoned; for the best constituted and most moral community is neither infallible as a teacher, nor indefectible as a witness. The customs, doctrines and predilections of any human body are as capable of mutation and renovation as those of the individual; and at a certain point more directly subject to innovation and change. The possessors of wealth, influence and civil consideration mould a community at will, and whatever vagaries they pursue are sure to have a numerous following. Opulence, culture and political prestige, on which their leading and influence depend, are as variable and unsteady as revolutionary elements can well be. A collection of communities is in little more reliable as a teacher. The universal assent of mankind makes a moral certitude; not because they teach that a certain precept of physics or morals is true; but because the fact of their possessing it shows that it is derived either from Nature, or a higher source. Parties, communities, and nations, furnish evidence and not doctrine. Their evidence is more conclusive, owing to the difficulty of collusion in their testimony, than that of individuals. What may not be possible by collusion or intentional and studied perversion, is, however, sometimes effected by a similarity of interests or passions. The proud and overbearing nationalism of the Greeks and English forced them, at epochs wide apart,

into something of the same relations with the Holy See. There was by no means a collusion of counsel; but there was an identity of pursuit which produced like results. The teachings of the church of all the Russias joined with the entire Anglican body—even were they not mutually antagonistic—are of as little worth as the conceptions of a single man; except that they could not so easily divest themselves, or rather, their communicants, of rites and doctrines learned before the perversion, and afterwards transmitted openly or secretly. Apostasy is possible to whole nations; and it has frequently so occurred. The famous exclamation of St. Jerome—"ingenuit totus orbis, et Arionum se esse miratus est"—demonstrates this, as well as historical facts. The great fallacy of Gallicanism—the necessity of acceptance by the universal church of any dogma, or moral decision, before it obligated the Catholic conscience—was only a little less pernicious, on account of its necessary conservation, than the constitution, by Protestantism, of every man as his own guide, teacher, and judge in affairs spiritual. An entire nation may have its selfish views, and beloved vices, as well as the individual.

The sad results to which the theory of private judgment reduced to practice has led, are almost incomprehensible. Religious errors and their logical consequences—infidelity and open impiety—deluged Christendom; and for a time bid fair to overthrow the monuments, and erase the vestiges of Christian civilization. The primitive turbulency, however, subsided when the convulsions of the inaugural struggle had overleaped specific and tangible doctrines. But once away from certain and assured dogmas, the way out of Christian morality was comparatively easy, though not a thing for

precipitancy. Pure morals are fast disappearing, or have already in all the walks of public life disappeared; to be followed, soon, by private and domestic rectitude. Not that infidelity, theism, or atheism, will supplant Christian truths. Infidelity is the forerunner of superstition as a vesperal crepuscule, or evening twilight, is of the night. Many people believe that a reversion to paganism is now impossible; yet it is clear that if man rejects the depurating truths and morals of Christianity, man must return to what he was before he received them. The world was almost pagan at the birth of Christ and will be pagan at the almost universal extinction of Christianity. When a deterioration follows upon the adoption of any principle, it is manifest that the principle is base; and therefore private judgment, weighed in the scriptural balance, "By their fruits you shall know them," is found deplorably wanting.

The balm which Chillingworth administered to the incertitude of Protestant minds, is worth examining. As a proem to the examination it is well to note that the sacrifice of Calvary is not a thing isolated—a complete act and nothing more; a purchase paid for all without condition. But it is the ending of the old, and the beginning of the new Salvation; the womb and grave of religion. As the old system stretched out its head over the successive centuries, having its promises and authority in an unfailing and confirmed hope, towards the Advent of the Messiah; so the new Revelation, chaining itself to the tree of the Cross and laden with the purchased treasures, hastens, with infallible faith, across the wide waste of time and gulf of futurity, towards the wreck of earth and dawn of heaven. Man is not absolutely saved; nor could be without either

depriving him of one of the privileges of his existence, the power to choose right or wrong, and do good or evil—or God forgetting his attribute of Justice; i. e., without remodeling, in part, both Creator and creature, or, at least, altering their relations.

It is undoubted that if salvation has any condition, or conditions, necessary to its ultimate attainment, that, or these conditions, must be fulfilled, and to be fulfilled must be known. That there are conditions, and complex ones, too, is as plainly set forth in the New Testament as the Crucifixion itself. Moreover, as the Redemption was not partial, Christ dying for all men, Salvation which comes through it is likewise not partial, and consequently the conditions of salvation are alike obligatory and cognizable, and their fulfilment equally possible to all men. Otherwise the Pagan idolater and Christian saint are travelling, by opposite routes, to the same harbor. That there cannot be various and contradictory conditions, all producing the same results, and each leading to the same issue, is evident, unless the conditions are entirely unconnected with the principal object, in which instance all conditions would be supererogatory and meaningless, and hence not attributable to divine wisdom.

That faith and the injunctions of faith constitute the conditions of salvation is as true as the Scriptures. St. Paul has it: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. 11 chap. 6 verse, and St. James: "But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Ep. 1 chap. 22 verse. It is equally true that nothing is the faith and morality of the Redemption but what was taught by Christ and his Apostles. Then it follows conclusively that before a man can attain to salvation he must know and comply with the conditions as far as

befits his state; that those conditions are specific and defined; for Christ taught his disciples special doctrines all harmonious, and not contradictory, which they communicated to their immediate successors for transmission to their representatives of after times; and finally that they are not incredible, nor beyond the intellectual grasp of any man, unless he blindly turns from them. If God compelled the mind of man and forced it to receive impressions and principles, then, indeed, man would not be responsible for his convictions and opinions. But man has an equal control over the mind as over the body. He cannot increase its powers, it is true; neither can he alter the properties of the arm. "And which of you by thinking can add to his stature one cubit?" Matt. 6 chap. 27 verse. The saving events of the Atonement are all facts and therefore admit of no theorizing. Mental speculation or fantastic errors cannot transform the miracles, acts, sufferings or doctrines. These must remain the same, though the whole world should recede from them and discard them. The truth of faith is the condition of salvation, as the inhaling of the atmosphere is the condition of animal life. Men can refuse both conditions; but forfeit, by so doing, the temporal life and the eternal. There is no injustice. No one can be found who would insist that the man who refuses to breathe ought to live; yet life is possible only on an unalterable condition—the *sine qua non* of animated existence. It is not at all harder that a higher life should depend on a like inexorable condition. Christianity has in this, as in other aspects, a thorough conformation to the general principles and constant laws of creation.

Men seem to hold that because God does not constrain them to believe, they will not be answerable for their incredulity. But such

constraint, were it used, would rob man of his peculiar endowment. The Creator cannot be in any case inconsistent with himself, or his own work, which would happen, if he bestowed free-will only to destroy it by a compulsory faith. It was shown in former paragraphs of this paper, that private judgment is totally incompetent to the formation, or even preservation of a creed possessing the essential truths and precepts of the Christian religion; and now in the concluding ones, that man is justly accountable for his acceptance or non-acceptance of the life-giving tenets when they are presented to him. The conclusion from the conjunction of both departments of the argument is inevitable: "The Religion of Protestants," lighted as it is by the phosphorescent lamp of peculiar views, and a fatal hope of irresponsibility, becomes, when this ignis fatuus is extinguished by the sharp gust of reason, not "a safe way to Salvation" but a certain channel to eternal shipwreck and final ruin. Many a spiritual bark has gone down, lured by this false piratical lantern. Their fragments may be seen floating on every coast—"or a et litora circum."

Infidelity, immorality and discontent, like successive inundations, are covering the face of the civilized world, and the hour is come when we must rouse the Master sleeping serenely in the tempest-tossed boat, or be engulfed. Those who have gone out from the household of the Faith and the bark of Peter, find themselves wandering without light or pilot, on a starless sea; and drifting before "every wind of doctrine." One hope remains, one solitary refuge. Following the rebellious and perishing people; calmly and steadily breasting the mountainous and furious waves; a brilliant, and unquenchable beacon on its prow, shedding on the troubled ocean a flood of sav-

ing and gladdening light ; comes the life-boat bearing the Master who rebukes the winds, and says to the sea : "Peace, be still." The Catholic Church is the same temple of safety now that it was almost nineteen centuries ago, for it has the sure promise : "Behold I am with you all days even unto the consum-

mation of the world." The Christian world, as well as persons who still love and cherish the pure morality and holy faith "once delivered to the saints," may, then, send up to it this aspiration of hope and despair—"si je te perds je suis perdu;" if I lose thee, ah ! I am lost indeed.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Welcome to Thee, heav'nly Stranger,
 Gladsome shall Thy advent be ;
 Tho' Thy birth-place was a manger,
 Nature saw her God in Thee :
 Whilst Thy lowly home was wanting
 All that earthly joys could bring,
 Seraphs hymns of joy were chaunting,
 Unto Thee, earth's new-born King.

In Thy stable birth-place lowly,
 Angels waited Thy behest ;
 Whilst Thy mother, maiden holy,
 Clasp'd Thee to her spotless breast ;
 Shepherds who their flocks were tending
 In Bethlehem's lonely plains by night ;
 Saw the heav'nly host descending,
 Filled with wond'ring, strange delight ;

They their flocks left unprotected,
 Wand'ring o'er the plains afar,
 Through devious ways to Thee directed,
 By Thy radiant natal star.

Wise men, too, with presents laden,
 Jewels rare, and perfumes sweet,
 From lands afar rich robes array'd in,
 Came to worship at Thy feet.

And in adoration kneeling
 On Thy happy natal day,
 We like them to Thee appealing :—
 "Turn not Thy sweet face away ;
 God and God-like, condescending,
 As on the day that saw Thy birth,
 Mercy, (with Thy justice blending),
 Show unto us, sons of Earth !"

Lighten Thou the load of sorrow,
 Ease of pain the piercing smart ;
 Let us hope and comfort borrow
 From the love that fills Thy Heart,
 Men's fierce passions all assuaging,
 O'er the earth let discord cease ;
 The "better part" let man engage in,
 Guided by the hand of peace.

A LOST PRIMA DONNA.

I.

"ONCE again," said the Italian *maestro*; and the clear, flexible young voice ran up one of Rossini's most difficult cadenzas, (around which clustered curious combinations of notes, like bunches of roses around a healthy stalk,) trilled, like a lark, upon high *Do*, and came down the scale with a clean and elegant finish refreshing to hear.

"Good," said the sententious master; "that will do for to-day."

His English was excellent, but he might have said "for this evening," for the twilight had fallen an hour before, and the lights were burning red against the windows that shut out the dark night. And quite a cheery contrast to the outside gloom was that warm, bright spot, small as it was, and up three pair of stairs. The open fire was reflected in the polished floor, as in a mirror; there were pretty rose-wood desks filled with valuable music, and a vase of heliotrope on the grand Erard; while the high ceiling and dark panelings of the walls gave an air of foreign elegance to all.

The young singer sighed as she closed her *solfeggi*, gathered up the rest of her music in silence, and began to draw on her gloves. She was a girl of twenty or so in an Astrachan cap and rather an old-fashioned dress; her well-worn pelisse being by far too scanty to protect her against the inclemency of a raw November night. But her form was slight and lissom: and a glance at her face made one forget the details of her toilet. It was such an odd face, more remarkable for its force of character than for any actual beauty of feature or complexion. The latter was neither fair nor delicate; and her hair,

which she wore very simply, was of a neutral brown. But the piercing grey eyes were softened by the longest and silkiest of lashes, and when a word or smile broke up the almost severe repose of her face, the expression was singularly sweet, and the firm chin revealed a girlish dimple.

The master had subsided into playing minor chords with his velvety touch, and seemed to have forgotten her presence altogether. She glanced furtively at him through her long lashes. He was in the prime of life, and strikingly handsome; a tall willowy figure in a faultless costume, and perfectly composed and graceful in every movement. His skin was a dark olive, lighted up by a pair of wonderful eyes that glowed at times, like burning coals, under his finely-arched brows; but his habitual expression was an arbitrary one. Albeit he wore his black curling hair parted in the middle, in true artist mode, no thought of weakness or womanliness could attach itself to the manly face it framed.

The last of her glove buttons disposed of, the young lady picked up her leather *rouleau*. On it was printed in tiny letters, *Marguerite Don Ivan*. She balanced it in her hands and walked to the door, then hesitated, turned back, and spoke with a certain nervous timidity:

"You have not told me the hour of the train, Mr. Cellini?" No answer. The minor chords had melted by degrees into the intricacies of a classical sonata; and the master's impassive profile showed *en silhouette* against a dark panel beyond. She tried it again, a little louder and with more formality:

"May I ask, Mr. Cellini, the hour of the train to-morrow?"

"What train?" questioned the gentleman absently.

The young girl bit her lip in discomfiture:

"The train that is to take us to Washington to-morrow, sir. Have you forgotten the concert?"

"True," said Mr. Cellini, still playing. But he said nothing further; and she stood at one of the pretty rosewood desks, and turned the music upon it backwards and forwards with the look of one who longs to speak but does not dare; and there was a silence of full five minutes more which brought him to the end of the adagio. Then, without even a glance over his shoulder:

"We leave the Baltimore depot in the morning at eight," he said briefly, and went on with his allegro.

"*Maestro!*" said the young singer, coming a step nearer with her heart in her eyes; "please let me sing the *Bolero* at the concert, instead of that poor little ballad?"

The master dropped his long slender hands upon his knees, and wheeled round upon his stool: and her heart beat faster and her color deepened at the expression of his face.

"The *Bolero*?" he said slowly, and then he laughed a short mellow laugh. "The *Bolero* from the *Sicilian Vespers*?" and he laughed again, eyes and teeth lighting up his dark face as with a flash of sunshine. "Miss Don Ivan, you are jesting."

"I am in sober earnest" (and her face glowed). "I know I could do it justice. I have practiced it day and night for a week, and Miss Lightwood says I do it like a bird."

"Miss Lightwood is a—goose," said the master, "and that also is a bird."

He was standing now with folded arms, looking at her across the music desk, the amused smile still upon his face.

"But you will admit that she is a musician, that she has traveled in Europe, and heard the best prima donni of the world? Oh! Mr. Cellini!" cried the girl excitedly, clasping her hands and with a red flame burning in her cheeks, "say I may do the *Bolero* instead of that paltry *Robin Adair*, and I shall be forever grateful. If you will but trust me, you will yet have reason to be proud of your pupil. I feel within me the power to be a great singer. I have that within which — which —"

"*Passeth show?*" added he; and the amused smile became a sarcastic one.

To his surprise she burst into tears. He looked annoyed and bored; shrugged his shoulders, and cast away the matter with a swift motion of his graceful hands.

"Miss Marguerite, you have vanquished with a woman's best weapon. It is the first time I have ever yielded a point to a pupil. You shall sing the *Bolero* instead of the ballad."

He lifted up a curtain behind the piano, and dropping it withdrew into an alcove where a cup of hot coffee was always waiting him at the end of the day's lessons.

Marguerite, through her tears, looked absently at the wall, and saw a picture there for the first time; a lovely little cabinet-picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was in oil, and exquisite in design and coloring; a gift to Cellini from a good Italian priest who sought his countryman's conversion. The sweet Saviour pointed to the glowing Heart upon His breast as if inviting her to enter, while pitying eyes and tender lips seemed about to speak the legend inscribed upon the margin: "*Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart.*"

Words and picture both together brought back to Marguerite the memory of a girl in an Astrachan cap

and a well worn pelisse, kneeling in the dim confessional of the Sacred Heart Chapel on just such a night as that, and hearing, between her bitter sobs, the whispered admonition: "My child, you will never be truly happy until you are truly humble."

How long ago was that? Months, and months, and months,—more than she (who had once been so faithful, who had tried so hard to please God,) could reckon on all the fingers of her shapely hands. She set her lips in a hard line; her eyes took a stony look as she crushed down the pleading remorse of an awakened conscience. People in positions like hers could not be saints. The paths of pride and ambition were full of thorns, but she had elected to walk in them, and in spite of bleeding feet and aching heart it was too late now to turn back. She dried her eyes and ran quickly down the staircase. At the foot of it a dressy woman, some ten years her senior, was keeping guard. Her face was as innocent of expression as a china doll's, and her flaxen *friseurs* and pink and white complexion increased her resemblance to that pleasant toy. She caught Miss Don Ivan in her arms with *empressement*:

"My sweet Marguerite!" and she kissed her on both cheeks.

"My precious Lightwood!" and the embrace and salute were returned with ardor. Arm in arm the two ladies stepped into the dark street.

"Some good fairy must have sent you to me," said the young singer squeezing her friend's hand. "I wanted so badly to see you, and you may guess about what."

"The Washington Concert?" hazarded the friend.

"Precisely; and you know you promised to chaperon me. We start to-morrow morning in the early train. And oh! my dear Lightwood, rejoice with me,—Mr. Cellini says I may sing the *Bolero*!"

"You do not surprise me," said her listener, "that is just as it should be; right, and proper, and reasonable. To come before a Washington audience (the *élite*, the very *crème de la crème* of the country) with such sentimental twaddle as *Robin Adair*—you, with your magnificent voice and your faultless execution,—why, my love, I knew in my heart that Cellini never would permit you to perpetrate such an insane act. Said I to your aunt when you sang the *Bolero* yesterday: 'Such sweetness, such expression, such facile finish,—I am free to say, it carries me back to the day when I was in Paris at the house of Madame Cinti Damareau and heard there the inimitable Piccaninni, the pupil of the divine Rossini who'"—

"Yes, yes, dear Lightwood," interrupted Marguerite, too urgent to feast quietly even upon this delicious ambrosia, "you are the truest friend in the world, and I thank you heartily for your fond appreciation; but time presses, and about my dress? You know I must be provided with a concert-dress."

"A very grave and important matter, but rather late in the day for its consideration."

"Granted," laughed the young girl, "but, you see, Cellini has so many whims I was not sure until this evening that the concert might not be postponed a month from date. Lily thinks I might wear my black silk, with flowers in my hair, and new gloves."

"Lily is a little foo-foo," said Miss Lightwood. "Black silk for a *débutante* at a *soirée*? Who ever heard of such madness? My love, you would look like your grandmother."

"But what can I do?" queried Marguerite. "Every cent I can spare goes to pay Mr. Cellini for my lessons, and times are so hard I cannot afford a new dress until next year; indeed, to be plain with

you, I don't see very clearly how I can pay for one even then."

Lightwood's flaxen curls trembled with importance.

"And who wants you to pay for a new dress out of hand? My child, there is such a thing as management. There is such a thing as elegant economy. And thank fortune! there are such things in the world as *modistes* who have the Christian charity to wait for their money, or take it in monthly instalments. I think I may say with certainty that I saw your new concert dress this afternoon."

"Where?" cried the *débutante* in amazement.

"At Madame Fitzeasy's, (a misfit of Miss Clara Cadwallader's, who, by the by, is just your height and make,) the sweetest love of a white gros-grain that ever you laid an eye on. Fitzeasy said I might have it for a trifle over seventy dollars, and I'm free to say I never saw a greater bargain."

"O Lightwood! let me think," cried Miss Don Ivan, pressing her hands to her head, the color coming and going in her cheeks.

"What is there to think about? The dress is indispensable, ready-made, of exquisite material, and will fit you like a glove."

"O! it is not that," half sobbed Marguerite. "Heaven knows I want a new dress bad enough, and this white gros-grain would be the very thing for the concert. (My black silk was one of Aunt's made over, you know, and ten years old if it is a day.) But the simple truth is, I cannot afford it. My music, choir and all, does not half pay me. Aunt works so hard; poor Lily, crippled as she is, is killing herself with copying; and as for Maurice—"

"Hang Maurice!" cried the homicidal Lightwood, "a plague take Maurice! Maurice, indeed,—always Maurice! Much the foreman in a foundry knows about proprieties. The man has not a

soul above iron. He is not worthy of you, the dolt. He does not appreciate your genius, your glorious voice, your sublime ambition. Now if it were Cellini—"

"Hush!" under her breath, and the girl laid a strong hand upon her friend's arm, silencing her.

"Well, as I was saying," pursued the volatile lady, "there is the white gros-grain at Fitzeasy's at your own terms, and here I go up town to see about your gloves and slippers; and, bless your precious heart! mightn't I just as well kill two birds with one stone and order home the dress on my way?"

"Wait!" groaned Marguerite, but so feebly, so irresolutely, that Miss Lightwood either heard not or pretended not to hear; and away she went with an airy "*Au revoir*," and a kiss blown backward from her gloved finger-tips.

"Oh! you cruel, selfish girl!" murmured Miss Don Ivan apostrophizing herself remorsefully: "Oh! you mean and poor-spirited coward!" And looking up in distress of mind at the starless sky, she felt some drops of water upon her forehead, and realized for the first time that it was raining.

A gentleman passing with an umbrella, and looking keenly at every chance pedestrian, (as if in search of some one,) saw her face in the light of a street lamp and turned back to walk beside her. The light of the same street lamp showed him to be a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a frank honest face, and earnest brown eyes. His chestnut hair was clipped close to his well-shaped head; but his dress, while exquisitely neat, was nothing finer than a substantial business suit.

"Good evening, Maggie," and he offered her his arm.

"Good evening, Maurice," but she would not take it.

"Your aunt and Lily were worried at your staying so late," said

his strong, even voice, "so I came in search of you."

"There was no cause for anxiety," she replied coolly. "Mr. Cellini gave me a longer lesson than usual this evening, in rehearsal for the concert; and Miss Lightwood only left me a moment ago."

He started slightly:

"Maggie, you are not going to sing at that concert after all?"

She evidently resented the reproach in his voice, but she controlled herself to ask:

"And why not?"

"I have already told you my objections to the matter," said the young man gravely; "reasonable objections which your aunt and sister share. But it seems your best friends have lost, of late, the power to advise or persuade you."

"One would think I was a child or a fool who could not be trusted," returned his companion bitterly (and she kept her face persistently turned away from him). "My 'best friends,' as you call them, have rather a curious way of consulting my best interests."

"And what are your best interests? Tell me candidly, Maggie, what good is the thing going to do you? What do you expect to gain by singing at this concert?"

"I expect to gain celebrity. I expect to make a name for myself, to establish my reputation as an artist; to win golden opinions from all sorts of men."

"And Cellini, of course, will pay you well for your services?"

How heartily she longed to cast back a triumphant assent to this humiliating query! But she dared not tell an open lie. Her head drooped a little, and her voice was lower:

"To be permitted to sing at all at Mr. Cellini's *soirées* I regard as a singular privilege. To be the pupil of such a master imparts a prestige which is beyond and above a mere question of money. And furthermore it is clear that I might go on

singing in that stupid choir" (pointing to a church they were passing) "till my voice was broken and my hair turned gray, and I never would gain the éclat that one night's success before a Washington audience would give me!"

Her gray eyes flashed like steel, but were dimmed the next moment with tears, as she saw how reverently her companion lifted his hat in worship of the unseen Presence whose poor little temple they were passing by.

¶ And for this empty bubble of fame," he said after a long pause, "you will sacrifice not only your peace of heart but that of your home? You will turn your back on the friend you have known (and it is to be hoped) loved from childhood, and go over the world with this man, Cellini, who ——"

"Maurice Keating!" she broke out, her voice sharp with pain, "you shall *not* insult me! If I go to Washington to-morrow, I go under the protection of Miss. Lightwood, a highly respectable lady, whose reputation is beyond the shadow of reproach; and one who has been, in her day, the chaperon of some of the finest singers of Europe!"

A dark flush rose in the young man's cheek:

"You are well aware, Margaret, that I detest that woman. She is worldly and frivolous to the last degree. Weak as she is, and you a girl of such marked character, her influence over you is simply a species of fascination for which I cannot account. (Nay, hear me out, since you goad me beyond control.) She has bewitched you: she has enslaved you: she has alienated you from your home and friends. Her folly and flattery have transformed the once noble, sensible and unselfish Margaret Donivan, into the unreal and restlessly-ambitious *Marguerite Don Ivan*. Her work was complete when she made you a pupil of that Italian adventurer, Cellini."

Marguerite's face grew stormy:

"He is *not* an adventurer, Mr. Keating," she panted: "he is a finished artist, and a thorough gentleman, which is more than can be said of some of the friends whom I have known, and (it is to be hoped) loved from my childhood. My good Lightwood was right when she declared that you had not a soul above iron."

"You have said enough, Margaret," said the young man in a low, intense voice. "God forgive you for your scorn of a true heart! A foreman in an iron-foundry should not, indeed, sit in judgment on his betters. May your good Lightwood and your gentlemanly Cellini amply compensate you in the future, for that which I foolishly hoped might have been the glory and the crown of your life!"

They had reached the door of Miss Don Ivan's home. He quitted her abruptly, and strode down the street into the foggy darkness; and she entered the house without a word or a backward glance.

II.

Her aunt was setting the table for tea: a slender woman in shabby mourning, whose care-worn face was a faded counterpart of Marguerite's. The blast of damp air which that young lady brought in with her, set the lamp to flaring on an old-fashioned writing desk in the corner, and fluttered the papers over which a girl was bending. She was like a spirit, more than flesh and blood, that young copyist, so ethereal in form, so transparent in skin, that it did not need a glance at the crooked spine to tell she was an invalid. Her pale face was full of purity and sweetness; her dress so simple, both in material and make, that Maurice Keating always said the wearer brought to his mind those old, old words: "Whose adorning let it not be the outward plaiting of the hair, or the wearing

of gold, or the putting on of apparel; but the hidden man of the heart, the incorruptibility of a quiet and a meek spirit, which is rich in the sight of God."

No such holy or soothing words came to Marguerite, however, as she threw aside her things and sat herself down on a low stool by the fire. She was deaf to Lily's gentle. "What kept you so late, darling?" and the older woman's, "Isn't your dress damp, my dear? And had'nt you better change your shoes?"

She could only look from her aunt's threadbare merino to her sister's thin hand, in which the pen was trembling at its work, and think with horror of the white gros-grain at Madame Fitzeasy's, and the gloves, and the flowers, and the slippers, and all the rest of the folly. A few months back this had been the sunniest and sweetest hour of the Donivan day. Maurice Keating, glad to escape from the barren resources of a suburban boarding house into a loved and most congenial atmosphere, generally came to supper every evening; and bringing Margaret safely home from the last tedious music lesson, brought with him at the same time a fund of genial talk and cheerful laughter that seemed to fill the poor little box of a house with warmth and beauty. There was always some delicacy in his coat pocket for slender Lily, a bird or a jelly, a bottle of wine or a few hot house flowers; and after supper, when the poor tired girl lay resting upon the old lounge before the fire. Aunt and Margaret sewed or knitted, while Maurice read aloud some charming book. It would have been hard to find a happier or a worthier quartette.

Marguerite thought of it all now till her heart swelled within her, and her eyes were wet with unshed tears. To quarrel with Maurice and wound his noble nature was bad enough; but to go in debt in

such a mean, selfish, underhand way, without the faintest hope of getting out of it, was assuredly the bitterest drop in her bitter cup of retrospection. When her aunt called her to supper, she could not even make a show of eating. A sob kept rising in her throat as she sipped her tea in miserable silence; and a voice that welled from a bleeding Heart kept sounding ever in her ears: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls." Rest—rest—the rest that remaineth for the people of God,—the very thing for which her soul was hungering and thirsting. Rest—rest—sweeter than the balmy slumber of the tired child safe in its mother's arms, and pillowed close to its mother's heart; purer and deeper than the twilight repose of the weary traveler after his long days' journey, stretched on a downy bed, the hush of contentment on the cosy room, and soft hands bathing his dusty, toil-worn feet. Rest *for the soul*, (was Marguerite's thought), delicious, refreshing rest; but the words must be taken with the context, and the plaintive music of the promise, like phantom bells in the desert, seemed to mock her as she shrank from the hard conditions it imposed.

Her sympathetic companions reading her pale stern face, (without apparently looking at it,) suspected a lover's quarrel; and leaving her to herself, kept up a kindly dialogue all the while on homely topics. They knew her too well to harass her with questions. And after the tea things were removed, Marguerite went to the old upright piano in the corner, and practiced the *Bolero* for hours.

It was only at bed-time, when she took up her candle to go to her room, that she nerved herself to make mention of the morrow's journey:

"You must call me betimes in

the morning, Aunt, for I am going to Washington in the early train; and I have arranged to stop for Miss Lightwood on my way to the depot."

She did not look at them as she spoke; and it was never clear to her afterwards how she evaded Lily's inquiries about her dress; or her aunt's mild protest against traveling to the Capital, (as she meant to do,) in her best black silk. The half-smothered sigh that accompanied the words was not lost upon the *débutante*, for that sigh meant unpaid rent, and a grocer's bill, and a half-empty coal-bin; but she said nothing about the expensive parcel awaiting her at Miss Lightwood's. What she did say was:

"I am too tired and hoarse to help you with the rosary to-night, Lily," and so went away up-stairs leaving her sister and aunt to tell their beads alone before the little crucifix in Lily's room. Long after the lights were put out and silence had settled on the house, she stole in her night-dress and with noiseless feet into that darkened room, and kneeling by the bedside pressed her lips gently to the pale face on the pillow. Lily was asleep; but the cheek that Margaret kissed was wet with tears; and the regular breathing of the slumberer was broken at intervals by one of those long shuddering sobs such as children give when, worn out with weeping, they lose all (save the vague memory of their griefs) in innocent repose.

To sleep after that was to dream of being dead and laid out in a white gros-grain silk which was all wet and blistered with Maurice Keating's tears; while her aunt and Lily shook over her what seemed at first to be showers of scarlet roses, but which changed as they fell into earth-worms and creeping leeches, defiling the whole of her curious shroud. So loathsome to her, in fine, were the waking thoughts of

her new and costly dress that she could not bring herself to look at it until the next evening. Miss Lightwood was with her then, and they stood together before a mirror in one of the rooms of a Washington hotel, making ready for the concert. That highly respectable lady, who had been in her day the chaperon of some of the finest singers of the old world, had taken her protégé (of the new) thoroughly in hands. She had powdered the young girl's skin and *rouged* her cheeks; she had penciled the naturally fine brows, touched the eye-lashes with some sort of an Eastern cosmetic, and built her hair into such a tower of braids and puffs and frizzles and flowers that Marguerite's *coiffure* was something rare and mysterious to behold.

But unfortunately there was a drawback. The resources of the most adroit and practised of dressing-maids are but finite. Fashionable science can adorn but not create a subject; and when Lightwood had looped the last spray of flowers and secured the last hair-pin, dissatisfaction took possession of her soul. Marguerite's head was *not* a success. Human skill could do no more, it was impossible to dispute *that* fact; but it was equally as impossible to dispute another and much more stubborn fact (which almost deserves, from its astounding character, to be put into italics); Marguerite looked better, handsomer, yea, even more distinguished, in her own natural complexion and her own simple everyday *coiffure*, than she did in all this artificial bravery!

"If I took it every hair to pieces again, I don't think I could improve on it," said Lightwood, her head on one side, like a parrot, viewing the disappointing effect; "Marguerite, I have never remarked it before, and I am very sorry to have to remark it now; but, I am free to say, you lack *style*. When

your combing-sacque goes off, however, and your new dress goes on, perhaps matters will mend."

And so Marguerite's snowy horror came to light at last, was lifted out of its case and shaken into a shining mass on Lightwood's arm. How it seemed to fill the room with its gorgeousness! The white slippers waiting their turn on the footstool, the white gloves on the bed, and the pearl fan and trinkets on the table, all sank into obscurity and annihilation before this piece of trailing elegance. Blistering tears, and earth-worms and leeches, what had they to do with such a fresh and lovely thing? and yet the *débutante* shuddered as it was whisked dexterously over her head; and the dressing-maid *pro tem*. (coming to the surface of her deep dejection) began to draw the silken laces. Then the loathing took a new form:

"O Lightwood! this is detestable!"

"What, my love?" and the china doll looked up, very red in the face from her unusual exertions.

Miss Don Ivan was still redder, a good honest substantial blush that swallowed up the *rouge*; and did violence to the powder.

"Look at this corsage—it is cut low, and shamefully low at that!"

"My precious child, who ever saw a genuine concert-dress with a high corsage? The thing is preposterous. Why there was the inimitable Piccaninni, pupil of the divine Rossini, as pure and modest a flower as ever bloomed on a stage, said to be a convent *élève*, wore her shoulders so bare, (exquisite shoulders she had, I am free to say), that —." "I don't care if a hundred Piccaninnis endorsed it," cried Marguerite hotly, "it isn't decent, Lightwood, and you know it as well as I do. I would sooner give up the concert altogether than go out on a public stage with my neck as bare as this!"

Lightwood stood with clasped hands and shoulders elevated, a picture of aggravating resignation :

"Well then, my dear, I am afraid the audience must forego that delicious *Bolero*. A thousand pities it is, when the dress is so expensive a one, and you have come so far to wear it, and may never in your lifetime have a like chance to display your superb voice to appreciative people. But that is not the worst of it."

"For mercy's sake, don't torture me!" cried Miss Don Ivan crossly. "What more are you keeping back?"

"Nothing," sighed the exasperating Lightwood, "only Cellini will be as mad as a hornet if you leave him in the lurch for a bit of prudery: and it will be *such* a triumph to that odious Maurice Keating. You will never hear the end of his 'I told you so's' and the rest of his humdrum platitudes."

Marguerite bit her lips till they pained her, and tapped the floor with the point of her slipper.

"Listen, Lightwood," she said after a pause, "can you not manage a *fichu* of some kind?"

"Haven't a single thing in the valise that would answer. A common article won't do; it must be real lace or something *recherchée* to correspond with the dress. And to go to buy it here in a strange city, and the clock on the minute of seven—don't talk about it!"—and the cunning chaperon elevated her hands and eyes implying that a *fichu* at such an hour, and under such peculiar circumstances, would command a more than fabulous price.

When Wolsey said to Cromwell:

—"I charge thee, fling away ambition: By that sin fell the angels: how can man then.

The image of his maker hope to win by 't?" he gave utterance to a sublime truth, old as the eternal hills, which bitter personal experience has made patent to all the sons and daughters

of men seeking preferment, since the days when Adam and Eve ate of the primeval apple, that they might be as gods;—Has made patent to none more signally than to those who, not being to the manner born (and forgetful that he who exalteth himself shall be humbled), aspire to sit in the high places of the earth.

And so in her little measure and degree was Miss Don Ivan to gain the saving knowledge, a bitter personal experience (the agent of a divine will and the instrument of a divine grace) alone could bring her in her day and generation. She made no further remonstrance. She submitted in silence to be laced into the ill-fitting corsage by her adroit companion. She allowed herself to be turned about like a lay-figure in a *modiste's* window; gold buttons were screwed into her ears; the satin slippers pinched her feet; a necklace of pearls was fastened about her throat, and bracelets and rings were adjusted; and, at last, (the elaborate toilet complete), she saw her full-length reflection in the swinging mirror. Her nearest and dearest relation would not have known her.

The face was not her own, painted and powdered into a semblance of a wax dummy's in a barber's show-case; the form was not her own with its naked shoulders and arms, borrowed laces and jewels; and the dress was certainly not her own, for she had not paid for it, and alas! poor victim, she did not know (under heaven) when she ever *would* be able to pay for it.

She felt herself to be what she looked, false, false, false; from head to foot, utterly and supremely false; and she despised herself.

In the small dressing-room behind the stage she was met by Mr. Cellini. His first puzzled glance told her that he did not recognize her. The chrysalis had become such a very remarkable butterfly that the gentleman was not to be blamed

for himself. He recovered himself quickly, however, and coming to her presented her with a programme, and then kept near her, plying her with compliments and bon bons, and even going so far as to detach some flowers from his button-hole and lay them in her hand. But there was an odor of wine with it all which the tuberose and heliotrope could not cover. Marguerite's face burned with embarrassment. She felt humiliated, ill at ease; and, although her admiration of her master bordered on worship, she could not disguise from herself the fact that his manner of addressing her was a trifle more familiar than it ever had been before. Instead of pleasing her vanity, this, strange to say, inspired her with a certain fear, and she thought of her Aunt and of old fashioned Maurice Keating with a yearning for their protecting presence that was positive pain. The brilliant eyes bending over her led her to droop her own upon the programme she held, and she began to go carefully over its contents. Then, indeed, the iron entered her soul.

Her master had said little to her on the subject, but from his significant silence she had inferred flattering things, and fallen into a fatal delusion. "The Washington *soirée*," (she had said to Miss Lightwood,) "is to have but *one prima donna*, and the name of that enviable being is Marguerite Don Ivan." Now, to her amazement, she read in the most desirable place on the programme "MADAME ETHEL COURTNEY VIVIANI, LATE OF THE ROYAL OPERA AT VIENNA!" The paper shook in her hands; but for the *rouge* she would have been as colorless as her dress, and in the faintness which came over her, (the result of excitement, thwarted ambition, and, it must be confessed, tight lacing,) she could scarcely see the obscure number which marked her modest name on the bill. She

nerved herself to look around the room. Beside Lightwood and Cellini there were present some half-dozen men and women, all musical, all more or less engrossed with boxes of pastilles, their voices and their gloves. But none of those unassuming ladies could be mistaken for a moment for "Madame Ethel Courtney Viviani, late of the Royal Opera, etc." The star of the goodly company had evidently not yet risen; *the prima donna* of the night had not yet condescended to appear.

Marguerite became aware that Lightwood was winking and nodding at her in a most extraordinary and mysterious way, and immediately put her hand to her head under the impression that some of the finery had got out of kelter.

"It is not that," whispered her friend, drawing nearer and talking behind her fan, "you look very nice and presentable, (although I might as well have let your eye-brows alone, and now that the powder has blown off, I see you are too sallow to wear white,) but I heard her in Vienna, and, I am free to say, she is perfectly exquisite and sings like an angel."

"Who?" questioned Marguerite, knowing all the while what the reply would be.

"Madame Viviani, the celebrated singer. Those people have been telling me all about her, and I *do* think it was mean of Cellini to show you such a slight."

"I don't see how Madame Viviani can damage *me*," said the young girl proudly. "A cultivated audience will understand at once. *She* is an opera singer, and this is my first concert."

"Oh! yes, but the critics are perfectly merciless, and they always favor those who have been abroad? You might sing like a seraph to-night, but you and your clothes are not imported, and Madame Viviani and hers are, and, I am free to

say, these newspaper men will not let you go free. I don't want to discourage you, my love," concluded the worthy lady, "but do you know you are a little, just a little—hoarse?"

"It is this abominable dress," retorted poor Marguerite, "I am fairly shivering with cold, and I left my shawl in the carriage because it was too old and shabby to be brought to the light."

"That is a thousand pities," said the chaperon. "I would insist on your putting on this opera cloak of mine, but I mean to slip into the hall with one of the gentlemen whenever your solo is in order; and it is really a very distinguished audience. I peeped through the curtain just now, and, I assure you, they are all in full dress."

"Miss Marguerite," interposed Cellini, bending over her again with that familiar smile she detested, "if you will give me this moment that little hand of yours, we shall go out now for our *duo*."

Like one in a dream (more like one in a nightmare), she faced that sea of eyes. All she saw was eyes—eyes—eyes, and a mass of silks, jewels and waving fans. Her long skirt tripped her twice before she reached the piano, and the awkwardness of her debut threw a chill on the critical house. No one (who has not tried it) knows how very hard it is to walk gracefully down a stage for the first time, and face, simply and naturally, the fire of a battery of eyes. There it was, catty under such circumstances, with one's elbows and hands where borders on the "natural" and the victim to borrow the words of a well known singer—*even in his embarrassed singing he has to have as many feet as a cat!*

Magnum. It was the first time
all the members had been
fed. With her first meal came a
consciousness that she was there
and she grew bolder with time.

The day was the day of the "Abraham" when the "Abraham" was which looked like a ship from the river; and the power of the river of Columbia have been along with an abandon and aim that never met before from destruction.

But the Italian's blood was up, the fame of the ~~ma. so~~ was staked upon the success of his pupil; and the latter almost shrieked aloud from the gripe upon her hand.

It was hard enough to her to see that olive face bowing low to the audience at the final cadence, wreathed with smiles and melting with affected anavity; but it was simply terrible to watch it darken upon her the moment his back was turned to the people, and behold it secretly convulsed with arbitrary anger.

"I thought we were going to have a *fiatco*," he hissed between his clenched teeth (as the ghost of an applause followed them off the stage): "Mina Marguerite, you had better look sharp to your *Holba*."

As well might he have told a blind woman to look sharp on the brink of a precipice; or a sheep-walker to take care on the dizzy apex of a dangerous rock. You, blinded and stunned, the poor young creature sat herself down in the little dressing room to which she led her; and heard more than enough to tell her more of the same story, and that her father's wife was dead.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them.

Calla lily, but the red of her delicate mouth, the golden brown of her large eyes, and the shining elegance of her blonde hair, made ample amends for her lack of bloom. She was not tall, but moulded most symmetrically. Her jewels were diamonds of the purest water; and the clinging crepe of her embroidered dress, and the simple coil of her fair hair gave such a classical charm to her form and face that poor Miss Don Ivan felt beside her, as a barn yard fowl might be supposed to feel beside a bird of Paradise.

Cellini and the other gentlemen immediately surrounded her; but she ignored them all, and dropping a white velvet coat from her still whiter shoulders, she seated herself deliberately in a chair near Marguerite, and put out her foot to her maid. The French woman on her knees proceeded to remove the beauty's shoe, and encase the pretty member in a satin slipper which literally blazed with diamonds. And then the other foot was put forth and the same performance gone through with equal results. And so, being daintily shod to her satisfaction, and her blonde hair relieved of a gossamer scarf, the elegant creature condescended for the first time to look at Cellini through her glass, and to extend to him the tips of her gloved fingers. The Italian figuratively laid himself down at her feet, and suffered her to walk over him. He devoured her with his wonderful eyes: he hung upon her charming lips: he showed himself so completely oblivious of everything and everybody, save her own sweet self, that Marguerite looked with profound amazement on his transfigured face. The pillar of ice was turned to a pillar of fire.

"My dear," whispered Lightwood in her ear, "he is evidently dead in love with her; and they say she is as rich as a queen. She

was hand-in-glove with all the crowned heads of Europe, and the reigning favorite with the late Empress of France. But is it not time for her to sing her solo?"

"It is full ten minutes since the last piece: and she is next on the programme," answered Marguerite drearily.

"Bless my heart! and how perfectly composed she is! Look at her walking up and down with Cellini, and fanning herself—and the audience waiting! That necklace is what I call oriental; I'm free to say I never saw a purer set of brilliants. Some Caliph or Khedive, or some other old Begum of that sort, threw it to her in a bouquet when she was brought before the curtain ten times in the Egyptian opera. What is she going to sing this evening, any way, Marguerite?"

"It is marked simply *Ballad*," said poor Miss Don Ivan, who was shivering visibly.

"Now who'd have believed it? One would think her selection might be an aria, or a cavatina, or a—"

"—*Bolero*," suggested Marguerite grimly.

"To be sure," (not noticing the sarcasm) "something operatic or classical, or even elaborately ecclesiastical, you know. Only a ballad? And dear me, hear how she talks French one minute and Italian the next, as if she had been born in France and raised in Italy. There! she is going on the stage at last. My precious child, did you ever hear such an uproar in your life?"

It was indeed a perfect tempest of applause that greeted the appearance of the beautiful *cantatrice*. Miss Lightwood dragged Marguerite to the stage-door, and, (unseen themselves,) they could see Cellini lead the famous Madame Ethel Courtney Viviani down to the footlights which seemed to blaze up and burn brighter in honor of her ap-

proach. The applause subsided for a second only to break out with redoubled vehemence as the lovely creature stood alone in the centre of the stage, and surveyed the crowded house. Such exquisite coolness and *aplomb*! She might have been facing such throngs every night for a thousand years, for all the emotion the stirring scene seemed to awake in her. Was there no heart to beat, that the color of her creamy cheek never took the faintest blush, nor the golden-brown eyes the smallest dilation? She adjusted the diamond bracelets on her arms, calmly folded her graceful hands, and stood unmoved as a statue. When the house was so still that every man could hear his neighbor breathing, she slightly, very slightly, bent her perfect head and sang—*Robin Adair*.

Miss Lightwood pinched Marguerite's arm till it was purple; but the girl was too absorbed to feel it. The draught from the open windows, (raw, searching November wind,) beat upon her uncovered neck and shoulders; and Cellini rudely jostled her in the doorway as he applauded noiselessly with his gloved palms, and purred to himself in Italian. But Marguerite was lost to every personal discomfort. She was spell bound, mesmerized, chained hand and foot by the silver links of the blonde one's syren voice. Never had she heard anything like it before. Never had she seen anything like this marvelous repose, this perfect control of every nerve which made the fair with the golden hair so graceful a contrast to her frightened and awkward predecessor. But this was not all—ah! no, just Heaven! this was not all. Out on that brilliant stage, in the presence of that elegant and esthetic audience, the favorite of the crowned heads was singing the very song she (Margaret) had despised and rejected. The simple old *Robin*

Adair without a trill or a cadenza, or a foreign flourish of any sort to mar its beauty. But the voice that sang it was so superlatively lovely, so easy in its extraordinary cultivation, so full of the rich aroma its owner had brought across the seas from the land whose every breeze is musical with song,—that the homely old ballad took a new and most pathetic meaning. The audience was visibly moved. Silly, overdressed misses forgot to flirt, and found a legitimate use for their airy *mouchoirs*; tears sparkled on the cheeks of worldly-faced women, and were suffered, unchecked, to water the dry dust of treacherous cosmetics; and even the keen eyes of practical merchants and the dull orbs of plethoric bankers and Congressmen revealed a suspicious moisture. Alas! for the listener who shivered unnoticed in the stage-door! The bitterness of a never-to-be-realized ambition dropped that hour, like burning gall, into Margaret Donovan's sore heart. "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity: save to love God, and serve but Him alone!" She saw Madame Viviani retreating from the stage laden with floral treasures, bouquets, baskets, crowns. The public enthusiasm had run mad and found a vent in flowers. She heard the call for the Madame's footman, which was answered by a colored man in livery who came to aid in clearing the boards of their fragment burden: while Cellini led off the triumphant *cantatrice* literally through a path strewn with roses. And then arose a rapturous *encore*.

"I'm free to say," whispered Lightwood, her flaxen frizzles (very moist and limp with perspiration) hanging over her brows, and her general appearance that of a much-abused doll: "I'm free to say, my love, in all my travels I never beheld a grander ovation. I can't take my eyes off her."

Neither could Marguerite. And

what she saw suggested a sick sultana lying back on her divan with a jewelled *vinaigrette* at her nostrils, and her maid fanning her with a sandal-wood fan. Nor were the slaves wanting to complete the scene. Cellini and a number of distinguished looking men (who had come in from the audience) surrounded the languid beauty, plying her with compliments in foreign tongues, and paying her homage as to a sovereign queen. And finally, after a delay sufficient to set the audience into a frenzy, (the applause thundering all the while outside,) the *ex-prima donna* of the Royal Opera at Vienna yielded reluctantly to the *encore*, and once more condescended to show her lovely face to her admirers.

Poor Miss Don Ivan sat like an image in the corner. Forgotten by her companions, deserted even by the inconstant Lightwood (who had gone over with the rest to the enemy), the poor young singer was only conscious of feeling very cool in her uncomfortable dress, only conscious of a desperate longing to rush out of it all, and get home as quickly as she could to Lily and her aunt. But that awful *Bolero* was yet to come. Cellini had never looked at her or spoken to her since Madame Viviani's entrance; and she began to take heart of grace that he, too, had forgotten her. Now, however, he stood before her with a mask of reserve on his face, and the long slender fingers twitching viciously at his moustache. The regal blonde put up her gold-mounted glasses and superciliously studied the situation. His manner was freezing:

"Are you aware, Miss Don Ivan, that your solo is in order, and that the audience is waiting?"

The poor girl's misery found a voice at last, but it was a very hoarse one.

"Oh! Mr. Cellini! please excuse me this evening. I am ill—I am

nervous—I cannot, indeed, I can not sing that *Bolero*!"

A wicked light came into the *maestro's* stern eyes:

"I shall *not* excuse you," he said between his teeth; "the choice of the *Bolero, Signorina*, was your own. In spite of my better judgment you insisted on selecting it, and now, *passerella*, you shall stick to your selection. Come," and with his hand of iron stripped entirely of its velvet glove, the master led forth his pale and trembling pupil.

Once more the vision of eyes—eyes—eyes staring at her out of an ambush of silks and jewels and waving fans. The very sweetness of the perfumed air helped to turn her sick. Marguerite, losing Cellini's support (for the *maestro* had retreated again to the stage door), grasped at the piano, and steadied herself, literally to face the music. The hands beside her struck the keys—a florid prelude—then an awful pause. She was mute.

A hum of surprise began to pervade the house; *lorgnettes* were leveled at the stage, and the sublime indifference of the audience was broken here and there. The critics were growing restless in their toleration of this unknown singer, who lacked both style and prestige.

"Madame Viviani has killed her!" sighed Lightwood to a ready-made acquaintance, a youth of tender years in a dress-suit and lavender gloves, on whom she was wasting her platitudes and her pastilles.

"Pwe-cith-ly," lisped the gentle dandy.

"Oh! faithful friend, how true you are to your trust!" said a stern, even voice in her ear that made her shiver. But she failed to discover the speaker. The Nemesis was lost in the dense throng around the entrance door.

"Courage!" whispered the accommodating pianist to Marguerite, and he improvised a few more

brilliant bars. And then there came another pause more awful than the first, during which audible murmurs of "What does it all mean?" "I do wish she would hurry and get through!" "Aren't you dying to hear that sweet Viviani again?" penetrated even to the foot-lights.

"Go on!" hissed Cellini in the background; and in sheer desperation from Marguerite's dry lips burst a hoarse, discordant strain. Such a mockery of music! There was neither time nor tune to the song; and just below her, in the orchestra-chairs, a group of fashionable but ill-bred young ladies were shaking under her very eyes in spasms of suppressed laughter.

Could it be that all the wholesome air in the house was suddenly exhausted, and Marguerite was smothering in the dreadful vacuum? Could it be that the lustrous globes of the chandelier, above the stage, had broken loose in a crazy transport, and were rushing wildly down upon her head?

She crumpled her music in her gloved hand,—took a step backwards (unconscious tragedy!) in a blind dizzy way—and fell flat at the pianist's feet in a dead faint.

Then was seen the spectacle of a tall, broad-shouldered young man with a frank honest face and a pair of earnest brown eyes making his way from the entrance-door, like a strong swimmer, through waves of excited people. The genteel voice of Lightwood was heard to cry "Murder!" as the vigorous arm of the newcomer dealt destruction to the china doll and her amiable dandy, and leaving them *hors de combat*, Maurice Keating cleared the footlights at a bound and sprang upon the stage.

"O sweet pale Margaret!
O rare pale Margaret!"

She lay there like a marble statue of despair fallen from its pedestal; the broken and bruised flowers that

were strewn all about her, (*débris* of Madame Viviani's triumph,) mute and fitting emblems of the crushed and broken victim of a blighted ambition. It wrung his very heart to look at her, so ghastly and corpse-like in all that glittering and detestable finery; but the hero of our story did not waste his time in useless sentimentalities or adjurations *à la Romeo*. He was eminently a man of action, as well as one of unpretending delicacy, and he loyally resented his maiden Margaret, his pearl, his precious one, being exposed in her hour of helpless humiliation to the profane gaze of those cold-blooded aristocrats.

With the grace and agility of a young Lochinvar he caught up the lifeless form of his poor wilful darling; and with that waxen face upon his shoulder, and the shining length of her snowy dress trailing over his arm, Maurice Keating bore away his prize. The dressing-room door stood open; Cellini and his satellites, the French maid and the colored footman, (to say nothing of Lightwood, *désolte*, and supported by her amorous stripling,) all pressed around him; but he scattered them right and left. To snatch from the elegant Viviani the glass of champagne she was about to pour into her stately throat, and to force it between the white lips of Margaret; to wrap his own warm plaid about the reviving girl, and to shut the carriage-door forcibly in the face of the astounded Lightwood, were works which few save Maurice Keating could have done as rapidly or as well.

But that wretched ride by rail that followed, the stout-hearted young foreman never forgot. The girl was burning with fever, and her strong lover was taxed to the utmost to keep her safely in the car; to soothe her out of singing snatches of that vile *Bolero* in her husky wreck of a voice; and to hide his manly emotion when she

pleaded with him in moving terms to send Maurice Keating to her, that she might ask his forgiveness then and there for all her obstinacy and pride.

Before noon the next day, Margaret lay in her own little white bed in her own little room, with her aunt and Lily watching anxiously by her side. It was an aggravated case of pneumonia. Disappointment, mental worry, and the unusual exposure of her neck and chest, had done the mischief; and life and death had a tough struggle of it before her naturally good constitution, with the blessing of heaven, got the mastery. But her singing voice was gone forever.

"My pride is justly punished, dear Maurice," she whispered with a faint smile, (when that gentleman at his one hundred and tenth call was admitted for the first time to a peep at the pale and interesting invalid.) "The stage has lost a *prima donna*."

"But *we* have gained our Margaret, God bless her!" was the hearty response; and the speaker thought he had never seen his affianced look sweeter or lovelier than she did at that moment, with the penitent light in her eyes and the peaceful smile playing about her lips.

It was her first venture at sitting up, and they had ensconced her in the big easy-chair in Aunty's room; and Lily had made her quite gay with a scarlet woolen wrapper and a breast-knot of Maurice's flowers.

She touched them with her thin hand, and the gray eyes were turned brightly on the young man:

"Your 'roses blossom the whole year round,'" she said to him, with a glance at the Christmas frost on the window pane.

"Heaven grant that they may, and that the longest-lived of all my flowers may be my sweet Queen Margaret! They have not told

you my secret, dear, but God has been very good to us. The iron men have taken me into the firm this week; and I have the prettiest little nest in the world making ready for my sick bird. As soon as you are strong enough to go to church, Daisy, we will get married like old-fashioned folks, and settle down to housekeeping."

"I am not worthy of you," she said very humbly, and with moist eyes.

"Say rather I am not worthy of *you*," returned he, much moved and shading his face with his hand; and there is no telling to what length these mutual self-deprecations might have gone, if Lily had not burst into the room at this juncture in a state of such unusual excitement as to startle even Aunty, who, worn out with nursing, was dozing over the fire. Her usually pensive face was radiant with smiles, and she made a show of hiding something in the folds of her apron.

"Miss Lightwood has just been here with a message," she cried merrily.

Maurice's pleasant face was clouded, and the blood rose brightly in Margaret's transparent cheek.

"You need not look so cross, young gentleman," said Lily, not at all dashed at her reception; "it is all so funny, and so nice, and so romantic, that I know you will laugh instead of frowning when you hear the whole of it. *Voilà tout!* Mr. Cellini is to be married at the Cathedral, to-morrow morning to some Madame Vivi—Vivi—(bless me! what *was* the name anyway?) ah! yes, Viviani, Madame Viviani; and Miss Lightwood goes to Europe with them, right after the ceremony, as companion to the bride."

"I am free to say, *Deo gratias!*" murmured Maurice under his breath.

"You would have pitied the

poor old soul if you had seen her," pursued Lily, trying to straighten her smiling face into a sympathetic expression; "she was all tears and remorse over Maggie's narrow escape, and she really showed a depth of feeling for which we did not give her credit. She is desperately afraid of shipwreck on the high seas, and she left all sorts of loving adieux for the entire family, not even forgetting her ancient enemy, Mr. Maurice Keating," and Lily courtesied in his direction.

"May every blessing go with her," said that gentleman, with a very serene and sunshiny face; "and may she enjoy the delights of the old world so thoroughly and so supremely that she may never be tempted to return to the annoyances of the new. But what are you hiding in your apron, pussy?"

"Ah! that is the best of it," and Lily crossed the room and knelt by her sister, looking up into her pale face with eyes brimful of tenderest affection. "Maggie dear, Mr. Cellini is also very, very sorry for his share in your sufferings, and he has sent Lightwood expressly to say so, and to present you in his name with this little token of his lasting regret."

She threw aside her apron as she spoke and held up before them all the lovely little picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which Margaret had seen in the *maestro's* room the night

before the fatal concert. Once more she beheld the sweet Saviour pointing to the glowing Heart upon His breast as if inviting her to enter into that sanctuary of love and peace: once more the pitying eyes and tender lips seemed about to speak the words inscribed upon the margin: "Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart;" and *this* time (thanks to His patient and persistent mercy!) she did not reject His inspirations, she was not deaf to His pleading whispers. The happy tears were shining in her eyes as she laid the gift in her lover's hands.

"Meek and humble, of heart," she said softly looking up into his face, "and only God and my confessor know how full *my* heart has been of anger, and pride and obstinate ambition. O Maurice! how much I have to learn before I shall find rest to my soul."

"We will study the lesson together, dear love," was his grave and gentle answer; "we will go like little ignorant children, day after day, to learn in that sacred School: and surely at last when we ask the Master and His holy Mother to bless our humble wedding-feast, He will not refuse to change the water into wine, but will draw us closer and closer to Himself, and make us thenceforth the faithful servants of His meek and lowly Heart."

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

HOW THEY LIVE, AND HOW THEY DIE.

The artists of Rome! What romance! What poetry! What a spiritual life they must lead, and what a life of indescribable happiness is that which is spent in reveling among the old masters who still live in their *Cristos*, their *Virgins*, their *St. Jeromes*, their *St. Johns*, their *Moseses*—among the old architectural beauties which stand forth, the imperishable monuments of Bramante, Raphael and Michael Angelo, among the old things of Rome, her gigantic ruins, lit up by a bright sky, so limpidly and deeply blue, so cloudless! To people who are engaged in battling with the stern realities of life, the artist's life in the Eternal City seems to be that of an order of beings who live, not in the body, but in the soul, not on earth, but in vision's land—whose meat and drink is in conceiving and creating, who never sleep, but to have visions, who are not supposed to die, but only to fall asleep over a masterpiece. What do they know about politics, and fashions, and high prices, about rents and debts, about passions, in a word, about the troubles of life? Their world is their studio. They are Melchisedecs, every one of them, without father, without mother, beings that appear to us before the canvas, or the marble, and then vanish, we know not whither. And when we come abroad, and make the acquaintance of some of them, and discover that they are flesh and blood like ourselves, nay more, that there is such a thing as nationality among them, romance is still associated with them, for we never see them outside of the studio. It never occurs to us that they have what is called "private life," and many of us return to our country, still possessed with the original

idea, that the life of an artist in Rome is very romantic and spiritual. So it may be, but he is not conscious of it. He has many hard realities to contend with. The artists of Rome! Poor fellows! Poor, unromantic mortals! We can associate worlds of romance with them, but they in themselves feel the pangs of hunger and thirst like other mortals, they go to bed tired and disheartened at night, and rise in the morning with the uncompromising reality before them that they must struggle to live.

Between the native and foreign element, the artists form no considerable portion of the population of Rome. Of the native artists we shall say nothing. They are among their own, and they live like their own. But we will speak of the every-day life of those artists, who have left home and country, to devote themselves to their art in this great Nursery of the Beautiful. Every nation of Europe is represented by them, and America has contributed largely for the last quarter of a century. We shall not take upon ourselves the task of speaking of the artistic merit of any particular artist, or of the artists of any particular country. Every country represented here in Rome, has been, and continues to be, creditably represented. We shall speak of them as they are, *rich*, "getting along," and decidedly poor. In speaking of the artist who has amassed a fortune, we are far from intimating that he is necessarily a great artist, or *vice versa*, that the artist without means is also devoid of genius. Genius is unquestionably lodged in some of fine apartments of the well-to-do artists of the Eternal City; but she also starves in the attics, tenanted by poor fellows who never get an

order. The artists of Rome may be divided into three classes. There are those who are turning, or who have turned, the corner, financially. There are those who have a glimpse of the financial corner, and who may be defined as "getting along." Finally, there is a little band of artists, who live in quiet, out-of-the-way places, whose studios are rarely visited by wealthy tourists, who never receive magnificent orders, and who live, God and a few friends only know how.

The wealthy artist has his studio in the *Via Margutta*, or in *San Nicolo in Tolentius*. If he be a sculptor, his studio is large and spacious, divided into several compartments, each of which is well filled with busts in marble and *gesso*, statues and bas-reliefs. Occupying a prominent position, you will see the "Blind Girl of Portici," the "Sappho," or the "Sleeping Infants," which made the artist's reputation and fortune. A rich tourist admired either one or the other some years ago, left an order for a copy in marble, and then went home to his own country, whence in good time other orders came, and finally the nation itself ordered a "public monument," and brought the artist "out." He studies now, not for a living, but for fame. He has several hands employed in rough chiseling, and he himself in the meantime can always spend an hour with a friend over a friendly bottle. He has a snug little apartment in the *Via Sistina*, or in the *Babuíno*. takes his coffee at the *Café Greco* in the *Condoth'*, has his lunch sent into the studio at noon, and dines sumptuously with a friend at Nazari's or Spillmann's. He has a sideboard in the sanctum of his studio, and can afford to be hospitable to a friend. If his studio be any distance from his lodgings, he rides there in a cab, and has the same convenience returning home at night. Perhaps he is ~~not~~

In this case he becomes still more popular, because his wife gives charming receptions once or twice a week, and entertains her guests most agreeably. About Christmas time or New Year's, he gives an evening entertainment in his studio. It is tastefully festooned with evergreens, well lighted and well heated, and what with the statuary, or paintings, disposed in pleasant relief, and a band of Roman minstrels with their guitars and mandolins, the studio seems a little fairy land. All this seems to be really romantic. It may be to others, but though the artist has turned the financial corner, he has his troubles, nor can devotion to his art remove them. Far be it from us to enter into a detailed account of the petty little jealousies and rivalries which sometimes disturb the peace of mind of some of the most talented artists. The greatest geniuses the world has ever produced were not impervious to the attacks of envy. The story of Michael Angelo and the "Boy Raphael" is well known. Both were geniuses, mighty geniuses. Both knew it, yet each was unhappy in the thought that the other might be his superior. Strange too, that the elder, and perhaps more gifted of the two, should be the more jealous! An all-absorbing jealousy worked within Michael Angelo, when the world thought him lifted out of himself in the sublime conception of the "Last Judgment."

Perhaps the happiest, and most really romantic artist of all, is he that is just getting along. He has just had enough of success to whet his appetite for more, and not too much to give him cause to be disturbed with the thought that some one will dispute his reputation. He is full of hope for the future. Visions of fame and consequent prosperity are ever floating before his eyes, and his modest studio is the happiest nook in the world to him.

The very walls seem alive with inspirations, and when his increasing orders necessitate a removal into a more spacious studio, he leaves the old sanctum with a sigh, and is troubled lest perhaps he has taken leave of his happiest inspirations. You will find a good number of artists of this class at the *Cafè degl' Artisti*, in the morning and evening. Let us follow one of them through the day. He indulges in a cup of chocolate or coffee, and a penny loaf at the *Cafè*, and then hurries off to his studio, smoking a cigarette on the way. He is a painter, and has been working on a "*Judith*" for some time. He meets a "model" at the junction of *Capo le Case* and the *Via Siotina*, and laughingly informs her that he has no need of her to-day. Whereat she looks disconsolate, and as he puts it, "pouts too much for *Judith*." Two francs for previous settings reconcile her to her fate, and he wends his way to the *Via della purificazine*. Away up on the top story is his little studio, bedroom and reception-room, all in one. A screen hides the bed, and while he was out for his coffee, the old woman, who does the chores, put the room in order. He carefully takes the veil off the unfinished picture which stands on the easel, and then retires a step or two to contemplate it. The face is that of the "model" he met outside—a southern beauty. "Too soft for a *Judith*—I don't like your mouth—ah!" He has merely touched the lips nervously with his brush, as if trying the effect of a little shade, and he has caught the expression he dreamed about. And then he begins to dream anew, working with his brush all the while. About twelve o'clock, he stops to look at the picture, and he seems very much perplexed. He is trying to get the listless roll of the eye in the head of *Holfernes*, and the last stroke of his pencil gave the

general a black eye. He drops the *palette*, puts on his hat, and walks out into the street, looking like a man who had come to some very important determination. Through the *Piazza Barberim* and down the *Via Tritone* he passes, not noticing anything or anybody on the way. In the *Via dell' Angelo Custode* there is a small hole in a wall of houses, which bears a distant resemblance so a door. Over this aperture the passer-by reads the following: "*Spaccio di vino, con cucina eccellente—all' antica persianetta*"—Sale of wine, with an excellent kitchen at the old window-blind. Under this announcement stands a rooster, with one leg thrown stiffly in the advance, and a very scarlet comb, standing erect, the which is indicative of the exhilarating and rejuvenating effects of the wine sold at the "Old Window Blind." One step brings you into the establishment, and one glance covers all. The room, into which you are introduced, is about twelve feet square. A sort of cooking range is let into the wall at the left of the entrance, and there stands *Tota* (the diminutive of *Antonia*.) turning a spit, upon which divers birds and bits of meat are impaled. At the entrance of our artist friend, *Tota* turns round. She is a woman of about forty. Her hair is black and wavy, modestly parted in the middle, and plaited into a roll behind. Just a gray hair or two makes her look matronly. Her eyes are large and dark, yet full of light and good-nature. A fine full face, ruddy with exposure to the fire. She wears a snow-white jacket, closely buttoned at the neck and wrists. Her hands are white, plump and well-kept. The table in front of her is filled with raw beef-steaks, cutlets, fowl and vegetables. A closet in the wall is just large enough to hold two wine casks, the spigots of which are always visible—one contains white wine, the other black wine of

Velletri. Light and air have no other entrance, but that intended for customers, the door. Yet it is not an uncomfortable place to be in. There is a pleasant odour of reeking hot steaks and onions pervading the room, with just the slightest perceptible odour of garlic. Our friend takes his usual seat at the long table in the corner. He gives no orders. Tota knows her customers' tastes. A small bird, some salad, a *pagnotta*—penny loaf—and a bottle of black Velletri wine are placed before our artist. "I would have liked a beef steak," said he. "You cannot have any to-day—beefsteaks are for people who have black eyes." "And I have one at home," quoth the artist, thinking of Holofernes. "Aye, a pair of them," replies the happy hostess, thinking of the "model." "You are in good spirits, Padrona mia, and one works well after having seen you. But if all my black eyes were as lightsome and pretty as yours, my brush and I would never quarrel." Tota manages not to hear this speech, but greets the German sculptor who has just entered, informing him, very pleasantly, that *oggi non c'è trippa*—no tripe to-day. *Heilich Himmel!* No tripe! "Haben sie *fegato*?"—Got any liver? Yes, there is liver and the Teuton looks appeased. Who can be angry with such a good-natured, good-looking, easy-going and forgiving creature as Tota? And now, several artists enter, most of them looking as if they would devour the great iron spit itself. But to see the artists in their glory, one must drop in at the "*Persianetta*" after the *Ave Maria*, or at the "*Gabbione*"—the cage—near the old Fountain of Teevi or at Karlin's in the Quattro Fontane. The strangest orders are given. Our friend of *Judith* has fresh water-cresses, raw onions sliced in vinegar, a steak and the usual quantity of Velletri wine. The German has tripe—

tripe *alla Romana* is a savory dish—potatoes, fried in tomato sauce, and a bottle of Marino wine. At the *Gabbione*, a time-honored institution, conducted on the same informal system as the "*Old Window Blind*," each artist walks up to the kitchen table, and selects his own steak raw. Many of the artists object to Karlin's, because they never see the cook at work. We know of one artist who has never dropped into Karlin's since he removed his establishment from the old tumble-down house, on the corner of the *Via Felice*, to the magnificent restaurant on the *Quattro Fontane*. "Karlin has a new cook now, and how can I be sure that he don't take snuff, and that he washes his hands. I shall stick to the *Gabbione*, the steaks are divine—only, I wish they didn't believe in baptizing the wine." Tota, however, never puts water in the wine, and, on the whole, her cuisine can defy competition. These remarks are being made while the artists dispose of their evening meal. During that performance, they have anything but the *spirituelle* look which we associate with the lovers of art. They look quite mortal, and if you remain long enough in the *Persianetta* or the *Sabbione*, to hear them talk over their pipes and cigarettes, you will hear them express their views upon men and things, just like other men. While the wine and tobacco lasts, they are a cheerful set. After that, the question is, "Where shall we go to spend the evening?" We hear a few English-speaking artists express themselves in the following manner: The *Hôtel d' Orient* is proposed by one. "No," says another, "I shall not go there to-night; I had punch enough last night. Suppose we go to the Greco (Café) and see who is there." Another proposes to go to the *Café degl' Artiste*, and another to *Jacobi's* cellar, and have a flask of Gen-

zano wine. This proposition is accepted, and thus the evening is disposed of. We hear of associations of women being organized in England and America for the purpose of evangelizing the natives of Rome. An association for evangelizing poor, uncared-for artists would be more useful. And when we speak of evangelizing them, we don't mean to have the gospel preached to them by the distribution of bibles. Let them be cared for socially. Let them have some place where they can spend a quiet, happy evening, instead of the Cafés and wine-cellars of Rome. Let them be thought of, not as they are in their studios, for there they have employment. We have heard of a lady who came abroad with the intention of establishing a sort of a home for foreign artists, in which they would be well cared for, and amusement provided for their evenings. Such an establishment would be a blessing. The long winter evenings are the dread of the artist's life. He cannot always remain in his garret, he must commune with some one, and the poor stranger has no friends, no acquaintances, save those he meets in the Cafés. The artist is mortal, we repeat. He is social by nature. He cannot always commune with the ideal beings on the canvass, or in the marble. Seek him out then, when he leaves his studio. Bring out his social qualities, and when you have secured him, preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified to him. Religion is only a name with many of the foreign artists in Rome. It has not even as much reality as their own creations. They need evangelizing very much. Not because they are a wicked, dissolute set, but because they are indifferent. Most of them endeavor to be virtuous, with a vague notion that it is proper and becoming in a man to be good. But they are not actuated by a higher motive.

We now come to speak of the

life of the poor artists in Rome, and we do so with the most profound compassion and affection. The poor artists of Rome form a class of beings who subsist chiefly by copying the works of the great masters in the picture galleries. It was not contempt, but a vague feeling of sympathy, which prompted the appellation applied to them, "*Poveri diavoli*,"—poor devils. You never see many of them together at the regular haunts for artists. The poor artist takes his morning coffee at some out-of-the-way Café, where the price is a *soldo* less than at the *Greco*, and if you observe him on his way to one of the galleries, say the *Borghese*, you will see him step into the baker's to buy a *pagnotta*, and then stop at a fruitvender's and invest another *soldo* in a bunch of grapes, or an apple, or a pear. Such is his lunch, and not until evening does he give himself the luxury of a meal. Whenever Tota beholds one of these weary, poverty-stricken copyists enter her establishment, she always makes it a point to wait upon them herself, for she knows that a kind word will bring a smile to the pale, sickly face. She is so accustomed to their ways and manners, that she can tell from the orders they give for the evening meal, whether they have sold a copy during the day. It was at Tota's, we first saw poor Königsberger. He didn't seem to know any one; no one knew where he lived. How he lived, through certain months of the year, was a mystery. He was infatuated with the *St. John* in Raphael's *Deposition* of the *Borghese* Gallery. He spent his days in copying the "*Beloved Disciple*," and sooth to say, his copies were lovely to behold. But he was so quiet, so retiring, so shy of observation, that he rarely attracted the attention of visitors in the gallery. Now and then an ardent lover of

painting would stop to observe his copies, and make an immediate purchase, or order a copy. The general rule is, that the poor suffer most in the winter season. But the poor artist starves in the summer months, when the visitors are few, and he is left to the mercy of the picture-dealers of Rome. Mercy! You may sometimes meet a pawnbroker, whose heart is not all flint. But the picture-dealer of Rome has no heart at all. He has an adamant principle of life within him, the centre of the circulation of the blood; nothing more. He has no sentiment but one, an all-devouring greediness to grow rich.

We have known a lovely picture—a *campagna* scene—to have been bought from a poor artist for the pitiful sum of one hundred francs, and sold for *four hundred and fifty*! It was upon sharks like these that poor Königsberger lived in the summer months. He took what they offered for his copies, and was too sweetly meek, aye, and oftentimes too hungry to refuse. At the end of a long, scorching day in July, he would come to the *Old Window Blind*, and modestly order two eggs, a little salad, and a *quintino*—about half a pint—of wine. Tota would argue immediately that his funds were on the ebb, and instead of eggs, brought him a generous portion of cold veal, and a whole measure of wine. "But"—he would begin—"Never mind, *tu hai fame*," was the reply—Thou art hungry. At the reckoning, Tota enumerated on her fingers, "eggs, six soldi, salad three, wine three, bread one—*tutto* thirteen soldi," looking roguish and kind all the while. As the artist walked out he looked thankful, but Tota thought he looked weak too. She stood in the door of the *trattoria*, and watched the quiet lonely figure, as it moved down the *Angelo Custode*. Turning around quickly, she said to the garçon *Torno presto*—

I'll be back immediately—and followed the artist. He passed the fountain of Trevi, and turned up the dark alley behind the church of San Vincenzo and Anastasio. Many a poor artist in Rome lives in an alley like that; but not all are followed by a good angel like Tota. She merely waited to see him enter a doorway, and then retraced her steps.

So the artists live. As they live, so they die. Death overtakes many of them in Rome. We have stood by the death bed of three of them. One was an angel in the flesh. He lived to be over eighty years of age, and more than sixty years of that life were devoted to his art. He was a painter who still lives, and will live forever, in the masterpieces which honor the Eternal City, his adopted home, and many cities of Germany. His was a pure soul, in which the fire of genius burned brightly. His conceptions were mostly on subjects taken from mystical theology. He was a Catholic artist, and when we say that his brethren called him the "Modern Raphael," need we mention the name of Overbeck? We saw the patriarch five minutes after he had fallen asleep—in the Lord. He had served mass and received Holy Communion that morning, as he had done every morning for years back, and then he sat down at his easel. He was at work on one of a series of pictures, representing the different phases in the life of a Christian. This one was a Christian marriage, at which Christ gave the blessing. About noon a chill came over him, and he lay down on the low bed in his studio. Then he said to his adopted daughter, "my hands are growing numb. I wonder can I use them. Give me a crayon." She handed him a crayon of charcoal, and a bit of brown paper. He drew a trembling line on the paper, such as the unsteady hand of a child would make, and

sank back, his body upon the bed, his soul into eternity.

Another was what his fellow artists called, "a good fellow." Indeed, there never was a more kind-hearted and good natured soul than poor Radford. He was an English sculptor of rare abilities, and always had plenty of orders. He was kind and affable to every one, but towards none was he tenderness and paternal sympathy itself, more than to the young artist, just beginning life in Rome. He would traverse the Eternal City to find a suitable studio and lodgings for the young stranger, and afterwards would drop into his studio to see how he prospered. Whenever he gave artistic advice, he did so in the most informal way. For instance, if the ankle of a clay model of a Roman senator were disproportionately large, he would simply say, "Tom, I'd shave his ankles a bit, if I were you." Radford hadn't a fault but one—"He didn't take care of himself." So, he fell into consumption. First, he was not able to go to his studio every day. Then he could not leave his room, and finally he lay down upon the bed, and never got up of himself. He lingered on through September and October. His fellow artists sat up at night with him, and were as kind as sisters of charity. He never spoke of religion. He had no particular religion. Towards the end the consul was called in to draw up his will, and on the same occasion, some one suggested the presence of the English clergyman. He was sent for, and he came willingly enough indeed, and we firmly believe that he would have done anything in the world for "poor Raddy." But there it was a question of doing something in heaven. There were several artists in the little parlor, and a few of them were engaged in writing at the table. The minister stood with his back to the fire, and warmed himself. Pres-

ently, Reed came out, and said to the clergyman, "I think he is sinking," whereat, he left off warming himself, and walked slowly into the bedroom, and then to the couch of the dying man. He looked at "Raddy" for a moment, and then stooping down said very kindly, "God is good, my friend." "Is He?" said the artist, and his eyes seemed to open wider with surprise. They remained so for a long, long time, and then Reed closed them reverently, and kissing the cold, white brow, he said with a tremor in his voice, "Poor Raddy."

The poor copyist, Königsberger, never went back to the *Persianetta*. Tota and a friend sought him out the next evening, and found him in bed, down with the Roman fever, "perniciosa too," said Tota "Povero figlio." He had nothing in his purse but a frank piece, and a few soldi. There was nothing in the little room to be sold only the "Beloved Disciple," "and that," said the good woman, "will never go to Monte di pietà." He was taken to the hospital of San Michele, and placed in the large airy ward on the last story. No one knew his antecedents, and his friend only knew that he came from the village of Wiltau in Tyrol, and that his father and mother were both buried together in the churchyard. Kindred, he had none. He suffered for many days, and sometimes raved a great deal in German. The Sister who attended him found out that he was a Catholic, and said, moreover, that he was a very good young man. A German priest was called in from the Swiss Church near St. Peter's, and he talked a long time with the artist. The next day he gave him Holy Communion. He had been in the hospital about fifteen days when this happened. In the afternoon of the same day, the friend sat by his bedside and talked to him, sometimes in Italian, sometimes in Ger-

man, for both were not of the same nationality. It was very cool up there, and the view from the artist's bed stretched across the Tiber, to the Arentine beyond, and far away to the Sabine Hills. The artist seemed to be looking away out there, and perhaps he saw something in the rugged cliffs that reminded him of Tyrol, for he said, "When I get strong, I shall go home." The Sister heard him say this, and she turned her eyes towards the friend with a look of deep meaning in them. He never got strong, but the Sister said, that, in the evening, about a quarter of an hour after the *Ave Maria*, the poor artist went home—to his Father's. So they die.

A SPIRIT'S MESSAGE.

Oh, friends on earth—oh, friends no longer near,
Whom once I held, whom still I hold so dear
For Christ's sweet sake I pray you kindly hear!

I pine—I languish in this prison-place:
Oh, my Beloved! for one minute's space
To see again the glory of Thy Face!

Late loving! for myself I cannot pray—
Flame-girdled through the long hours I must stay
Till the last stain of sin is burned away.

Sweet friends, I call in vain: ye answer not.
Ah, me! too well I loved you—now my lot
Is that most bitter pain—to be forgot!

For surely ye forget,—else every day
Ye would lift up pure hands to Heaven and pray
To end my suffering spirit's long delay!

THE DIVINE COMMISSION OF THE CHURCH AS A TEACHER.

WHAT IT COMPREHENDS.

THE distinction which many undertake to make between religious and secular knowledge has much to do with the prevailing confusion of ideas respecting the Public School question. And owing to this confusion of ideas and the misapprehensions resulting from it, many persons have placed themselves on the irreligious side of this question who otherwise would stand side by side with Catholics in demanding a modification of the present system of public education.

We have used the word "irreligious" rather than anti-Catholic or Protestant, because all who believe that morality is based upon religion, as Protestants do professedly, would, if consistent, be on the Catholic side of the question. They are not so, in very many cases, because either because of their own anti-Catholic prejudices or because of their want of courage and their fear of the consequences of placing themselves in opposition to the prejudices of others. These we do not expect our argument will reach; and in what we propose to say we shall not take them into account. But there is another class of persons, who honestly make the distinction to which we have referred, and are led by it to regard the Catholic position on the subject of education as entirely unreasonable. There are not a few Catholics, too, whose minds have become confused about the matter, and who, therefore, are less clear in their convictions, and less zealous in supporting Catholic schools than otherwise they would be. To make the matter worse, we notice of late in some of our so called Catholic newspapers an attempt to draw this distinction between secular and re-

ligious knowledge, and to build on it an argument in favor of the present public schools.

It is argued that the commission of the Church to "teach all nations" refers only to religion; that the Church may, therefore, consistently claim the right of imparting religious instruction; but for her to claim anything more than this is to go beyond her proper sphere, and to grasp at what does not belong to her.

The division which, in this argument, is attempted between religious and secular knowledge is false and deceptive. It is one which, in effect, denies the sovereignty of God over man in all his relations of life and in the totality of his being. It denies, too, the completeness of the redemption which God has wrought in Christ, and which it is the mission of the Church to offer and exhibit to every creature.

The mission of the Church is co-extensive with the effects of sin, which affect the whole being of man, every act and word, every thought and volition in every moment, and in every relation of his existence.

The commission "to teach" which Christ gave to the Church, requires, therefore, that she should bring man to a sense of his misery and guilt, on the one hand, and to a knowledge of God's mercy, and of the means by which it may be obtained, on the other. It involves the breaking up by the Church of the state of forgetfulness and neglect of duty and of enmity to God in which man, since his fall, has stood, and now stands, and his reconciliation to his Creator, who has become also his Redeemer. And

this work of restoration, of reconciliation, is a process in which man is, and necessarily must be, an intelligent co-actor with God in every stage and moment of the process. For man is a free agent. The two highest endowments he possesses, and those which compose moral freedom, are intelligence and will.

Man, therefore, is an intelligent, willing, free factor in the whole process of his own redemption. He must work with God. And the human action requisite must extend to every sphere and relation, every period and moment of man's existence; to every thought, volition and sentiment he entertains, to every word and act he utters and performs.

But if man's intelligence has this intimate and necessary, and at the same time comprehensive relation to his redemption, the office of teaching which has been committed to the Church must be equally extensive, and must comprehend within its scope all that man in the exercise of his intelligence can discover and know, every subject which his mind can think upon, and every act which his will constrains him to perform.

The attempted distinction between secular and religious knowledge, consequently, is a false distinction. It has no foundation in fact; no foundation, in the relation of man to God as a creature, fallen, yet intended through divine mercy to be saved. It is a virtual denial that man is wholly, body and soul, the creature and the servant of God, whom He designs to save, to sanctify and to exalt in the totality of his whole being, and whom as a child reconciled to his father, and as an heir to the ineffable glories of heaven, God wishes and commands to be ruled by the law of divine charity in every moment of his existence, and in every act and relation of his life.

It requires no laborious thought

on the part of one who apprehends the truth we have briefly stated, to perceive that every form of knowledge, when rightly used, will powerfully dispose the mind to the discharge of duty, whether that duty refers immediately to God, to ourselves, or to our fellow-men. And it is equally certain that the habit of ignoring God in our intellectual operations does and must tend, by the unnatural separation of knowledge and reflection from their true end, to induce habitual forgetfulness of duty. If the "untutored savage"

"Sees God in the clouds and hears Him in the wind,"

surely the Christian meteorologist will not less easily detect evidences of divine wisdom in the changes of temperature, and of the density and moisture of the air, and all the other atmospheric phenomena which he notes and studies. He may not do this, but if he does not he is not superior, but inferior to the "savage," in failing to read in what he has learned lessons of infinitely greater value than those which refer only to the operation of laws that determine the weather.

The astronomer may carry his observations into the most remote regions of space made possible by the most perfect instruments, may build his deductions upon the most solid foundations of science, and then find no language capable of expressing his final conclusion but that of inspiration: "How great are thy works, O Lord? Thou hast made all things in wisdom;" or he may confine himself to reflections upon the distances, magnitudes, densities and motions of the planets, fixed stars and nebulae, to the processes by which they may have reached their present conditions and positions, and the physical laws which, by their action, have brought about these results, without a thought of the divine first cause and author of those laws; he may

do all this just as a railway engine-driver may study the working parts of a locomotive without a thought about the mathematical science and mechanical skill which the proportioning, construction and adjustment of those parts required; but if he does this, though he may, and justly, be occupying the highest position among material scientists for careful investigation, accurate mathematical computations and logical deductions, yet when judged by a higher and truer standard, by that which refers to the last use of all knowledge, he falls far below the ancient heathen. For Æschylus, the oldest poet of the ancient pagan Greeks, has written :

"Place God apart from mortals; and think not
That he is, like thyself, corporeal.
Thou knowest Him not. Now He appears
as fire,
Dread force! as water now; and now as
gloom;
And in the beasts is dimly shadowed forth,
In wind and cloud, in lightning, thunder,
rain;
And minister to Him the seas and rocks,
Each fountain and the water's floods and
streams.
The mountains tremble, and the earth, the
vast
Abyss of sea, and towering height of hills,
When on them looks the sovereign's awful
eye:
ALMIGHTY IS THE GLORY OF THE MOST
HIGH GOD."

And so, too, another pagan Greek poet, Sophocles, says:

"One in very truth, God is one,
Who made the heaven and the far stretch-
ing earth,
The deep's blue billows and the might of
winds."

We shall not stop to prove that these Greek poets, living in the darkness of heathendom long before the advent of our Saviour, and testifying to the omnipresence and omnipotence of God as they learned it either from the traditions of truth, which in those early days may have still lingered amongst the Greeks or from nations with whom they came into contact, or as expressing what

was suggested to their hearts by poetic inspiration, and their contemplation of the natural world, were, in this, far in advance of many modern savans. We are writing not for infidels, but for those who believe that the heavens do "show forth the glory of God," and that the "invisible things"—His eternal power and divinity—from the creation of the world, "are clearly seen, being understood from the things that are made;" for those who believe, too, that God "has not left Himself without a witness" both in the material world external to man, and also in man's own heart, for those, too, who believe with St. Paul that they, who "like not to have God in their hearts, are not seldom given up to a 'reprobate sense,' and 'vain imaginations.'"

If our reasoning thus far is accepted as true, and we do not see how it can be objected to by any one who believes in the personal existence of God, and in divine revelation, it must also be admitted that the Church's commission to "teach" is unlimited; and that in the necessity of the case, it is co-extensive with all knowledge, and all possibility of knowledge. To say that the commission refers to religion is only another way of saying that it comprehends every subject which the mind of man can grasp. The relation of knowledge, under every form, to religion, and its importance as a means for leading the thoughts of men onward and upwards to God, and inspiring in their hearts sentiments of gratitude, obedience, veneration, love and adoration, is continually suggested in the Sacred Scriptures.

In Genesis, (ch. II,) we are told that Adam, at the express instance of God, gave names to every living creature. But names are the oral expression of ideas respecting the things named. And no one can doubt but Adam had full knowledge of the things he named. And

if God endowed Him with this knowledge as respects the animal creation, why not in regard to all the other forms and spheres of action of His creative power. Nor is there room for questioning, that all this knowledge was conferred upon Adam in Paradise, that his understanding might act along with his will, his intelligence co-operate with his volitions, direct, and strengthen, and elevate them, and that Adam might thus with all the faculties and powers of mind and soul, serve and obey, love and adore the Creator of himself and of the whole universe.

The moral which we have drawn from Genesis, is still more clearly displayed in other portions of the Sacred Scriptures. Moses, at the command of God, called into requisition the most precious of metals and woods, and of the fabrics of human labor in the construction of the tabernacle, and made the highest skill that the Jews could exercise subservient to its adornment, thus teaching that human industry and art could never be more worthily employed, than in doing honor to God. And Job, and David, and the inspired writers of the Old Testament, exhaust their knowledge of the natural world in finding images and types of the divine perfections, and reasons why man's heart, and mind, and soul, and body, should all be consecrated to the service of his Creator. There is nothing that escapes this use. The valleys and the hills, the earth and the sea, rocks and mountains, plants and trees, cattle and savage beasts, birds and fishes, the springing and the withering grass, the blooming and the fading flowers, tempests, lightning and thunder, the sun, moon and stars, the life of man and all his occupations, and all that man knows and can know, are called into requisition to illustrate the divine perfections, to enforce upon man

his duties, and to lead him to understand that the true value of his endowments and gifts, and the whole significance of his life, find their proper purpose, and reach their end only in God.

When we turn to the New Testament, and read the discourses of the Saviour, which the Evangelists record, we find Him constantly referring to the phenomena of the natural world and the occupations of men as types and symbols of the truths He came to reveal. Underneath the special lessons of his parables there is this great truth set forth, that the material universe in all its changing phenomena, and all the occupations and pursuits of men unconsciously shadow forth the substantial realities of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that they should be studied with reference to them. The conclusion is irresistible that the scientist or philosopher, who prosecutes his investigations in the opposite spirit and without reference to the relation of all science to God, ignores in his labors what should be their ultimate design, and what is divinely intended to be the last use and end of all human knowledge.

That this was the mind of the Church in the first ages of Christianity, (as it was all through the Middle Ages and is now,) and the interpretation which she placed upon her commission to teach, is perfectly plain to those who have any acquaintance with the remnants of the Christian writings of those first ages that have escaped destruction, and been preserved to our times. In proof of this we need only refer to the letter of the Sovereign Pontiff Clement addressed to the Corinthians, before the last of the Apostles, St. John, was called to his reward, to the Epistle to Diognetus, to the Pastor of Hermas, the apology of St. Justin the Martyr, and to the writings of St. Clement of Alexandria, and of still other Christian writers, of those first ages.

The phenomena of the material world and whatever was true in any of the philosophical systems of the heathen, the resources of logic and of metaphysics, were all brought into requisition to defend, to prove, enforce and make clear the truths of divine revelation.

The same method was pursued in the schools established by Christians in early times. The first efforts of the Church to carry on the work of education are involved in the obscurity which, through the destruction of ancient writings during the convulsions attendant upon the incursions of barbarous tribes, and the fall of the ancient Roman empire, hides from our knowledge many of the details of Christian activity in those times. Moreover, owing to Christianity being a proscribed religion for three hundred years, the educational labors of the Church, like the celebration of the divine mysteries, had mostly to be conducted in secret. What is known, however, is amply sufficient to acquaint us with the fact that the Church claimed the whole domain of possible human knowledge as rightfully hers. The most famous of all the Christian schools in those ages was that of Alexandria. Some suppose that it was founded by St. Mark. If it was not, it was certainly established by one of his first successors. When St. Pantænus took charge of it, it was already, A. D. 189, in a flourishing condition; and under his successor, St. Clement of Alexandria, it had a world-wide reputation. Its cursus of study comprehended every branch of human science,

physics, mathematics, geography, history, astronomy, chemistry, grammar or languages, logic, rhetoric and philosophy in its widest sense. The students of this school, too, were distinguished for accuracy and thoroughness, and extent of knowledge, and grasp and power of thought which would put to shame the scholars of modern times.

It is not necessary to follow our subject into succeeding ages. It is a matter of history how zealously the Church, as soon as she was left free through the edict of Constantine to fulfil her commission to teach the nations, at once entered upon the work of establishing schools; and how perseveringly she continued that work, despite the hindrances of the most terrible social convulsions and the constant warfare of hostile tribes and peoples, until all Europe was covered with schools, academies and universities, in which every science and form of knowledge which the mind of man can comprehend were prosecuted with the utmost diligence and the utmost thoroughness.

The infallible Church, therefore, has, long ago, interpreted her commission to teach. She has done it by act and deed, as well as by Conciliary decrees and Pontifical utterances; and her interpretation that it is unlimited accords with the relation of knowledge to man's moral freedom and well-being. Knowledge is one. It has its source and origin in God; it returns to Him as its last end; it can never be separated from Him. Whatever therefore man can learn, the Church may claim the right to teach.

AT HER KNEE.

It was his mother's knee, and he was a man with life's prime marked upon his face—the prime without the bloom or the promise thereof. His head was massive, but it was bowed there with the attitude of humiliation a penitent child's assumes, coming to confess and atone for the day's faults; and the stalwart figure knelt on the ground at her feet, as a child's kneels to say the evening prayer. But the setting of the picture was no cosy fireside of "mother's room," as you might think; no lights of home gleamed softly on its pathos; no pictured walls looked down upon its beauty. In a dismal cell of the city prison sat that mother, with aspect so suffering, yet so tender, and on its floor of stone knelt the son with blighted manhood stamped so plainly upon every line of his form.

"Mother!" a broken, agonized tone.

"My boy, my poor, poor Walter, what is it?"

Mother's voices never lose the mother-tone. Not more pitying or more coaxing could this have been, when he knelt there bowing a child's silken head before her, than now. And with all the power of old, it pierced his heart.

"You—you remember long ago, when I knelt here at night?"

Ah! did she not, even as he could not, remember! The tender watch, the sweet anxiety, the ceaseless care, the hope, and fear, and doubt, and love—what child can fathom or remember these?—her softly whispered "Yes" contained them all.

"You don't forget that, no matter how I acted all day, whatever I said at your knee at night, you believed implicitly."

"No reason," broke from the mother-heart in eager tones, "no

reason ever came that I should doubt it, dear. My boy was always truth itself."

"It is a long, long time, mother," he then went on, the agony increasing in his tone with every word, "since I knelt here, and I do it now, hoping you will believe me even as in the old time."

"Just the same!" she answered very decidedly, "whatever you say there is sacred truth to me."

"Then, mother, in all this wide world you are the only human being who believes me to-night; but for you, I say it at your knee—I am innocent."

She did not faint, nor wring her hands, nor even weep as women do. She only sat in silence beyond her own power to break, but with a look of gladness, and of sure belief in her upturned eyes, that might have pierced through the very arch of the sky to the celestial beyond. He raised his head, he saw, he clasped her round with his strong arms.

"Thank God!" he whispered in an awe-struck tone, "you believe! Oh! Mother it is easy now to die!"

"Die!" and she started to her feet with sudden energy, "*you shall not die!* Did you not say you are innocent?"

"As truly as God reigns, mother; but it is of no avail. I have been tried by a jury, found guilty; I will be sentenced to death; from this, no earthly power can save me. I have given up life; I deserve all this for my sins against you. I was not guilty of murder, mother, as I am accused; but, God knows, I was guilty of worse in my conduct to you. I only kneel here to say I am innocent, and to beg your pardon for all the sorrow I have caused you. Then, I can die."

To the despair, the utter relinquishing of all that life can bring to manhood's striving or manhood's hopes breathing in voice and words, she answered with a mother's kiss pressed fondly on his forehead, and then she stooped to raise him from the ground.

"Ah!" she said, smiling a smile that was strange to see in that woe-stricken place, "how often have I done it! Your little mother cannot raise you now: get up, dear, and tell me all about this happy thing. *You shall not die!*"

He looked at her, a little grey-haired woman, scarcely beyond a child in size, with placid face that naturally wore a smile set in its own fairness, and sweet, blue eyes that held a world of love in their quiet depths. He looked at her, so frail, so apparently powerless, and his heart smote him to think of the wealth of manhood wasted in him, that ought to be her refuge now, in place of being a millstone round her neck.

"You're grieving now, dear," she said, reading the look instinctively, "grieving over me. Don't, don't! Tell me your story, and let the past leave its wrong buried forever."

"What can bury it? Oh! mother, could it ever find a real grave."

"Forgiveness, dear, which is yours now, can be the grave; and amendment, which you have before you, the sod that covers it. Come, tell me your story."

"You thought me guilty, mother?" he said anxiously.

"I cannot say I positively believed you so, dear," was the answer, "but I *feared* you might have committed the dreadful deed, when—not yourself."

"Yes, when brutalized by drink: no wonder, no wonder!" He leaned his head upon his hand and was silent.

"Walter," and the placid face was lit with heavenly pity, looking

upon the desolate attitude, and sorrowful act, "do you not know our time is limited, and I can do nothing till I hear your story."

"It is a story, mother," he began vehemently, "the words of which I wish could pierce these walls, and reach the soul of every Catholic young man beginning to tread the journey of life, and insensible to the fact that his religion is of more value to him than any other of his possessions, no matter how great they may be! You, God knows, in the days gone by, strove to impress me with that truth; but the pride of judgment, which is the rock on which most young men's lives are wrecked, made me turn aside from your teachings, and finally brought me *here!*" Again his head leaned on his hand, again his tongue refused to go on. Often, often, had the boyish head of the olden time assumed that very attitude, when in trouble brought on by some boyish freak! How her heart went back to it all now! How tenderly it forgot the years of woe and wrong between!

"Go on, Walter," and a touch of gentle authority dwelt in the voice; for just then, she was thinking of him as a child come to tell his fault, not a criminal under penalty of the law for murder; "you know mother always had to hear the whole truth. She must hear it now too." Then on the placid face beamed another of those smiles, that it seemed could never fail it, no matter how heavily burthened the heart beneath. Under its light, he went on.

"It is a great many years since I left you, mother, but long before I took that unworthy step, I was unworthy of you. My career commenced simply with disobedience, as commences many and many a downward career in this progressive land, where the young are too wise to obey those placed over them, and where, in the newness of things, every attempt at preserving

youth pure in heart, and firm in faith, is called with a sneer 'old fogysm.' When a Catholic young man, despising the restraints of home, (that God knows, he finds out afterwards, would have been his only safeguard from the diabolical snares the outside world holds ready for him,)—when he disobeys his parents by keeping late hours, and frequenting company he would not dare to introduce to the household circle; when he adds deceit to disobedience, as I did, then he has commenced the downward path to—ruin of body and soul. Many and many a night, when you and my sisters thought I was in my own room, reading or studying, forsooth, I was out half the night, acquiring habits, and imbibing ideas, that wrecked my life. It was then I learned to despise your counsels, to think myself too advanced for the quiet enjoyments and wise restraints of home. After this stage of advancement set in, the excitement of late hours, and the support of alcoholic stimulants became necessary to my progressive being. Then my heart, grown unscrupulous under their sway, was open to the persuasions of infidelity first, and quickly following this, immorality. My companions scoffed at confession, treated communion as a farce, and to prove my own enlightenment, I began to agree with them so far as to frequent neither, and pretend to you I did so regularly, at a distant church, for the purpose of having a particular confessor. So you see what a very ingrate I was, and how truly I deserve death! While, in the eyes of yourself and your immediate circle of friends, I was a model, a person who fulfilled the duties of religion, who was seldom out at night, and who frequented no bad company, I was really a free-thinker, a carouser, a companion of 'fast' young men and women, a being who had lost all sense of

honor and of faith in God. And from such beginning, oh! mother, here is the bitter end!" He stopped again, overcome by his own words.

"Go on, my child," said the mother gently, "I have traveled hundreds of miles to hear the rest. Let me hear it."

"Dreadful 'rest' to which those hundreds of miles have brought you! When I left you, mother, it was that I might not have to keep up even the pretense of good, which my being near you necessitated; not, as I represented at the time, that by going away I got a better position. Soon, removed from all restraint, I became lost to every good impulse. Thrown amongst a set of young men who lived for nothing but sinful pleasure, I sought their applause, and obtained it by being exactly like themselves! Blind that I was, I failed to notice that those from whom I learned to doubt the truths of revealed religion, also taught me to scorn the maxims that bind a human being to virtue; and while they made of me a skeptic, they also made of me a creature not fit to breathe the air where purity or integrity dwelt. So I went down, down—the descent is so gradual, the victim does not perceive its tendency till too late. Drink makes a man insensible, unscrupulous, reckless and immoral. I was all these, and more. *What* I was, I cannot shock your ears by putting into words.

"A day came, as it will come to all who run the race that I did, when none of my companions knew me, when I had no money, no employment, and a coat threadbare and out at elbows. Dressed in the extreme of the fashion, entertaining in conversation, inimitable at telling a story, good at a song, unrivalled in my power with the ladies, I had served for an offset to their pleasure; now, they could not recollect having seen me before. So

I wandered about, an outcast—I, who might have held any position in my native city, if I had only lived as God ordains that man should live. I occasionally obtained a little employment, as an educated man will, no matter where he is thrown; but I will tell you the truth, I only worked enough to obtain money for drink, all that I now cared for in the world.” His eyes grew moist in a pause that now ensued; his face underwent a complete transformation; its hard lines melted in light that stole tenderly over it, and the beauty of some unspoken thought settled softly there.

“How can I ever describe for you, Alice?” he then said in a voice melted by love, “I cannot mother. Some men call such as she, angels; but I honor her far more, when I call her the highest type of a true woman, one fulfilling her beautiful mission everywhere, one actuated by the supernatural in motive, and so possessing a power over the merely natural impossible not to recognize. She was—is, very poor; she worked in a store, where I sometimes was employed to adjust accounts or write advertisements. By very slow degrees, she grew to know me; by the power of charity, she learned to notice my wretchedness, and to pity my miserable state. A few gentle words one day I waited shivering for work—shivering, alas! because I lacked money to get drink that morning—commenced our acquaintance. I cannot tell you how it came about, but it was very gradually, that she became sufficiently acquainted with me to talk to me of my wasted past and wretched present; to show me that in the hands of the good God there was a future for me, if I would only improve it; to give me the golden gift of a pure woman’s sympathy, and an earnest woman’s prayers. Soon her influence became like a guiding star

to my life; my miserable being was raised above the abyss of wrong and woe, by loving her—yes, I dared to love her, but I did not dare to say so, knowing the distance between us. I strove to remove that distance somewhat, by becoming a respectable man, getting after a while steady employment, and striving by degrees, the struggles contained in which no human tongue can tell, to give up drink. She watched all this with pity and encouragement as near to the Divine as I can imagine anything of this world to be. She recognized every silent effort; her earnest soul, dauntless in its purpose of renewing my broken life, went forth to meet every victory achieved by me. When I fell—for I often did; a man cannot suddenly be cured of habits like mine—and in my very contrition despaired because such fall had been possible, it was she who reassured me, who led me to the right once more, who held before me the miracle of God’s mercy. Not once, but many, many times she saved me thus. So I worshipped her, but never presumed to say so. Sometimes like the swift sweep of an angel’s wing, came a vision over the desolation of my life, a vision of myself, with manhood reinstated in virtue, and power, and position, laying that manhood at her feet, not that I could ever be worthy to win her, but that *she* might find in it a refuge from care, and sorrow, and toil, now the belongings of her life. But that was all.

“When this murder took place I had kept from drinking longer than ever before; and if I had yielded to Alice’s advice, and approached the Sacraments, I might have had strength to keep from it altogether. But that was the one thing, the only thing, she could not prevail on me to do. Ah! I have had time to reflect in this prison, and to draw the conclusion, that mere human influence, even though it be of the high-

est type, is of no avail to reform a wasted life, unless its result is to make us seek the aid of the Divine, find it, live through it. But that is useless now: my life is gone. I fell once more—I reeled along the street in a state of disgraceful intoxication. I had a vision of Alice striving to guide me; of course it was only a vision. Then a burst of light came, I fell into a doorway where little children shouted. Somebody wept—I heard that—I knew it. That was *all* I knew till the next day when I stole out of the house where I had been sheltered, stole out consumed by craving for more drink. I got it; I again knew nothing, till I found myself in prison on suspicion of murdering a policeman who was discovered dead on his beat, his brains knocked out by some blunt instrument. Oh! mother, what a fool is a man, who deliberately deprives himself of the use of memory and reason! But for my brutish condition, I could prove I never committed the murder, for I know I had not left that house at the time the man was found; but you see, I do not even know in what house I was."

It is astonishing what energy is often possessed by little, placid, blue-eyed women. These blue eyes flashed, this small form drew itself up.

"I will find out, my dear," with set lips, said this placid woman quietly, but with unmistakable determination resting in the tone.

"You, poor mother! You never can. Let me tell you the grounds on which I am condemned. Enmity against the policeman, because once, when I was a vagabond and had no money, I went into a saloon begging for a drink, and by the proprietor's orders he put me out. It appears, I was heard then to say, I would have my revenge. Then, early on the night of the murder, it appears also that I met him, and he attempted to steady me as I reeled

along, and I spurned his help and cursed him. Lastly, when they arrested me, I was found in a back alley, too drunk to know anything, but holding in my hand a hatchet, all spattered with what looked to be blood and brains! You shudder, mother, no wonder! But you must shudder more, when I tell you, that, as the very brute without intelligence was I oblivious of how I got that hatchet, or where! For this must I suffer the penalty of death, and for this do I deserve it."

Then the little, placid, blue eyed woman rose up.

"It looks dark," said her quiet, determined voice; "but God can do everything, and you are innocent. *You shall not die*, my dear, and remember, if you are saved, that God did it through your mother, and what you first learned at her knee. Where is Alice?"

"Don't—don't, mother!" it was like a cry of mortal pain. "I could not look her in the face!"

"But I can, my dear," and the quiet voice held its determination still, "I can, and I must. Here—write her address on this card."

He wrote with trembling hand, and face betraying the workings of a fearful struggle.

"Now, God bless you, my dear. I will be back before very long." The quiet, quiet voice! It held its determination to the last; but outside the door it lost it, in the wild cry to God.

"Great God, it is a slender thread on which his life hangs! Do Thou be my helper!"

And, standing in the shadow of the prison corridor, weeping a flood of bitter tears, with head bowed against the rough stone wall, this little figure made a picture of womanhood that was a woman's weakness at its best, the strength that comes by God's grace through the cross. For, would that through the dark door, that a man's body was bent, and his eyes were open.

Yet, in that moment of suffering, of wailing, of *prayer*, dwelt her true power; from it came the completeness of her strength. For He who "marks the sparrow's fall," took note, and His look sustains.

II.

All this came to pass on a Christmas eve, when children at mothers' knees held in heedless, happy hearts, glad promise of the morrow; when fathers were returning to waiting homes, laden with tributary packages, out of the miraculous interiors of which much magic was to come; when the very air held marvelous secrets in its keeping whispered to it alone, because it could not tell. And it came to pass also, that in a very small house, situate in a very dark and narrow alley, some little children were gathering at the mother's knee, just after she came in from the day's work, gathering with clamorous questions about to-morrow's joys. She was evidently a very tired mother, and just then full of some oppressing thought, for she looked sorrowfully into the fire, and said nothing. The fire was bright, and sputtered, and roared, and showed how white was the floor, and how radiant were the few tins on the wall, and how very, very shabby the furniture, and how faded and threadbare every one's dress. It gave no favor, this impartial fire, and no one could need a better light in which to see the touching little picture of the children's expectant faces, and the tired mother's, shadowed with disappointment, they had not the penetration to read.

"Will we have turkey, mother?"

"And plum-pudding?"

"No—I say mince-pie, mother!"

"And I'm to det a dollie!"

"We'll have *some* candy, won't we, mother?"

"Give me a gun! You get a first-rate one for ten cents!"

"You got the money—didn't you, mother!"

At last she spoke.

"No."

Then she turned away from the poor little faces the word had stricken as might some sudden blight, so changed were they in an instant; and as she sat there with averted face, the door softly opened, and a young girl stood looking at the pathetic picture. She had a face you could not see and forget; not beautiful, but striking in its indescribable expression of womanly feeling. Even amongst women you do not often meet with such a face—a face wherein you can be oblivious of feature, of color, of outline, and absorbed solely in that which shines pre-eminent, the woman's heart looking out from it. Now it looked out unrestrained, and it drew the grieving children from the mother's knee. They clustered round her noisily, they caught her dress, they pulled her into the room, they sat her down before the fire, and looking tenderly at the tired woman with averted face, she said:

"Quietly, quietly, pets, or I'll not tell what the wind said, as I came along!"

Their eyes instantly wandered to the window and the door, as if they could see it. It roared, and blustered, and whistled outside, as if in defiance of the look.

"Yes, he's out, Miss Melrose!" they cried.

"Well, let me tell you what he said, dearies. He said—he said—guess now?"

"Kriss was starting out too, maybe," cried a credulous little voice.

"Exactly! Starting out with his pretty little ivory sleigh that I told you of last year, and his tiny, velvety reindeer with the silver bells."

Now that dreadful "No," was evidently forgotten; open mouths and bright eyes swallowed every word.

"Kriss is a punctual old fellow, you

know, and he always tries to get his work done in time. So, said I to the wind—he and I are on very good terms; I meet him a great deal, and yet, with all his rough ways, he never hurts me—said I, ‘Would you tell something to Kriss for me?’ Said he, ‘Of course, if it’s about good children.’ Said I, ‘Well, it is.’ Said he, ‘Are they children that will think to-night of the mother and the child that on the first Christmas, had not a roof to cover them?’ And said I, ‘I know they will.’ ‘Very well,’ said he, ‘what is it? I’ll tell Kriss!’”

The tired mother got up, a softening look on her face, and laying aside her things, began busying herself about the supper table. The little audience grew alarmingly excited, and looking as if they could actually hear the rest of the absorbing narration from the teller’s lips with their eyes, so devouring in their brightness did these become.

“‘Well,’ said I,” she proceeded, smiling softly to herself, “‘Johnnie would like a gun, and Nellie a little work-box, and Tom a new tin horse, with a soldier that can’t be induced to come off, even if you do let him fall, and pretty, pretty Baby would like a dolly that you can’t wash the eyes off, and with red boots on.’”

“Oh! it was us!” Baby’s emotions were fearful to look upon. “Did oo say dold hair, Miss Mel-lie?”

“Yes, gold hair, just like Baby’s,” and a gentle touch strayed over the shining head.

“Will Kriss mind the wind?” asked skeptical Tom.

“Oh! he has to,” answered Nellie, “you know he can’t go without the wind, it drives the sleigh along!”

“Yes,” put in their visitor, “and, on that account, Kriss being somewhat in the wind’s power, it is to be supposed he *will* mind him. ‘Now,’ said he in parting, ‘are you

sure these children are good?’ ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘and I promise you, they’ll all kneel down, before they hang a stocking, and offer their little hearts to the baby God in the stable.’”

“So we will!” cried the little crowd

“Did it cry—dat ‘ittle baby?” asked Baby with eager eyes.

“Yes, baby cried with cold, and the poor animals warmed it with their breath.”

“Dood ox!” decided baby, “What did de mamma do?”

“She,” and the tender voice seemed as if it could now melt away into the silence of dropping tears, “she was cold too, but God was in the cold, and in the dark with her! So she suffered, but was happy, as we all can be, if we suffer with God. You know, dearies, the rich at Christmas are not the ones He chose to be like, and,” stealing an anxious look at the silent, tired mother, “any mother to-night, who cannot get what she wants for her little ones, is only like that Queen of all mothers, who sat in the cold stable looking at her darling, as He cried and shivered, and had nothing to relieve His suffering, yet could rejoice because *He was with her!*”

“Arrah!” broke from the tired woman’s heart, as she stopped suddenly before the little group, “do you know what you’re doin’, Miss Melrose, God bless you?”

“What, Biddy?”

“Raisin’ me heart out o’ me sorrow wad yer brave words! Shure you never kem in, but you done it somehow! Me heart was sore, an’ was angered too, for its hard I worked to get Misther Haven’s clothes done, an’ whin I tuk them expectin’ the money, there he was, off on a spreé, God knows where! An’ its only a bit o’ corn beef I can have for the crachure’s dinner now! Och! but the world is quare fixed, Miss Melrose, dear, whin min like that rich an’ grand, can

kept them open when even her greatest admirers would have preferred them shut; but then, there was an advantage in the fact of their being "real," as was indeed the case with her whole conformation, in Baby's critical judgment. Let my readers rest assured, also, on the authority of Tom, that the particular Christmas which fixes the time of my story, was the last in the annals of the family when there existed any doubt of turkey or mince-pie being on the programme; that becoming, for all future time, the particular care of the

little, placid, blue-eyed woman—little, and placid, and blue-eyed still, though all this happened twenty years ago; and round her knees now cluster adoring grandchildren, who love to hear the story of the poor prisoner who found forgiveness and hope at his mother's knee, when all else had failed. She never tells it without adding:

"So, my dears, keep what you learn at your mother's knees as you would a diamond, for its value will never fail you, and its truth never change." Which, my reader, is the moral of the present tale.

A CITY WEED.

We may not trample on thee, simple weed,
 So bravely springing in the stony way;
 The sturdy growth of some far-waisted seed,
 Thus flourishing upon a grain of clay;
 No gaudy colours flaunt around thy stem,
 No grateful scent thy hardy foliage yields,
 But, rudely set, thou shinest like a gem,
 In hues reflected from the distant fields,

Thou drawest nurture from the dewy skies;
 Thou findest food upon the subtle air;
 And sometimes may the sun rejoice thine eyes
 (For thou hast eyes) down in thy sombre lair.
 And thou art beautiful! so firmly set
 Within the ragged crevice of a stone;
 So strong, so resolute, so hopeful, yet
 So surely perishable, and alone.

So shouldst thou stand, thou brave and simple heart,
 As firmly planted on thy foot of ground;
 As strong, as resolute to play thy part,
 Though stony dangers hem thee closely round.
 Perchance, brave weed, did we thy nature know,
 Rare balms and subtle virtues in thee lie;
 Yet thy best fortune is, unharmed to grow,
 Unknown to ripen, shed thy seed, and die.

A SOLDIER'S DEVOTION.

A STORY OF THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

ON the 18th of October, 1812, Napoleon, accompanied by the Prince d' Eckmuhl, better known as Marshal Davoust, commanding the first division, commenced that eventful retreat from Moscow so disastrous to the immense army that had followed him. At the close of a march which had been rendered more difficult by the state of the roads and continual rain, the Emperor arrived on the 23d at Borowsk, and there passed the night. The next morning, while indicating the order of march so as to gain Maro-Jaroslavitz, where he counted on making some stay, he learned that, at the distance of four leagues before him, the Delzian division, under the orders of Prince Eugene, had found that village, with the surrounding woods and heights, unoccupied. This was an important position to maintain; for the Russian general, Kutusoff, who marched parallel with the French army, might possibly seize on it, and thus cut off the route to Kalouga. Wishing to assure himself of the taking possession of this point, the Emperor rode to the quarter from whence it was expected the Russian general would make the attack, and, despite the torrents of rain, tranquilly examined the ground which might ere long become a field of battle. Suddenly the sound of brisk firing struck on his ear. He became restless; and, pressing his horse, ascended a hillock to reconnoitre, but the belt of wood intercepted any extended view.

"Can the Russians have been beforehand with us?" demanded he of Davoust, who had not quitted his side. "We have not marched quick enough. I should not wish to repass the left wing of Kutusoff."

"Sire," replied Prince d'Eckmuhl, "perhaps in the manœuvre prescribed by your majesty, the troops may have manifested a little of that dullness which usually accompanies great fatigue."

"Believe you so, Monsieur le Marshal? Nevertheless, we have already passed more than six leagues."

"It is true, sire; but Moscow is not more than 106 versts altogether from Maro-Jaroslavitz. Four days' march are sufficient to clear that distance, and this is our sixth day. Kutusoff has been in advance of us."

"Is it then a battle?" said Napoleon, impatiently, as the cannon were heard more distinctly, and seemed to be approaching. "Go, Davoust, go; quicken your troops and infuse a little of your spirit into them; for we must act now—not to conquer, but solely to preserve."

Notwithstanding the haste with which the Marshal executed the orders of the Emperor, he did not arrive on the scene of action until after the success of the French troops had been assured. However, the combat still raged with fury at the extremity of the village, and when the second division of the first corps, commanded by General Fryant, attempted to take possession of one of the heights, the Russian cannon played upon them with redoubled vigor. Davoust immediately despatched one of his aides-camp, the Colonel Koblinski, to Prince Eugene; but in traversing the line, that officer was struck by a bullet, which shattered his thigh, and he instantly fell from his horse.

On the night of that brilliant combat, the Prince d'Eckmuhl, who was still uncertain of the fate of his aid-de-camp, sought for him

through the field of battle, which presented the most horrible spectacle. Delzon and his brother general had also fallen while leading the last attack. While sadly thinking over the blighted hopes of his Emperor, and mourning the fate of his brave companions, the attention of Davoust was arrested by the voice of a soldier, who, covered with blood, and endeavouring to extricate himself from the heap of carnage which surrounded him, feebly exclaimed, "Heavens! have my friends left me here to die without succour?"

It was Koblinski. Davoust immediately recognized him, and, leaping from his horse, gently raised the sufferer in his arms, cheered his drooping spirits, and despatched a messenger for the surgeon-general. On his arrival with his assistants, he examined the wound, and the glance exchanged with the marshal told more eloquently than words would convey how slight were the hopes entertained of the recovery of the unfortunate Pole.

"It is a soldier's fate," said Davoust, in a voice trembling with emotion. "Gentlemen, exert your skill to the utmost."

The effect of the bullet had been such as to make amputation necessary, which the brave Pole bore with fortitude, the prince remaining by his side during the operation. The wound being dressed, he embraced the sufferer, and spoke in tones of hope and encouragement; and having recommended him to the care of a few whom he could confide in, mounted his horse to join the Emperor, who waited with impatience.

After attending a council of war, composed of the principal generals of the army, and having received instructions as to his future line of march, Davoust retired to his quarters. Already the two first divisions of the first corps were in movement, when an officer, whom he had sent to inquire as to the state

of Koblinski, returned and informed him that he still survived, and, with proper care, might yet recover. The marshal was overjoyed at the intelligence, but was perplexed as to the best mode of conveying him to Smolensk, the wagons being in the rear of the army and already crowded to excess. A sudden thought started to his mind, and placing himself in front of the forty-eighth regiment as they defiled, he addressed a company of grenadiers of the second battalion:—

"Grenadiers!" said he, "my aid-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, was yesterday severely wounded while showing you an example of courage and obedience. He is a Pole. Would you wish to leave him to the Russians?"

"No, no. Long live the Pole!" cried the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" cried they who had not fully comprehended the words of the marshal.

"Listen then," said Davoust. "Are there amongst this company, which I have selected, four men who are willing to undertake the responsible task which I shall impose?"

At this invitation a grenadier, stepped from the ranks, exclaimed briskly, "Here!" He was immediately followed by a dozen others: all the company did the same.

The marshal, addressing the man who had first spoken, demanding his name.

"Joseph Trigaud."

"Well, Trigaud, it is to you that I confide my aid-de-camp. Thou and thy comrades shall be answerable for him. Soldiers, guard him as you would your colours!"

"Yes, yes. Vive l'Empereur! We are responsible!" cried all the grenadiers.

A litter was immediately constructed, on which the Pole was laid, and carried in the centre of the company, which soon after continued its march.

In the meanwhile, the retreat of the main body of the army, commenced at first in good order, soon presented, from the intensity of the frost, a frightful aspect of disorganization, selfishness, and misery. The company of grenadiers slowly pursued their course, and were soon isolated amidst immense plains covered with the wrecks of the army. Sometimes in a square, with the litter of Koblinski in the centre, they repulsed with the bayonet the charges of the dragoons of Miloradowitch, or returned the unexpected attacks of Platow with a withering fire—ever acting on the defensive, but always calm, silent, and steady. By these means their numbers had gradually diminished; and when, on the 30th of October, they reached Viazma, out of the entire company not more than thirty survived. Still these brave men, abandoned and left to themselves, preserved, amidst the general discontent, that moral force which conquers even events. It was their honour, and not their lives, that they sought to defend. It was sufficient for them that one of the most illustrious Marshals of their Emperor had said to them, "To your honour and bravery I confide my aid-de-camp: you are to restore him to me." These words had acted as a talisman, which had not lost its force under the pressure of misery, privations, and even death.

After three weeks of continual hardship, the few men who remained of the devoted and heroic company scouted with disdain, and looked on as an affront, the repeated prayers and solicitations of the Pole, who, seeing himself the cause of so many sacrifices and sufferings, had besought them to save themselves by at once putting an end to his misery.

"Thou art but a coward," said he to Trigaud, "who will not dare to do what I ask—to shoot me through the head!"

"Colonel," replied Trigaud with stoical tranquillity, "you may charge me with such if you please, but I laugh at it. Dead or alive, we shall carry you to Smolensk. It is the order of the Marshal, and he ever requires that his orders should be obeyed."

"If you had but buried me yesterday in the snow, when attacked by the Cossacks, I should ere to-day have suffered no more."

"The Cossacks would have disinterred and burned you alive," replied Trigaud, who, during the previous night, had made his own body a protection to the wounded man. "Those eaters of candles would rejoice to have your skin; but they must first take mine—'tis ready for them. Oh, the savages!"

"You are but a coward," repeated the Pole in a feverish transport, which shook the litter on which he lay.

"Be calm, be calm, my colonel; you know that the carbines of the Marshal have ere now taught the necessity of obedience. Why, then, do you wrong us by speaking these disagreeable things? However, it is all equal to me; I shall not reply to you."

He who spoke thus nearly perished, with all his companions, in the passage of the Voss, while endeavouring to protect the sacred deposit confided to them. The waters of the torrent were, within twenty-four hours, changed into sharp and bristling masses of ice, and owing to this circumstance, but a few of the grenadiers reached the opposite bank. Some days subsequently, when Trigaud awoke after a few hours' repose, he found that but four of his comrades survived, the others having perished from the stupefying effects of the frost—a miniature of what the great body of the army was at that moment suffering, and which has left in the military annals of Napoleon such horrible reminiscences. Before the

day had closed, they distinguished on the edge of the gloomy horizon a line of houses, the route to which was marked by the dead bodies left by the immense army which had preceded them. It was Smolensk—the land of promise—where the things looked forward to as the greatest luxuries might be procured—a fire, shelter and a little bread. A cry of joy escaped the five brave men who still supported the litter of Koblinski. Three, however, fell to rise no more when within sight of the town; a fourth soon after shared the same fate, and but one grenadier—Trigaud—was left to brave the elements with the now inanimate body of the Pole. Not being able to carry him, he slowly dragged him along, and at length perceiving some men at a distance, called to them for assistance. They soon came to his aid, and he reached Smolensk in a few hours, after twenty-two days of fighting, fatigue and misery. He entered, it is true, the only survivor of his company; but he cared not, since he had redeemed the promise made to the Prince d'Eckmuhl.

The next day Trigaud learned that the Marshal had arrived but a few days previously, and was then in the town, which presented the appearance of one vast hospital, protected by sentries, and extending to the very suburbs. The skeletons of horses, which had been converted into food, were scattered in every street, and the doors and windows of the houses had long since been consumed as firewood by the frozen and famishing soldiery. It was in one of the houses in the outskirts of the town that Prince d'Eckmuhl had established his quarters, and thither Trigaud, assisted by some soldiers, bore the insensible body of Koblinski, and laid it on some straw at the doorway. On entering the house, he perceived an officer on guard in an outer room, enveloped in the rag-

ged remains of a cuirassier's cloak, of whom he demanded to speak with the Marshal.

"What seek you of him?" asked the officer, without changing his posture.

"I come to render an account of a mission with which he charged me at Maro-Jaroslavitz, and to deliver up the deposit confided to me."

"The prince is at this moment in council; you can remain and rest yourself until it is concluded."

"Certainly," said Trigaud, who spoke in a tone of sadness, "but mayhap, in the meantime, you would make known to him that the grenadiers of the second company of the forty-eighth regiment of the line, Fryant's division, first corps, to whom he intrusted the care of his aid-de-camp, Col. Koblinski, have fulfilled his orders; and that the company are awaiting the honour of passing under his inspection."

At the name of Koblinski, Davoust, who had entered and heard the last part of the conversation, but who had not recognized in the worn and emaciated being before him the once noble-looking grenadier, advanced and demanded of him, "Where is my aid-de-camp?"

"He is here, at the door."

"And thy company?" said Davoust, hastily.

At these words, Trigaud took the position of a soldier without arms, placed his heels in a line, and slowly raising his head, replied, in a grave voice, "All present, my Marshal!"

"I have demanded where are the company of grenadiers of the forty-eighth," repeated the prince, in a tone of impatience.

"I have replied. Here!" and Trigaud placed the back of his hand to his forehead.

"But thy comrades—where are they?"

"Ah! that is different, my Marshal. You ask where I have left

my comrades? That is your question, is it not?"

Davoust made a sign in the affirmative, impatiently striking his foot on the ground:

"Well, that is soon told. The last of them are at the bottom of the Voss, close by; the remainder under the snow. All!"

"How? All?"

"All, without an exception," replied the soldier, as his haggard and sunken eyes filled with tears.

The prince could not repress a movement of terror and pity, and seizing the arm of Trigaud, who shook convulsively, he repeated, in an agitated tone, "All, say you?"

"Yes, all, except me. I am the last."

Without speaking, Davoust moved to the place where Koblinski lay, while Trigaud, raising himself to his full height, proudly exclaimed—"He is here alive! It was I who brought him!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

EVER since the Sublime Porte told the English Bondholders that the heavy interest which has so long drained the resources of the Turkish Empire could not be any longer met, but that they must be content with half, the interest of England in Turkey has sensibly diminished. The *Times*, *Spectator*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, in fact all the English organs of public opinion are beginning to come round to the idea that the sooner Turkey "goes by the board," the better, or at least that it is not worth while for England to go to war to "maintain its integrity." The only thing to be done is for England to try and get hold of Egypt in some way, so that it may not fall into the hands of some power hostile to Great Britain.

THE present condition of Italy has attracted the attention of the London *Times*, which, in articles and reviews, draws attention to the fact that King Victor Emanuel detests Rome as a place of residence, and that the people and nobility still slight him. The Italian deputies also dislike residence there, and as they are mostly persons in moderate circumstances, they cannot bear the expense. The finances are in a terrible condition, the taxation is very heavy, and a constant feeling of uncertainty prevails. The influence of the Pope is admitted to be very great and increasing. How true it is, that as an old writer said, "No one ever swallowed Rome, that it did not disagree with him."

laborious and earnest in the field of Patristic literature, and it was his ardent wish to put into the hands of every Catholic cheap and correct versions of the works of the ecclesiastical writers of the Church. His labors were untiring, and although he met with severe losses, and much opposition, he has left behind him many noble literary productions replete with scholarship and learning.

IT is of course absurd to suppose that the ancient paganism of Rome and Greece can be renewed in its former aspect. But is there not a very widely spread prevalence of the ideas of the old heathens? The advocacy of cremation, the glorification of Goethe, a pure intellectual Pagan, the resolution of everything into the effect of natural laws, the contempt of and disbelief in the supernatural, the esteem for mere wealth, (irrespective of the good that may be done by it,) the worship of great power exemplified in the admiration for Napoleon and Bismarck; the growing disposition to let the State manage everything; what are all these but Pagan ideas revived?

The most curious thing about modern opinion on these subjects, particularly in the United States, is the deep-rooted belief that popular freedom is secure. All history teaches the observer that Liberty is hard to be gained, and harder to be preserved. It slips away from nations, and they know not that they have lost it till it is too late.

THE Abbe Migne is dead. He was a French ecclesiastic and scholar. He was

THIS is a very sentimental age. Sentimental tales are eagerly read by millions, who

read nothing else, and think that everything solid is "dull." Sentimental songs are sold by tens of thousands, while the purest gems of poetry find few readers and fewer buyers. And yet with all this profuse sentiment, there is a constantly increasing growth of crimes of the most outrageous character. The divorce courts were never busier than in this sentimental age and nation; and the number of assaults on women and children that take place, would make each particular hair stand up on the heads of our ancestors 100 years ago, if they were alive to see them. And while all this is going on, let any one suggest, ever so mildly, that the system of education is wrong, he is immediately set down as an "enemy of our public schools." Truly we need an American Carlyle to expose the shams of the nineteenth century.

ON Sunday, Nov. 7, the Marlborough Street Cathedral, Dublin, witnessed a spectacle unique in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland: the spectacle of Mass said in an Irish church in the presence of two princes of the Church, one Irish by birth, both Irish by blood. His eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, was on a short visit to Ireland on his return home to his See, when he was received in Dublin by Cardinal Cullen, and hospitably entertained at his residence in Eccles street. At the solemn High Mass, at which was present the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and many other distinguished visitors, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, although senior in sacred dignity, yielded precedence to his illustrious guest, who gave the Benediction at the close of Mass. In the afternoon their Eminences visited the Cabra Convent and the Cabra Deaf and Dumb Institution, under the care of the Christian Brothers. After a week's visit to Erin, Cardinal McCloskey embarked for New York on November 14th. He received a perfect ovation from the warm hearted Catholics of Cork at his departure.

ON November 21, the pastoral of the Catholic Hierarchy of the Province of Ontario, was read in all the churches throughout the province. It refers to education, training-schools, intemperance, secret societies, &c. Of the civil power, it says: "There are unwise men who presume to assert that the civil power is supreme, even in spiritual affairs; that to it spiritual power should be subordinate. Were the Apostles to have believed this the Gospel could not have been preached in this

world or handed down to us pure and unsullied. Civil power is from God, for the well-being of society and its own limits are bounded by the same law of the same God, from whom it derives its authority. It has no right to interfere with the preaching of the true Gospel and the establishment of the religion of Christ when the means taken are peaceful."

Considerable attention has been lately directed toward the Catholic Church in Canada. It seems to be forgotten, or is not known by many, that the Catholic Church in Canada is in possession of many rights and privileges which belonged to it, when Canada was subject to the French Crown. These privileges are guaranteed to it by solemn enactments. There is a large party in Canada which would rob the church of these possessions and rights, and it is this party which has caused all the trouble in reference to Guibord. Indifferent about, and scoffers at, Catholic cemeteries or ceremonies, this party has tried to "make capital" out of the Guibord scandal, and has, unhappily, to some extent succeeded.

SIGNOR MINGHETTI, Victor Emanuel's Prime Minister, is about to enter upon a new campaign against the Catholic Church in Italy. He has taken up the idea elaborated by Mr. Gladstone in his late article, viz: that the flock shall elect its shepherd, and the taught its teacher. In other words, that priests in Italy shall be elected by the popular vote, and also that the financial affairs of each parish shall be regulated by a lay board. This is a most ingenious plot, but its success is very doubtful. It has been tried already in Switzerland, but with small success, as the real Catholics will not vote, and only recognize and obey the priest that is appointed by the Bishop. So that the "elected priest" governs a minute flock of schismatics, and the rightfully appointed one retains the Catholics, although he may be deprived of his church and driven into exile.

THE proposal to erect at New York a great International Colossus, representing Liberty enlightening the world, to commemorate the aid given by France to the struggling American colonies, has aroused the ire of certain English journals, notably of the *Saturday Review*, which considers it a matter to be deprecated. It considers the attack of France upon England, in 1779, unprovoked, forgetful of the fact that England had, only in 1763, deprived the former country of Canada and

its former vast American dominions. It proceeds to point out that Spain and Holland soon after joined in the attack, and that Russia, Prussia and Sweden formed the Armed Neutrality of the North. These successive events prove not so much the injustice of nations, as the general unpopularity of England under its Tory Government at the close of the last century.

THE Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, was dedicated on the 21st of November. It cost \$250,000, and its marble altar cost \$5,000. Its length is 216 feet, and its greatest width 102. It accommodates 2,300 persons in pews, and 1,000 standing. At the dedication 5,000 persons marched in procession. The Right Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Chicago, celebrated the dedicatory services, and sang a solemn Pontifical Mass. The Right Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Bishop of Richmond, and Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, and the Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, Co-adjutor Bishop of St. Louis, were present, and the latter delivered the dedication discourse. The music was in Gregorian chant, which it is the wish and desire of Dr. McMullen, the pastor, to get universally adopted, and he set the example on this occasion.

IT is a very remarkable fact, that His present, Holiness has buried over a hundred Cardinals since the commencement of his Pontificate. Two more have to be added to the list. His Eminence, Cardinal Pietro de Silvestri, died on Nov. 24th, and the illustrious Cardinal Rauscher, Prince Archbishop of Vienna and Prince of Schwarzenberg, died on the 26th of November. He was born at Vienna in 1797, became Archbishop of Vienna in 1853, and was proclaimed Cardinal on December 17, 1855. He took an active part at the Council of the Vatican, and was held in high regard for his learning, zeal and abilities.

AN American gentleman, Mr. Hoyle, of New York, wished to have the inscription "Requiescat in pace" inscribed on his father's tomb-stone in Marsden, Huddersfield, England. The Protestant Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Bickersteth, forbade it on the ground that the state of the departed is fixed the moment after death, and the inscription in question supposes that it is not, and so is Romish. It is a prayer for the dead, and not in accordance with Protestant doctrines. Dr. Bickersteth is right, but he forgets that he thus abandons the

old argument of Protestant divines who, when pressed by Catholics with the well-known fact that Christians in all ages have prayed for the dead, and thus did believe in a Purgatory, replied that prayers for the dead did not imply belief in Purgatory. Dr. Bickersteth says they do, and he is correct. But many thousands of members of the Church of England, who believe in either Purgatory or in "the sleep of the soul" after death, are very wroth with Dr. Bickersteth. The *Spectator* calls him "a goose" and "silly."

THE Vicariate Apostolic of British Columbia is very large, and contains over 20,000 Catholics. The Very Rev. P. Durien, O. M. I., was consecrated Bishop of a See in partibus and coadjutor to the Rev. L. J. D'Herbomez, the Vicar appointed on Oct. 24th. The Pro Cathedral is in New Westminster, and most of the Catholics are baptized Indians. There are 35 missions in the Territories, and the hardships and difficulties of it are such that only the Oblates of Mary Immaculate have the courage to undertake the duty.

THE *Nation*, the *New York Tribune*, and the *Episcopal Church Congress*, have all been discussing the question of how to get the poor to church. It seems that short services will not do, that free chapels meet the case very imperfectly, that good preachers are absorbed by high-paying congregations, and that the number of poor who do not attend church has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. All these writers and speakers also point to the Catholic churches and their crowded and overflowing congregations, and wonder why Protestant churches cannot get the same attendance. A Henry Ward Beecher or a Talmage may draw a large crowd every Sunday to hear them preach, and so does Wendell Phillips when he lectures. It is no more a religious act to hear a discourse by the one than a lecture by the other. It is an intellectual pleasure, or even an instructive lesson. To unite in common devotion with one's fellow-man is laudable, but a man can pray at home as well as in church. The plain reason why Catholics go to church is that they believe that Jesus Christ is there; now they should worship Him, and unite themselves in spirit with the Perpetual Sacrifice. The Protestant poor will more and more absent themselves from religious services, as the popular impression is that Science is gaining on Religion. There is no remedy for this but the *Catholic faith*.

ONE of Froude's assertions when lecturing in America, and in which he only followed the example set him by his countrymen from Geraldus Cambrensis in the twelfth century, was that the ancient Irish were a mere tribe of barbarians, without laws or civilization. For many centuries the policy of England succeeded in burying the Irish antiquities in obscurity; but of late years the Celtic antiquities have been studied by many learned men, and the language, customs and institutions of the ancient Irish have been vindicated.

Only lately the *Edinburgh Review*, *Fraser's Monthly* and the *London Quarterly*, published articles on the laws and customs of Ireland and on its ancient institutions. It appears that not only are the claims of the Irish people to a great antiquity well founded, but also that the civilization they possessed for centuries before the Norman conquest, and even before St. Patrick's mission, was very conclusive. The ancient laws bear many marks of being framed in that spirit of justice for which the Irish have always been noted.

THERE is nothing new under the sun! Somebody discovered a papyrus roll among the bones of a mummy in the Theban Necropolis of Egypt. It has been translated by Ebers, who states that it was written over 1500 years before Christ, and prior to the Exodus of the Jews. It is a treatise on medicine, and contains recipes for preventing the hair from turning gray, and for preventing baldness, healing the nerves, and killing vermin!

Some Egyptian Helmbold, long gone where Hair Dyes and Invigorators are not required, doubtless composed it, and the word "good" marked in another handwriting near the recipes, shows how his compounds were esteemed and valued.

ANOTHER Irish Bishop is dead—the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, the venerated Bishop of Wexford. He was 75 years old, having been born in the opening year of the nineteenth century. Receiving his early education in the seminary at Wexford, he finished it at Maynooth. There he held the chair of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, and was consecrated Bishop of Fenns in March, 1857, succeeding the Most Rev. Bishop Murphy.

Bishop Furlong was an ardent enemy of intemperance, and his labors on behalf of both temperance and the observance of Sunday were constant. He was a good prelate and reformed many abuses in his diocese. He was interred in the Cathedral of Enniscorthy on Wednesday, Nov. 17.

The Diocese of Ferns comprises the whole of Wexford and part of Wicklow. It contains 150,000 people, of which number nine-tenths are Catholics. No Catholic sells spirituous liquors on Sunday. No part of the British Empire exhibits more industry and less crime, and Catholic education is universal. It is full of elegant churches.

THE purchase by England of a controlling interest in the Suez Canal is a wise stroke of policy. England wishes to strengthen her influence in Egypt, which is already very great, and to be in a proper position, in case the Turkish Empire finally breaks up, either to secure that country, or at least to guard English interests there.

EVER since the Turks repudiated the interest on half the debt (although driven to it by inexorable necessity), English sympathy for them has visibly cooled. The British bondholders have raised their voices loudly to complain of their losses, and John Bull feels any assault upon his pocket very keenly.

PRESIDENT GRANT is very anxious about the future. He recommends that a constitutional amendment be passed, forever prohibiting any grant for the benefit or aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination, either by legislative, municipal or other authority; also making it the duty of each of the several states to establish, and forever maintain, free public schools, irrespective of sex, color, birth-place or religion. His reforming zeal likewise extends to taxation; and after asserting that there is \$1,000,000,000 worth of untaxed Church property in the United States, he suggests that the sight of this may lead "to sequestration without constitutional authority and through blood."

Thus the process of "constitution tinkering" at the expense chiefly of Catholics and of local and other rights, is inaugurated, and the developments may be awaited with curiosity.

His recommendation is sufficiently sweeping, as may be seen. It is thus worded:

"No sectarian tenets shall ever be taught in any school supported in whole or in part by the State, nation, or by the proceeds of any tax levied by any community. Make education compulsory, so far as to deprive all persons who cannot read and write from becoming voters after the year 1890, disfranchising none, however, on grounds of illiteracy who may be voters at the time this amendment takes effect."

One thing is clear, however, that if the proposed amendments are ever carried, the

Bible must be excluded from every school in the land, and pure and unadulterated atheistic education made the law of the country. Where is the gain to any party in all this?

THE cure of Lourdes has determined to build a new parish church in the village which was so singularly favored of the Mother of God. The old church is exceedingly ancient, and was built in 950, at a time when Lourdes did not contain more than 1,000 inhabitants. The resident population is now 5,000, and the number of pilgrims amounts annually to something like 500,000, so that the venerable parish church is no longer able to accommodate its vast congregations.

There are few incidents in history so remarkable as the suddenness with which an obscure French village rose to world-wide celebrity, and this in an age so remarkably skeptical as the nineteenth century. Surely no one in the last century, or even twenty-five years ago, could have possibly predicted it.

At the time we go to press, Charles O'Connor, the distinguished lawyer, is lying sick and not expected to recover. He was born in New York, in 1804, and was admitted to the bar shortly after attaining his majority. The *New York Tribune* well remarked on the universal interest felt in his condition: Here is a man who has rarely

held public position, whose reputation is exclusively legal and professional, and whose political acts have generally been regarded as impracticable and unwise. He has for some time been removed from much active contact with affairs, and his death would scarcely make a jar in any important business now in hand, either in his profession or in politics. And yet it is safe to say that there is no man in this community of two million inhabitants whose character is more universally honored, whose loss would be more widely deplored, or for whose recovery there is a more genuine and hearty desire.

CHIEF JUSTICE DUNN, of Arizona, is a Catholic, and made a very able address on the school question at Tucson, in which he set forth the claims of Catholics to their share in the school funds so well that a bill providing for such schools came within one vote of passing the Council. There seems to be a well founded rumor now that President Grant will remove the Chief Justice. This high-handed act will surely meet with the condemnation of all liberal minded persons who desire to respect the rights of conscience of others, as well as to preserve their own. Chief Justice Dunn has committed no fault except in standing up for the rights of his co-religionists, and a blow directed against him on this account alone will be an insult to the Catholics of America.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GENTILISM: RELIGION PREVIOUS TO CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S. J. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street, 1876.

Father Thebaud is already well known as a profound and erudite scholar from his recent book upon the Irish Race. His treatise upon Gentilism will add to his reputation. The general subject upon which his treatise has a direct bearing, evolutionism, is one which is receiving general attention, not only on account of its relation to physical science, but still more from the disposition of scientists of the Tyndall school to anticipate in their speculation both facts and the conclusions which may legitimately result from facts yet to be determined, and thus build up an argument against revealed religion. Father Thebaud, after an introductory chapter in which he points out a number of the weak points and *non-sequiturs* of the "evolutionists," takes up specially their assumption that the Primitive

Man was a barbarian. To the overthrow of this false idea he devotes the remainder of his work, showing, by a thorough discussion of the status of man in the earliest ages in Hindostan, Egypt and Central Asia, that his condition then was not that of a savage, but one which presupposes a high state of civilization. In proof of this Father Thebaud discusses with much care and thoroughness the results of the investigations of the extant remains of the first people of those countries, their architecture, history, languages and religion, and shows with a clearness and force that amount to demonstration, the perfect harmony of the results reached by ethnological, philological and antiquarian investigations with divine revelation. The exhibition by Father Thebaud of the gradual declension of the people of Central Asia, Hindostan, Egypt, and ancient Greece from a purely monotheistic religion, first into a refined Pantheism, and then downward and backward

into Polytheism and gross forms of idolatry, is exceedingly instructive and interesting. The exhibit conveys with it, too, an unanswerable argument in proof of the truth of the divine revelation in the harmony of its statements of the process of man's falling away from the knowledge and service of the one true God, with the history of that process as gathered from ancient remains of the life and sentiments and poetry of the first peoples of Asia, as made known by recent antiquarian studies.

Father Thebaud's whole work evinces extensive and laborious research, careful and accurate analysis of facts, and a thorough mastery of his subject.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC for 1876. The Catholic Publication Society. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South 10th street.

We have received this pamphlet from P. F. Cunningham & Son. It contains the usual amount of really good things which has made it so popular in the past; but this year it unfortunately shows evidences of carelessness in its compilation, which are surprising, particularly when coming from such discriminating compilers as we reasonably suppose the publishers to be. Thus for instance, it will no doubt be a matter of surprise to both His Eminence of New York and His Grace of Philadelphia, to say nothing of His Grace of Baltimore, to learn that Cardinal McCloskey conferred the Pallium on Archbishop Wood. Knowing however, as we do, the facility with which such comparatively trifling errors may occur, and the still greater facility of criticising the meritorious labors of others, we pass such trifles by; but when we come to such errors as that which appears on page 87, we must pause to censure: "The Augustinian Church of St. Augustine, the first Catholic Church built in the city proper of Philadelphia." By no species of reasoning can we construe this into a typographical error. Everybody knows how jealous all Catholic Philadelphians are of the honor accorded to old St. Joseph's, of being the first church built, not only in Philadelphia, but in the city proper of any city of America except St. Augustine, Florida, or some of the former Mexican towns. Even Baltimore itself was outstripped in this respect. St. Augustine's church was the *third*, or perhaps the fourth church built in Philadelphia; we cannot recall just now which has precedence in age, it or Holy Trinity; but according to this almanac's own statement on page 66, St. Joseph's was built nearly seventy years, and St. Mary's was founded nearly forty years before the good Augustinians planted their first mission in America at Philadelphia.

THE THREE PEARLS, or Virginity and Martyrdom. By a daughter of charity. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

Three poems with an appropriate prose introduction to each, and respectively dedicated to Cecelia, patroness of Christian song, Agnes, loveliest of the virgin martyr train, and Catharine, patroness of Christian philosophy, make their appearance in one beautiful volume, and come to our desk at the most appropriate period of the Christian Year, the last week of November, in whose calendar the feast of the first and last of these cherished saints shine as red-letter days. The thought which inspired such a work was heaven-born, and the execution proves that the angels who really fill the places of the imaginary heathen muses presided over the author's labors. Personal devotion would lead us to be prejudiced in favor of the second poem, St. Agnes; but a hasty and not too critical perusal forces us to the conviction that St. Cecelia held her own ground in the generous rivalry which we may piously suppose to have existed in such a celestial contest. The entire work is a valuable addition to a pure and elevated Catholic literature.

THE CEREMONIAL OF THE CHURCH for the use of the churches in the United States of America. Originally published by the First Council of Baltimore. Fourth Edition. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875.

This new and very handsome edition of a well known work is strongly recommended to the Rev. Clergy, and we at the same time take occasion to reiterate our almost trite advice to the laity to study the liturgy of the Church, of which this book is a most excellent exposition.

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF THE VISITATION, or lives of several religiouses of that order. Translated from the French. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875.

In this latest addition to what we may call the sentimental literature of the Catholic laity, especially the female portion of it, has been reproduced the biographies of several good *religiouses* of the Visitation order. The book is written in a more practical spirit than such works usually possess, and indeed the daughters of St. Francis de Sales could not be imitators of their father if they did display such a characteristic. They might, however, have been less fortunate in their biographer. The glimpses of the character of the great De Sales himself render the book still more attractive.

THE
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MARY TUDOR AND THOMAS CRANMER.

PART FIRST.

MARY TUDOR.

"Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."
(*Othello.*)

Characters, like comets, disappear in space, and return at stated intervals. Unchanged by time, they step upon the old stage, before a new audience, to receive a truer estimate of virtue, or a corroboration of such evil influences as have left a trail, beyond the power of the partisan favoritism of centuries to expunge. Justice is both benign and retributive. She stands upon the verge of ages, with scales in poise, awaiting the moment when the *fiat* of truth points the hour, to drop into the balance the last unit, that will change the darkness of opprobrium into the glory of an untarnished name, or seal with oblivion the false claimant of unmerited praise.

The recent lyric drama of Mr. Tennyson cannot fail to revive the interest that must always centre

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in Mary Tudor, as the first female sovereign *regnant* of England, and one so painfully prominent in the history of both Church and State. Slowly, it is true, yet persistently, has the wheel of justice been turning in vindication of this woman; and her motto, "*Time unveils Truth*," which proved her support and forlorn hope during life, now tones the solemn ring of a prophecy, which will yet attain, in years to come, a more perfect vibration. In view then of the mass of testimony and crowd of witnesses, it is amazing that so erudite a scholar as Mr. Tennyson could stoop to adopt the vulgar and obsolete picture painted by Burnet and Hume, and more recently revarnished by the venomous brush so deftly handled by Mr. Froude, whenever any notability wearing the livery of the Catholic Church happens to come under his notice.

By endorsing and reiterating the exploded epithet of "Bloody" Mary,

Mr. Tennyson is either ignorant or conveniently forgets that the title was earned and applied to Henry VIII., when he armed himself with fire and sword against all who denied his supremacy. Thus, contrary to reason and facts, the poet yet stoops to mirror Mary in the crimson blaze of the fagots that for three centuries have cast their lurid glare from the tomb of Cranmer over the woman whom in life he injured, and wronged up to his last moment of power. All the woes of her life she owed to this arch-traitor and apostate; and had it depended alone upon his will and machinations, she would have been excluded from her rightful inheritance; as it is, the unmerited odium still attached to her name is mainly due to the *role* that he played in that great drama of the Reformation, in which, according to Macaulay, "we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a *moral war*, which raged in every family; which set the father against the son, and the mother against the daughter," thereby dissolving and severing every tie that had previously been cemented by the beneficent sway of religion and love. A retrospective glance at the condition of England previous to the Reformation will show how fatal to all her interests that schism proved.

In the hour that the sword of Duke of Richmond was buried in the heart of the tyrant Richard, on the field of Bosworth, the dove of peace and unity spread her wings over the nation. All the old and open causes of rupture, the contentions between the crown and the mighty barons, the discontents and jealousies of the lower orders, as expressed in the rebellions of Tyler and Jack Cade, had ceased.

Vassalage was at an end, a religion purified of all heresy sanctified the new *regime* by a bond of per-

fect unity in Church and State. But this glimpse of a "golden age of union and glory," was dispelled by the first distant muttering of those events that led to the outburst of the so-called Reformation. Conceived by the vilest passions of one man, it bore the legitimate fruit of corruption, contention, and disruption of the social and true heart-life of the nation. Revolution, proscription, persecution for 250 years, were the precious results of this one man's will, and oceans of blood, and a hecatomb of victims, yet stand as a monument to brand his name with everlasting infamy.

History portrays the picture of a truly happy royal household, before the demon of covetous passion had entered the heart of Henry. His youth gave promise of a rich fruition from the brave and generous nature inherited from his father' and in the first years of their married life perfect unity in affection and sentiment existed between him and the beautiful Catharine. So equally mated were they in religious zeal, beauty and culture, that Erasmus styled their home "a seat of Muses"—before the apple of discord was thrown therein. Grieved over the loss of the two first-born children—heirs to the throne—a double joy filled the hearts of the united pair, when their little daughter Mary came to bless them. Her father took such delight in her childish grace and precociousness, that, contrary to the usual court etiquette, he refused to yield her over to any other guardianship, but kept her, says Miss. Strickland, in the royal apartments until her fourth year.

But soon the scene was changed for the little idol; peace and unity were shattered by unlawful passion, and a defiant will; justice, affection and humanity were thrown from their shrine, and thenceforth the two who had been the objects

of his purest affections were hurled into banishment, and branded with dishonor.

In casting off the lovely and noble wife of his youth, all the better qualities of Henry deserted him. Not content with blighting her happiness, he also stooped to a parsimony so mean as to deprive her of the essential comforts necessary to her position, beside retaining the richest portion of her jewels and apparel. The generous, impressionable nature of a child grasps readily the phases that affect the lives of those it loves. Intuition takes the place of reason, and facts, of logic. At the time of separation between Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon, Mary was at an age when she most needed the guidance and companionship of a mother. Then it was that the clouds gathered, and shut her out not only from those sweet communings, but also separated her from the friends and counselors who alone could sympathize and direct her future. Deprived next of her legal rights, and all appurtenances of her rank, the injury was rendered heavier by the insult of being compelled to witness her mother's double humiliation, in the exaltation of her rival Anne Boleyn and the usurpation of her own claims in the person of the baby Elizabeth. Not even the consolation of communicating by letter with that abandoned mother was allowed her; and lest she might be too severely tempted, a threat of the penalty of death was used to enforce obedience (Strickland).

Next to her mother in the affections of this young girl, stood the noble Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Reginald Pole. From her guardianship she had never been separated; and her character is a sufficient guarantee of the support and guidance such a person would have been to one so forlorn, environed as she was by the threats of the king, the machinations of

Cromwell and Cranmer, and the daily taunts and pettyspite of Anne Boleyn and her court favorites. If, in the extremity of her desolation, Mary Tudor ever entertained a hope of being restored to these beloved friends, it was soon destroyed by the axe, that ruthlessly laid low the head of the brave lady Salisbury, her mother's chaplain, father Abell, and also her confessor, father Forster, together with her own favorite tutor, Dr. Featherstone. And yet that fearful altar of sacrifice, *Smithfield*, is associated with Queen Mary's name, as if she alone had kindled its fires, and kept the embers aglow with her breath.

Thus for fidelity to God, and adherence to the principles of religious and moral virtues, did these noble ones give their lives; but as Ruskin beautifully says, "The flames of sacrifice can illumine as well as consume."

Could any nature, weaker than one made adamant by divine grace, resist the effect of such a crushing, hardening process upon the tender fibres of a heart just in the glow of youthful trust and hope? And yet we find by the records of those who were in daily intercourse with her, that beyond the heart-anguish of these trials, Mary's temper remained serene, and no evidence of ill-feeling betrayed itself toward those who by their own elevation had tacitly sealed the death-warrant of all she loved best. More than ever, she devoted herself to the amusement of her little sister Elizabeth, devising various methods of adding to her happiness. When, at a later period, they were both under the ban (created by Anne's removal for Jane Seymour,) and shut up as prisoners at Hunsdon castle, suffering from neglect and the need of many personal comforts, Mary's courage rose not for herself, but for the little sister, for whom she interceded in a touching letter to Henry, stating that

they were "meanly lodged and poorly clothed," and though she knew that even to mention the banned child's name at that time was a risk, yet she bravely faces it, thus: "My sister Elizabeth is such a child as I doubt not but your highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time to come."* Only a magnanimous character could act thus disinterestedly.

When retribution overtook Anne Boleyn, her mind was more troubled in her death-hour by her unjust and cruel treatment of Mary, than by the grave sins of which she was accused. From her, and her alone, says Miss Strickland, she left with lady Kingston an earnest plea for pardon—a strong, though tacit acknowledgment that Mary had never given her cause for aught but kindness. So far there is no evidence of the existence of either envy or jealousy in her character; and surely if such dark traits were latent therein, she was then just of an age, when they would have been most apparent. It is in youth that the desire for love, admiration and position, are the strongest. Even amiable, lovable temperaments, then, are often betrayed into jealousy, by being slightly put aside for another more favored. It is the experience alone of later years that disciplines these natural feelings. Mary, it is true, was old enough, and sufficiently well acquainted with diplomacy, to measure her own chance of succession against that of Elizabeth. But she bore just as unimpeachably the death-blow to her prospects in the advent of Edward VI.—not only expressing pleasure at his birth, but she confirmed it by holding him at the baptismal fount, in the character of god-mother.

All those years of change and vicissitude, of deprivation of the

*"Men and Women of the Reformation," S. H. Burke.

pleasures natural to youth, were used by Mary for mental improvement. Even her enemies admit the extent of her acquirements in solid branches, as well as her accomplishments in needle-work and music, together with her culture in languages and literature. As progressive as our women are even now, yet should one of our *Vassar* girls produce a translation of any part of the Bible from the Vulgate, she would certainly excite not only astonishment, but admiration. Yet the princess Mary, at the entreaty of Queen Catharine Parr, rendered into English the whole of St. John.*

The classic knowledge of the women of the 16th century generally strikes the casual reader with surprise, and causes him to disparage by comparison the education of our own time. But it must be remembered, that there was no national literature of that day to compete with the ancient languages. All modern tongues were then in a transition state, and we need only compare the desperate struggles of the different English dialects, ranging from the Saxon, Celtic and Gothic, to appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted, and the lapse of time necessary before it became sufficiently euphonized for polite literature. The flash of Shakespeare's genius was still in abeyance, and the Faery Queen of Spenser had not then ascended her throne. One need but compare the idiom of the early poet cowherd, Cadmon, who was the original singer of Milton's theme, and trace the changes from then to the 12th century, to be able to appreciate Spenser's enthusiasm over Chaucer's "pure well of English undefiled." It is not surprising, then, that Latin was deemed the only language proper to express and perpetuate thought. All of the early ecclesiastics wrote in that dialect, and the multiplicity of works produced entirely by hand

* Strickland.

labor, up to the 8th century, seem even now, in this biblio-prolific age, something marvelous. Thus Latin continued to be the best understood, and as it was the purest dialect, was used in religion and in diplomacy, beside being the language of every refined court. Dante at one time seriously thought of clothing his *Divina Comedia* in that classic garb; and Lord Bacon wrote some of his principal philosophical works in the same tongue. England at that time possessed nothing in literature outside of Chaucer, Gower, and a few metrical romances of an earlier period. Hence the taste of the higher classes for the ancient language. After Plato and Cicero, Homer and Virgil, the taste was for the Italian writers. Italy may claim priority in the class of prose fiction, and from its inception it continued to be earnestly cultivated. Boccaccio, Boiardo, Pulci, and cotemporary authors of the Italian school, were warmly welcomed by English readers: for Italy was even then the mistress in letters, as she was the oracle in religion, and the *diva* in art.

Judging from the encomiums bestowed upon the princesses Mary and Elizabeth by the foreign ambassadors and other cotemporary writers, they must have been preëminent in intellectual accomplishments. Although Elizabeth is said to have surpassed her sister in the knowledge and use of Greek, yet in other branches Mary was her superior.

"Whatever she lost," says Mr. Prescott, "in personal attractions, as compared with Elizabeth, was fully made up by those of her mind." * * * "She both spoke and wrote her own language in a plain, straightforward manner, that forms a contrast to the ambiguous phrases and cold conceits in which Elizabeth usually conveyed, or rather concealed, her thoughts." * *

* "Life of Philip Second," Prescott.

Jane Seymour, like her predecessor, enjoyed her ill-gotten honors but a short time, when the *fat* of retribution cut her off. Anne of Cleves, likened in Henry's elegant style to a great Flanders mare, was more mercifully disposed of. But royalty like the fabled Circe still dazzled the covetous, and Catharine Howard was lured through it to the throne, and from thence, like Anne Boleyn, to the block. Some good angel, weary of the horrors and carnality of the king's previous marriages, must have directed his last choice to the person of Catharine Parr. Certain it is, that with her came to the Princess Mary the first ray of peace and hope that had dawned upon her life, since the violent separation from her mother. Chosen to fill the distinguished position of bridesmaid to the new queen, she was further assured of her good-will and appreciation of her patient endurance of trial, by a handsome present in money and jewels. Through her influence, also, she was restored to her rank and position at court, and reconciled to the king; who, moreover, confirmed soon after her reversionary right of succession to the crown, beside settling upon her a handsome marriage portion. During a severe illness, when he feared that death was near, this wretched man, who had played with human lives and hearts as with tennis balls, humbled himself to his injured daughter, by acknowledging the wrongs and injustice of the past. "I have caused you infinite sorrows," he says; then, as if to prove his conviction of the generous magnanimity of her nature, he begs her "to be a kind and loving mother to her little brother." Why should the king have given this trust to Mary, when there were so many of the Seymours anxious for the honor, were he not assured of her exceptional probity and high-toned sense of justice. So earnest

was she in her love of peace, that she dexterously managed to withhold herself from any part in the various rebellions that sprung from the diverse religious and political animosities of the day. Had Mary possessed an intolerant spirit, it would have manifested itself at this time and subsequently, in her intercourse with two such zealots in the principles of the Reformation as Catharine Parr and the young Edward, who from an early age delighted in polemics. Always avoiding religious controversy, yet when attacked Mary bravely defended her principles; and on one occasion, when hard and rudely pressed by Edward's councilors, she warmly asserted that she would gladly lay her head on the block for her faith, knowing that thereby she would only exchange an earthly crown for a heavenly one.

Soon after the accession of Edward, the question of religion was pressed upon the princess, to the verge of persecution; and she was threatened with the full penalty of the new ecclesiastical laws, against every man and woman who attended the celebration of a mass. To this Mary urged an observance of the laws of religion, as established by her father, and claimed in the true Tudor spirit the privilege of liberty of conscience, "for the daughter of him who had raised *them* from nothing to their present rank."^{*} For a time, owing to the interference of the Emperor Charles V., she was unmolested; but no sooner was peace concluded with France, than the strife was renewed. Two of her chaplains were indicted under the statutes, and later the chief, Dr. Mallet, was committed to the Tower, together with two servants of her household. Matters looked stormy, when again Charles came to her aid, and a threat of Spanish guns proved the weakness of the Reformers' *canons*.

^{*} Edward's Journal.

Ridley and Poyntet, the two new bishops of London and Rochester, settled the matter, however, with Edward's conscience, by the following remarkable theological dialogue: "Though to give license to sin, was sin, yet to suffer and wink at it for a time, might be borne, so all haste possible was used."^{*} Though brave in spirit and ever ready to maintain her own dignity, yet Mary must have possessed gentle qualities, or she would never have been so much beloved by her retainers. The affection entertained for her by the boy king excited the jealousy of the Seymours and Dudleys; and in hopes of winning her over to their faction, they even made the concession of offering her the regency during Edward's minority. But she was as wary as she was wise, and refused compliance, on the plea of ill health and "the terms of her father's will." From that time the enmity of the duke of Northumberland followed her, and he used it to her prejudice with Edward in all matters of personal interest to Mary.

Like Moses on Mt. Pisgah, the young king gazed mournfully, with a heart heavy with impending death, upon the grand domain, the fair land of his promised heritage. But not for him, or any of his mother's blood, should it ever blossom or bear fruit. The star of the Seymours had set for ever, when this, the greatest of the line, was called to lay his crowned head in the dust. The malign influence and persistent schemings of his councilors had prevailed over Edward to disinherit the Lady Mary, contrary to the laws of the realm, and leave the succession to his cousin Lady Jane Grey, who had married Guilford, the second son of the duke of Northumberland. To this he added the greater disgrace of declaring thereby both his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, ille-

^{*} Lingard.

gitimate. Notwithstanding this scheme, the well organized plans and the immense power and *prestige* of the combined factions, the sequel proved that Mary was held by the masses as the true representative of right and justice: and yet Lady Jane had not only the *prestige* of youth and beauty in her favor, but she was also known to have been thoroughly imbued by the teachings of Roger Ascham in the tenets of the new creed.

Escaping through the agency of her friend Throgmorton the trap set by Northumberland, at the death of the king, to get possession of her person, a safe refuge was opened to her, in her flight, in the castle of Tramlingham, and in a few days she was surrounded by thirty thousand men—not hireling troops, haggling for a price, but brave, loyal hearts, volunteering limb and life gratuitously in her service. Of the fervid acclamations that greeted her entrance into London—the clemency and affectionate sympathy bestowed by her upon the prisoners in the Tower, irrespective of creed or party—her generosity in remunerating the volunteer soldiers, beside her donations in money to every poor householder in the city; all are historical facts that not even her personal enemies attempt to deny.

It seems strange that Mary inherited neither the “majestic port” of her father, nor the beautiful features of her mother; still, according to the description of the Venetian ambassador, upon her entrance into London, her appearance made a favorable impression. Thus he portrays her: “Her face is well formed, and her features prove, as well as her pictures, that when young she was not only good looking, but more than moderately handsome; she would now be that, saving some wrinkles caused more by sorrow than age.”

Assuming at once the reins of

government, she made herself familiar with all the important details of her new position. Her ability and mercy, in redressing many wrongs that had been imposed upon the servants of the crown by the injustice and extravagance of Northumberland, according to Lingard, “drew upon her the blessing of the whole nation.”

Comprehending the influence of externals in raising or depressing the spirits, she at once changed the fanatical sombreness of the court circle, by restoring many amusements that had been abandoned in accordance with the puritanical ideas of Edward; and like a rainbow in a darkened sky, she appeared among her court circle, arrayed in brilliant silks and flashing jewels. There is no evidence to prove that Mary really desired or enjoyed her enviable position. She accepted it however as her right—and as the redresser in the eyes of the world of her dead mother’s wrongs.

She was at an age when the joyousness of youth, and the buoyancy of hope, like clouds after sunset, had merged these golden colors into more sombre tints. Had her life run in the ordinary channel, the natural right of even the poorest girl, her spirits would have been brighter, her hopes more affluent; and the lines that made more evident the sad look in her eyes, would have been dispersed by a happier retrospect. But parted in the bloom of youth from her warmest affections, the flow of thought and feeling natural to those halcyon days changed into a torrent of grief. Living in constant dread of anguish even deeper; her mind forced prematurely upon matters beyond the ken of youth; tortured from time to time with physical suffering, that at this period had become a chronic misery;—is it a wonder, then, that she felt the weight of her golden crown to be of iron? or

that she pined in sadness of heart when she realized in the convulsive aspect of the whole kingdom, how friendless and isolated was her position, and with what little security she could dare intrust any one about her with the aims and feelings that helped to weigh her down? She had learned only too well the selfish creed that influenced the members of every department of Church and State. She remembered only too faithfully that each man of her council chamber had been, during the reign of both her father and brother, her own open enemy. She knew that Argus-eyed *Iagos* were on every side of her; that suspicious cunning lurked behind the tapestry of every nook, ready to thwart, misjudge and entrap her into complications that only a wary brain and vigorous hand could unravel. Wisely then, she turned to her nearest kinsman, Charles V., for counsel. One apart from the scene, indifferent to the warring elements, she thought would prove a calmer and more disinterested judge than a participant in action. The old cry of Spanish intolerance is still heard, yet the archives of that day attest the good sense which characterized the advice of Charles to the Queen. The first step he considered necessary for her own security, and the peace of the realm was the removal of the Lady Jane and her husband, who would prove, he said, in the future, as they had in the past, a rallying point for all the turbulent elements of the kingdom. This was the creed of nations, and the logic of all states, unfortunately only too truly realized subsequently. But, according to the testimony of the Spanish Ambassador Renard, the queen would not listen to this advice. She warmly defended her cousin, pleading that she was innocent of any intention of usurping the crown, but had only allowed herself to be a tool and puppet in

the hands of the chief traitor, Northumberland. She averred that both her heart and conscience revolted against the idea of inflicting the terrible penalty of death upon one so young and fair. These tender, generous impulses should be weighed in the sequel, when mercy and patience were again outraged. Where thousands had been guilty of high treason, she reversed the decision of the judges, and would only consent to *three* of the ring-leaders suffering the death penalty, and she was even almost moved at one time to grant the piteous, craven petition of the arch-traitor and leader, Northumberland, for life—"yea, the life of a dogge"—as he wrote to Arundel—"that I may live to kiss the queen's feet."

During the Lady Mary's virtual imprisonment in Hertford castle in 1539, she received a command from her father to receive as a suitor for her hand Philip of Bavaria, who was a near relative of Anne of Cleves, at that time the betrothed wife of the king. Although Philip was a Protestant, yet Mary received him politely, and in time the acquaintance seemed to ripen into one of affection on her part, and earnest, unalterable love on his; but Henry's cruel treatment of Anne shattered this one bright aureole in her young life, and added the pang of hope deferred to the other multitudinous trials that appeared her inevitable portion. From that period she gave up all idea of marriage, always expressing herself as best content to remain single; no doubt induced thereto by the precarious condition of her health.

After assuming the crown, however, she unhesitatingly declared a change in her views and intentions on this subject. Probably the very isolation of her exalted position, the environment of enemies, and her own need of support and counsel, induced her to view a married

life as a partial relief from those cares. The opposition she encountered from both her Catholic and Protestant subjects in the choice, over all other competitors, of Philip of Spain, is well known. Even her trusted Chancellor, Bishop Gardiner, was vehement in his opposition, and earnestly strove to change her purpose. In addition to this, she had the persistent and treacherous enmity of Noailles, the French Ambassador, to combat, and the jealous opposition of the Venetian Embassy to circumvent. Here for the first time, the queen showed the stubborn front of "Bluff Hal," and proved that the blood of the Tudors, in strength under opposition, ran in her veins. Far dearer to her than England's crown, was this distant, bright, solitary star of love, that shone with a lustre, which promised to erase the sad memories of the past, and diadem with joy all her coming years. A woman may be moved from the pursuit of any coveted prize under proper management; but strive to combat her where love has set his seal, and she becomes endowed with a power that can set at naught the subtlest schemes that the prolific brain of man can invent. The queen proved no exception to this rule; she vowed that no amount of opposition should shake her purpose, that she would prove a match for Gardiner and all other opponents; and this she confirmed by a solemn oath in presence of the Blessed Sacrament with the imperial Ambassador for witness, declaring that she would marry Philip of Spain or remain single for the rest of her life.

If there had existed the hostility and animosity against Mary among the masses that her enemies represented, she could never have been received with the affectionate demonstrations that greeted her at the opening of her first Parliament. Peer and Commoner vied with each other in demonstrations of admira-

tion; and although the Catholic religion had not then been restored by law, yet, according to the usage of ancient times, both houses accompanied the sovereign to a solemn high mass, as a proper preliminary of so important an occasion. It is true that to the majority there was but little violation of conscience in this concession. The change had been too recent, and the forms of the new were still too deeply imbued with the old faith to have alienated those who viewed religious dogma as independent of political and partisan considerations. With such men "zeal was but the tool of worldliness," and they were as ready to bow down to Baal as to Jupiter. It is true that these same men opposed at first the restoration of the Papal supremacy; but this opposition arose from the fear that Mary would prove a terrible Nemesis, in claiming and restoring all the spoils that had enriched such numbers of them in the two previous reigns. When the queen saw these symptoms of a violent storm brewing, she proved her wisdom and magnanimity by holding in abeyance any further discussion of the subject at that time. Readers of history may here recall how differently her father would have met such contumacy, and how her sister Elizabeth subsequently was wont to bend both lords and commons to her imperial will. When the question came up later for final settlement, the queen, in hopes of avoiding future complications and bad feeling, generously ordained that the alienated church property should remain with its present owners; at the same time, however, positively refusing to hold any part of it for her own use. All then that had accrued to the crown, she restored, and at the same time never ceased her efforts, even by impoverishing her own resources, to repair such churches and religious houses as had suffered so fearfully under her immediate predecessors.

How little rancor or malice dwelt in her heart against Lady Jane Grey, was proved during this session by her sanction of the bill that endorsed the legality of all the bonds, deeds, etc., that were passed during the few days of her usurpation ; while at the same time she restored to the dispossessed all their hereditary rights.

What stronger commentary can be adduced to prove the vacillating principles, the base servility of the men, who but a short time previously had anathematized the Catholic Church, as the "harlot of Babylon," when we see with what complacent facility they raised a unanimous voice in favor of restoring the same religion to its old position, and in the next breath condemned the reformed liturgy, as "a new thing imagined and devised by a few singular opinions." Be it remembered that the members of the reformed doctrines comprised, at that time, one-third of the house, and they were as free as our own original constitutional board ; nor does there exist a word to prove that a particle of coercion was used either by the queen or her party. Mary had not broken her promise when she declared that no change should be made in religion without universal consent. She had left the members entirely free to execute the wishes of their constituents. "If her parliament," says Miss Strickland, "had been as honest as herself, her reign would have been the pride of the country, instead of its reproach ; because if they had done their duty in guarding their fellow-creatures from bloody penal laws regarding religion, the queen by her first regal act in restoring the ancient free constitution of the great Plantagenets, had put it out of the power of her government to take furtive vengeance on any individual who opposed it."

The spirit of servility that influenced these men was further manifested when the queen urged a justification of her mother's fair name,

and her own legitimate claim to the throne, by the alacrity with which they bestowed condemnation upon the whole proceedings in the divorce case ; even going so far as to stigmatize as bribery and corruption the means used for its accomplishment. The former oracle, too, Archbishop Cranmer, was severely handled for his "ungodly" conduct in the whole affair ; and the subject was finally disposed of by a repeal of all statutes that were confirmatory of that unlawful and infamous decree ; and, says Lingard, "although this bill was equivalent to a statute of bastardy against Elizabeth, yet not a voice was raised in either house of parliament against it." No, not even by her sworn friend and ally, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, who, for the nonce, was a devout Catholic and a leal subject of the sovereign whose throne he was constantly undermining.

No sooner was the projected marriage with Philip accepted and arranged, than the warning of Charles V. was verified. The malcontents seized upon it as a pretext for the great rebellion that followed under the lead of Sir Thomas Wyatt, aided and abetted by the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Devonshire, and others upon whom Mary had lavished numberless favors. Again was her popularity proved by the devotion of her subjects in this extremity. When the Duke of Norfolk's troops failed, and London was seriously threatened by the insurgents, and in the general panic the queen was urged to fly, she turned with scorn upon her advisers, and for answer, placed herself in a post of great danger, between two of her battle-axe men. One of them was conspicuous in his zeal for the reformed religion, and was designated as the *Hot-Gospeller*. Mary proved her appreciation of his bravery in her cause, by a handsome reward ; and says Miss Strickland, "he lived a prosperous gentleman, and died at

an advanced age, in the next reign." Those who had predicted these conspiracies, as a consequence of the Queen's former leniency, were now clamorous for justice. Mary was still averse to extreme measures, but the pressure was too strong to resist. Under these circumstances, and the agitation consequent upon the personal danger, so recently pending, she signed the warrant for the execution of "Guilford Dudley and his wife." The youth and beauty of Lady Jane will for ever cause accusatory hands to be raised against Mary for her death. But when we consider the spirit of the age, and the disturbing element that she must ever have proved, together with the varied and complicated conspiracies that would have ensued had she lived, there is no legitimate reason for the holy horror that still lifts its voice against Mary, for her warrant. Neither should this case be recorded as an example of exceptional cruelty, in the court of youth and beauty. Each century bears on its banner the names of helpless and innocent women, who have been dragged through unlimited and unmerited woe to a shameful death.

"In every land

I saw wherever light illumined,
Beauty and anguish, walking hand in hand
The downward slope of death."

Many of England's sovereigns have gone to their account with hands more deeply dyed in blood equally innocent. Mary herein consented reluctantly to a legal punishment on an open enemy, believing that the autonomy of the nation required this sacrifice to the end of rigorous justice. Elizabeth, at a later period, imprisoned and murdered in cold blood a guest and relative, who had trusted herself to her protection, and would never have endangered her throne. It must also be remembered that the Tudor blood was never very prone to sentiment when it clashed with

the sterner call of interest; and the influence of a regal education, three hundred years ago, was not calculated to engender pity at the expense of justice or self-preservation.

Mary's relations with her sister Elizabeth is another pet fable, which, from careful nursing, has assumed the garb of truth.

The malevolence of prejudice can find a flaw in the most sacred things. The world at large clings to its pet sinners as to its elected saints, and no amount of contrary proof can remove the opprobrium of the one, or dim the beatific crown of the other. We have shown the kind tenderness bestowed by Mary on Elizabeth, when but a little child, under circumstances, too, when a course of utter indifference might have been perfectly justifiable. With full knowledge of her treacherous correspondence in the plots of her own enemies, Mary yet maintained the same spirit of kindness throughout her entire reign—sharing with her every honor that belonged to her exalted position, and bestowing upon her repeated evidences of confidence in her probity and sisterly affection. But for her, Elizabeth would have been forced by Parliament into an unwelcome marriage with the king of Sweden's son. To this much abused sister's clemency in reprieving Robert Dudley from the sentence of death which he awaited in the tower, she also owes the subsequent chosen favorite of her court—the handsome, brilliant, but unprincipled Earl of Leicester!

Of Elizabeth's complicity in Wyatt's rebellion there cannot be the slightest doubt; both he and Croft asserted it; and Noailles, ever her friend, confirms it, in his dispatches to his own government. Entertaining a hope of the success of the insurgents in her favor, she declined the queen's invitation to visit her, (which was only given to afford Eliza-

beth an opportunity of refuting the accusations against her loyalty); but upon the plea of ill health she not only retired to her house at Ashridge, but ordered her servants to fortify the place, and solicit the aid of her friends.* That the queen was neither inclined to severity, nor wanton cruelty, is again proved by her opposition to the violent measures insisted upon by the Spanish Government and others, as Elizabeth's due for her conspiracy. This arbitrary demand was enforced by the threat that her marriage with Philip should not be concluded, unless Elizabeth and Courtney were punished.† To this, Mary urged the ancient Constitutional laws, restored by her in her first parliament, which required that an overt act of open treason must be proved; and although she was convinced of the deep dissimulation of Elizabeth's character, yet she would not consent to any harsher measures than temporary imprisonment. "In short," says Miss Strickland, "whatever adverse colors may be cast upon a portion of her history which really does her credit, the conclusion built upon the irrefragable structure of results, is this—Mary dealt infinitely more mercifully by her heiress, than Elizabeth did by hers."

Whether sincere or not, the tempest of rebellion appears to have drawn the hearts of her subjects nearer to her; for, from this time, all opposition to her marriage was suppressed. Both houses assured her of a hearty concurrence, and promised a cordial welcome to the prince; and during her eloquent speech, at the dissolution of parliament, she was repeatedly interrupted by acclamations of affection and admiration.‡ In restoring the English Constitution, which had been

abrogated by Henry and Edward by their acts of political and religious tyranny, Mary justly earned the approbation, not only of her own people, but of all other nations. The restoration of the ancient faith followed as a natural sequence, and met with but little opposition, from the fact that the *ci-devant* reformers were at heart utterly indifferent to religion, save as a political engine. The French, Spanish, and Venetian Ambassadors of the day say that "the nobility and gentry cared only for a religion of interest, and would be ready at the call of the sovereign to embrace if necessary either Judaism or Mahometism." How little genuine conscientiousness dwelt in the heart of the nation for the religion of the former reign, may be judged from the suppleness with which they embraced and endorsed the new measures in both houses. For instance, there were only two demurrers, (in the Commons) out of 300 members; and thus reunion with the Church, and a petition expressive of "sorrow and regret for the previous defection of the realm," ended the mighty throes for the time that had inaugurated the great Reformation. The Queen proved her gratitude for this triumph by pardoning all the state prisoners who had been implicated in the rebellions of Northumberland and Wyatt.

The restoration of the standard value of the currency, which had been depreciated by her predecessor, and the remission of a heavy tax imposed by Edward, were among her beneficent measures for the good of her people. Further, her sense of justice was manifested in an order to Chief Justice Morgan, wherein he was commanded to reverse former rules, and henceforth to give the adversary of the crown an opportunity to bring his own witnesses to a hearing. "You are to sit there," she said, "not as advocates for me, but as indifferent judges be-

* Lingard, supported by Strype, Foxe and Noailles.

† Lingard.

‡ Tytler's Mary, vol. 2d.

tween me and my people." Such measures can give but one interpretation to the character that ordained them. There is no evidence at the commencement of Mary's reign of the intolerant bigotry of which she has been accused. On the contrary, her previous relations with members of the reformed party, prove her to have left to others the liberty she desired for herself. She could have prevented the Protestant obsequies performed by Archbishop Cranmer over her brother at Westminster; but she respected his last wishes for these rites, and comforted herself by assisting at a mass for the repose of his soul in the Tower Chapel. Catherine Parr was among the most zealous in the new faith, yet perfect harmony, and even affection, is known to have cemented their respective relations. She made no exception on the score of religion when she liberated the prisoners in the Tower, though among them was the wife of the proud Duke of Somerset. One of the favorite ladies of her court was Lady Bacon, an open professor of the reformed faith, and the mother of him whom Pope has so truly characterized as "The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind."

We have seen how little a man's religion interfered with her generous appreciation of worth in the case of the hot gospeller. When Huddleston's house, in which she took refuge when pursued by Northumberland's emissaries, was burned, "Never mind," she said, "I will build him a better one," and she kept her word.

When Mr. Tennyson makes Mary say, at the beginning of her reign:

"God hath sent me, to take such order with all heretics

That it shall be before I die, as tho'
My father and my brother had not lived;"—

he but adopts the foregone sentiments of her enemies, and contradicts every act that characterized her life before her accession.

She bore, as no other sovereign ever did, every conceivable kind of contumely and insult bestowed upon her religion, not only in violent and blasphemous interruptions of the divine mysteries, but by inflammatory appeals in street and pulpit, from the reformed clergy, beside insulting epithets and personal attacks upon the priests while in the performance of their official duties.*

The fanaticism of the gospellers was a perpetual incentive to political disturbances, which, with the addition of public lampoons upon the queen's person, fanned continuously the flame of some new conspiracy.

Ridley denounced her bigotry, and asserted her illegitimacy publicly at St. Paul's Cross; whilst Latimer not only insulted her in person, but in his coarse and vehement style of preaching incited the people, by the vilest invectives against her honor and religion, to a riot during the celebration of a mass in a church at the horse market. While these men were thus degrading themselves, one of the royal chaplains, when preaching the word of God, by order of the council, was not only insulted by a tumultuous crowd, but his life was attempted by a dagger hurled at him from the mob. On another occasion, about a year later, a reformed preacher named Ross publicly prayed "that God would either convert the heart of the queen or take her out of the world." This was her grateful recompense for having annulled the cruel law instituted by her father, which punished libels on the crown with death. But for the fanaticism and continued threats of fresh conspiracies by the advocates of the new gospel, the executions might have ceased. These causes, however, furnished a pretext for those members who were in favor of strong measures, and their argu-

* *cf.* *Westminster Review*, 1853," and Lin-

ments unfortunately prevailed over the more moderate and enlightened. At length Mary yielded to the violent resolutions of her council, but not without urging upon them the obligation of using mercy and justice, before rashly executing judgment.

To us such reprisal seems appalling; but we must weigh the influence of custom and education. The period of religious belief at that time, breathed more of the spirit of Sinai than of Tabor. It was the terror and awe of the Almighty, clothed in the roar of the thunder and the flash of the lightning, rather than the silvery glory and lambent love, that overshadowed and bathed in splendor Tabor's summit.

Thus then did the reformers invoke the first proclamation and punishment of seditious riots, though without the magnanimity to acknowledge the trespass. "Wyat's rebellion," says Macaulay, "furnished as good a plea for the burning of Protestants, as the conspiracies against Elizabeth furnish for the hanging and embowelling of papists."

The flame of persecution, that made lurid the heavens after the queen's marriage, is an episode in the reign of one who had heretofore been so gracious and merciful, to be greatly deplored. In the sacred name of religion more blood has been shed, and more horrors committed, than the utmost stretch of time can cancel. The soul recoils with terror from a contemplation of the Christian holocausts that stained with blood the magnificence of the Coliseum, and yet shudders at the name of those emperors who buried the lustre of glorious deeds, and dyed their imperial robes in the blood of the saints. But oh, sad lesson of human depravity! that followers of Christ should so far forget and tarnish their birth-right of love and forbearance, as to

be willing to walk in the same savage track! But it is not just to make exceptional Mary's case, when it was inaugurated by her predecessors, and practiced in double horror by successive sovereigns. Not at the door of the Catholic Church can the stigma of persecution be originally laid; but unfortunately it was a sin that soon became epidemic, and so gangrened the soul, that its utmost horrors were sanctioned under the baneful idea, that thus God could be glorified and conscience appeased. "The extirpation of erroneous doctrine," says Lingard, "was inculcated as a duty by every Protestant denomination," and Hallam speaks truly when he says that "*persecution was the deadly original sin of the reformed churches.*"* Miss Strickland, another Protestant author, deplores that not a Protestant voice (as a sect) was ever raised against the spirit of persecution, save by the sect of Quakers. Credit however must be given to many of the leading members of the British parliament of both denominations, who protested against such measures; and Macintosh testifies that Cardinal Pole and the great body of the Catholic bishops, beside Sir Thomas More in the previous reign of Henry, raised their voices against its iniquitous horrors. After the first executions under these *revived statutes* of Edward, a Spanish friar, Alphonso di Castro, confessor to Philip, preached against these atrocities before the court. He declared such persecutions contrary to the spirit of the gospel, and that men should be won to Christ by mildness; that it was the duty of the Church, not to seek the death of the deluded, but to instruct the ignorance of their misguided brethren.† Even admitting the terrors under Mary, yet when brought into comparison with previous and sub-

* Constitutional History.

† Strype, confirmed by Lingard and Prescott.

sequent reigns, they seem but child's play. Elizabeth's Catholic subjects made no opposition to her reign, as did the Protestants to Mary, yet one of her first acts was the enforcement of the penal statutes, and the tortures of the Star Chamber; and this in the face of the brave assertion of Lord Montagu, that the Catholics had created no disturbance in the realm. "They disputed not; they preached not; they disobeyed not the queen; they brought in no novelties of doctrine or religion." This tyranny under an essentially Protestant queen, who claimed to be the supreme head of the Church; who made and deposed the clergy at will; who tortured, imprisoned, hanged and quartered men and women for being Catholics, while she yet clung herself to many of its observances—taking her coronation oath, and receiving her crown under the formula of the ancient rights, and retaining upon her private chapel altar the lights and crucifix of the Church she persecuted; these inconsistencies ought to suffice to silence the vilifiers of Mary. Wherever this system of intolerance was pursued, Catholics were ever the worst sufferers. Look at the Puritans under Charles II., who imported blood hounds to hunt priests in the mountains; again, the brutal work of Cromwell in Ireland, where helpless infants were torn from the breast to ornament the pikes of the soldiers. In Switzerland, too, the Bible and the sword went hand in hand, and the atrocities committed in the name of religion, as described by the Protestant historian, De Haller, and the Reformers themselves, curdle the blood with horror.

However fearful were the persecution of D'Alva in the Netherlands, yet the reprisals of the Iconoclasts more than balance the account. "For more than a hundred and fifty years" says Macaulay, "the Protestant Church continued to be the servile handmaid of mon-

archy, the steady enemy of public liberty." While we make no excuse for Mary, we yet claim for her the weight of such testimony, and the influence of the age in which she lived; beside this, the wretched state of her health, during the last two years of her reign, rendered either her cognizance or participation in many of the Smithfield executions an impossibility. Despite the reiterated efforts to brand Philip as an intermeddler and prime author of the persecutions, there is no proof to substantiate the charge. Whatever may have been his genuine feelings, his conduct to Mary was always kind and chivalrous, and his concessions to the habits of a people so antagonistic to his own, prove him to have been more than conciliatory. When love takes possession of a woman's heart, after the glamour of youth is passed, it becomes a fixed passion, and the ruling power of her life. That in giving her whole soul to Philip, she felt the natural disparity in his love for one who had lost "the garland of life's blooming years," there can be no doubt: the blow to her hopes of offspring, the subsequent parting from her idolized husband, rankled and intensified the pain that struck her to the heart at the loss of Calais. Then too, she knew that ingratitude, suspicion and schism were around her; that the sister whom she had protected when helpless, was ready to lend herself to any enormity against her, and that "foul tongued" slander, and even hints of assassination, were rife on every side. Through all this she stood alone. For comfort and support she yearned in vain; for the husband was too much engrossed by the cares of his own wide domain, her kinsman and friend Cardinal Pole was too ill to aid her; and Gardiner, who combined wisdom and prudence in administering the affairs of the realm, had long been dead.

It was during the queen's terrible illness, after her hope of offspring had merged into those physical maladies under which every faculty of mind and body sunk, that the fearful persecutions attained their climax. It was not the dying queen, but Parliament that enforced and legalized these horrors. To them the obloquy properly belongs.

Miss Strickland, in giving all the historical data pertinent to the question, says: "Shall we call the house of lords *bigoted*, when its majority which legalized this wickedness was composed of the same individuals who had planted *very recently the Protestant Church of England?*" While offering justification for Mary's course by antecedent and subsequent example, the age and people by whom these enormities were tolerated must bear the largest share of odium. She had been educated in a school of stern realities; and so little mercy, or even ordinary human kindness

had been extended to her, that her mind naturally grasped and associated the idea of severe measures as the only meed of justice.

When the queen passed her last summer at her mother's palace of Croydon, her favorite recreation was to visit *incognito* the cottages of the poor. Evincing deep interest in the little children, she would select those among them who gave promise of talent, and place them where they could receive advantages of a good education. The peaceful and resigned spirit in which Mary met the messenger of death, proved the purity of her conscience. She did not, like Elizabeth, scoff and storm at those who strove to minister to her spiritual or physical needs, nor was she haunted, as Tennyson poetically asserts, by that remorseless

"Right hand, that still beckons me hence."

Weary had been her head under the pressure of her golden crown, and gladly did she lay it down in the dust.

FAITH.

In shadows and in dust, a traveler wandered,
Lonely and poor, along a thorny road,
One gleam of sunlight, sent, as mute he pondered,
A diamond sparkling on his pathway showed,
Eager he seized it, and was sad no more,
Grim Poverty's dark reign forever o'er!

Soul, sadly struggling on Life's pathway dreary,
Thy courage faint, thy heart with care bowed low,
Finding the world a bitter lot and weary,
The diamond Faith, God's love to thee doth show.
Follow its ray, and find that gem most rare;
On thy heart set it! Peace will enter there!

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

IN wintry days the Old Year dies,
Whose life began in days as dark,
And who herein can fail to mark
How sad and stern an omen lies?

The years thus born in wintry night,
And doom'd 'mid winter's blasts to close,
Seem charged to come with many woes,
But little promise of delight.

The year comes in—a casket sealed;
And we, like children mad with glee,
Grasp the new toy, whate'er it be,
E'er yet its contents are revealed.

Yet here within the toy may be
Some sword of keenest edge, to rend
Fond ties that knit us to some friend
Firmly as ivy clasps the tree.

Or, lurking in its fairest part,
Some germ of woe, some poison-root,
That soon shall spring to bitterest fruit,
And taint the life-blood of our heart.

Is it, then, hollow joy impels
That we to-night our peals should ring,
And from our every steeple fling
Rejoicings of melodious bells?

If New-Year's hopes are, after all,
But tissues woven in a dream,
The brilliance of the death-light's gleam,
Whose brightness speaks of bier and pall?

Ah no! the gladdest, deepest mirth
May still befit the close of years;
The future, dark with low'ring fears,
Is tinged with hopes, though not of earth.

What though the coming years of life
Dawn gloomier still than those gone by;
Yet ever still they draw more nigh
The closing of this weary strife.

New years are landmarks on the road,
The shadows of the nearing end
To which all steps and struggles tend;
The shelter of our true abode;

Unruffled peace of glorious life;
 Eternal years of God's own rest,
 Where hope may yield to bliss possessed,
 But day not yield to closing night.

For this let every brazen tongue
 Prate merrily all the night with glee,
 And one wild, ringing melody
 From every soaring spire be flung.

MAUDE WILLARD'S FRIEND.

A story, Frederica?—I know but one story to-night. You shall hear it, though, if you care to listen. It is a true story, and one in which I was a leading character. So draw your ottoman a little closer, and set the windows wide, that the cool night-breeze may blow in on us, fragrant with the breath of the roses in the garden below. No; do not light the gas. The moon will be above the tree tops presently, and then we shall have all the light we'll need.

I was in my twenty-second year when my story opens. I was radiantly beautiful, nor was beauty my only dower. Gifts of intellect were mine. Wealth, and assured social position, secured for me the world's best favor. I was the only daughter, and the idol of a happy home. I had never known a sorrow.

In society I was an acknowledged belle. There was something about me—I know not what—its victims called it a fascination, which drew to me the hearts of those who came within the circle of my influence. Love and admiration were lavished on me; they were as the breath of life to me. Because I received them graciously, as a queen might receive the homage that was her due, the world called me amiable.

But beneath this fair and gracious outward semblance throbbed a supremely selfish heart. What

seemed in me most artless and unaffected, was the result of long and careful study. I gloried in my conquests; they seemed inevitable. The very women whose hopes my triumphs blasted, could not find it in their hearts to blame me. I was so modest and unassuming, so reserved even—seeming almost to shun the admiration which was ever my portion, and which in my heart I considered my right. "How can she help it if men will fall in love with her?" said my friends. I was in fact what no one would have dared to call me—a finished coquette.

I had one friend whose life was as great a contrast to my own as could well be imagined. Poor Maude Willard! I have lived long and eventful years since she looked her last on earth, and never have I known a lonelier life than hers. She lived with her uncle and aunt, in an old-fashioned cottage near the little Catholic Church of the Holy Name. There was some mystery about those Willards, opined the wise-acres of R—. The secluded life they led gave color to this supposition. Sounds of music or of laughter were never heard within the walls of Willard Cottage, during the lifetime of its owner. He was a confirmed invalid; had suffered for years from some acute nervous disease which

preyed alike upon mind and body. He was extremely irritable, the slightest noise disturbed him—so a more than conventual silence pervaded the house. Maude's aunt was a placid, mild-faced woman, whose time was almost exclusively devoted to her invalid husband. Maude grew up grave and innocent; books were her friends and companions; the Church her refuge when loneliness became oppressive.

By some accident I became acquainted with her when I was a girl of about sixteen, and she perhaps two years younger. I grew deeply interested in her, and an ardent friendship soon sprang up between us.

Poor little Maude! it was, as she used to say, as if one of her chosen heroines had come forth from the realms of romance, endowed with life and visible presence, and become her familiar confidant and companion. She looked on me as a superior being, and loved me with a tender, loyal affection, the child-like manifestations of which sometimes touched me deeply. She rejoiced in my worldly advantages, in my beauty, in my gift of song—for I possessed a voice of rare power and sweetness, which careful cultivation had developed and perfected. As for me, I loved her as truly as my selfish heart had ever permitted me to love any one.

Maude was a devout Catholic.

"Oh, Alma!" she would often say to me, "God has wonderful things in reserve for you. You are too beautiful, too perfect, to be the bride of any man. God wants you for Himself, and I know that some time He will gain your heart, and make it all His own."

I professed no religion; but I believed in God and I loved the glorious music and the magnificent ceremonial of the Catholic Church.

"I never could be a Catholic," I used to say to Maude. "Your re-

ligion is too exacting—too hard on human nature."

Maude was below the medium height, and very fragile. Her features were not regular, but her eyes—those lovely, wistful blue eyes—gave to her whole countenance a sweet, spiritual expression that would strike even a casual observer.

I had been absent from home for about two years previous to the time at which this narrative commences. I had been "abroad" for more than a year; the rest of the time I had spent in the midst of a gay and fashionable circle in New York.

My parents were anxious to see me advantageously settled in life. I received many eligible offers of marriage, but rejected them all. My freedom was too dear to me to be lightly surrendered.

Ere long, the round of dissipation in which I was living began to wear on me, so I resolved to return for a while to the almost rural quiet of R——. Here I soon experienced the benefits of rest and change. During my absence, I had often heard from Maude, but my numerous social engagements left me little leisure for correspondence. I determined to atone for this by paying her an early visit.

There was free access to Willard Cottage now, for Maude's uncle was dead. He had died while I was abroad, and when I saw the change that two short years had wrought in his widow, I felt that it would not be long ere she followed him to the grave.

I shall never forget Maude's rapturous welcome. She had not changed; I found the same child-like candor, the same forgetfulness of self, the same tender piety; and what pleased me more than all, her trustful affection for me was stronger than ever.

I had called on Maude at a barbarously early hour, and I had so much to tell her that time flew by un-

noted, till the swiftly falling twilight shadows warned me that I must go.

"They will be expecting me," I said, rising; but she gently detained me.

"Stay," she said softly, "you have not heard my story yet."

"Your story, Maude!" I exclaimed; and for the first time I noticed a magnificent emerald ring on the first finger of her right hand. As I regarded it intently, her color came and went, and her eyes shone with a tender radiance that I had never seen in them before. "And you never told me in any of your letters," I continued in playful reproach.

"How could I tell you when I only knew it myself yesterday," said Maude naively.

"But Maude," I went on, "I am half inclined to be jealous of whoever has stolen your heart from me. How often you have told me that you could never love anyone as you loved me!"

"I don't love you both the same way—you know I couldn't. You are as dear to me as ever, and dearer; but my love for Henry Horton is something quite different; when you have seen him you will not blame me. I want you to stay, Alma, for he is to be here this evening."

He came in almost on the words. He was a tall, handsome man; dignified in bearing, polished in manners, faultless in apparel. I guessed his age to be about thirty five. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and also possessed the amiable gift of being able to listen, and to make others appear at their best in his presence.

Indeed, I could not wonder that Maude was happy, having won his love; but as in the course of the evening, my naturally keen penetration, sharpened as it had been by intercourse with the world, discovered more and more of the character of the man, I could not help exclaiming mentally:

"How came he ever to choose her?"

"Well, Maude, you have not told me your story yet," I said a few days later, when she and I were once more together; "you know you promised it. Here am I, beautiful, accomplished, an heiress, a belle, etc., etc., and I am still plain Alma Bruce; while you, in this out-of-the-world place, sly little puss that you are, have made a grand conquest. Tell me, dear, how did it happen?"

"It is not much of a story, Alma; it all came about so simply. He used to edit the *M—— Monthly*, to which I have been contributing for some time past. (Maude was clever with her pen.) Last summer he resigned control of the magazine, his other literary engagements being better suited to his taste. He was then preparing a work for publication, and came down here for quiet. He called on me after his arrival, and then he came again, and again, and now (it seems so strange to think of it) we are to be married in October. Oh, dear Alma!" she continued softly, "you know better than any other, what a lonely, loveless life mine used to be; and now I am so happy, too happy. This is a new earth, and my lot is cast in Eden."

I was beginning to find *R——* fearfully dull. I longed for the excitement of my former gay existence. Sometimes my mind reverted to Henry Horton. "He is the only man in *R——* worth talking to," I decided.

I often met him now, for he was fond of society, and being a literary man, was regarded as a "lion" in our quiet town. Indeed, among the *élite* no social gathering was considered complete without him.

I was not a little piqued, I must confess, at his manner towards me. He was not merely indifferent to my attractions—he seemed utterly unconscious of them. Courteous

he was to me in truth, as "to all fair ladies," like the knights of old, but it was evident that he too "loved one maiden only." Instinctively, at first, I had desired his admiration. It was withheld, and I found myself longing for it.

He was as devoted to Maude as the most exacting could desire. There was a respectful, yet protecting tenderness—an observance of those delicate and refined attentions that a sensitive spirit appreciates without being able to explain—in short, an outward demonstration that could only be the expression of an ardent and deeply-rooted affection.

"I am pining for something to break the monotony of my existence here," I soliloquized one evening, after returning from a literary reunion at which Henry Horton had been present. "I wonder if this paragon is all that he seems. I should like to put him to the test."

And then and there I made up my mind to exert all my powers of fascination on him, and await the result.

"Is it right? Is it honorable?" questioned a voice within me.

"Pshaw! it is no harm," I reasoned; "I am only going to amuse myself;—besides, if he really cares so much for Maude, I can do no mischief."

I had found at last the vulnerable point in the armor of this valiant knight. In this wise came the long-sought knowledge.

In wealth and culture and social position, our family held the first rank in R——. Our literary and musical *soirees* were "the rage," that spring and summer. To these, both Maude and Henry Horton were of course always invited. The latter seldom missed an evening, but Maude could rarely accompany him, for her aunt was in declining health, and needed much attention.

My friendship for Maude, to say

nothing of her engagement to Henry Horton, would have rendered her fashionable had she desired to become so; but she had neither leisure nor inclination to mingle much in society, so she was left ere long to her cherished seclusion.

The world of R——, meanwhile, spent much time in wondering "what there was about that prudish little blue stocking that had won the friendship of Alma Bruce and the love of Henry Horton."

I visited Maude frequently. My intimate knowledge of affairs at Willard Cottage, therefore, enabled me to appoint for our *soirees*, those evenings on which I had reason to believe that she could not possibly leave home. My plan succeeded admirably. Only twice during the entire season was she able to attend.

On one of these occasions the musical talent of R—— was assembled at our house. In compliance with the entreaties of the company I consented to sing. It was the first time I had sung in Henry Horton's presence.

I was in splendid voice that evening; somebody said I sang like a syren. For one of my auditors at least, mine was in truth a syren's song.

I had just rendered a solo from *Il Trovatore*, with a passion and intensity that surprised myself.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried an enthusiastic voice; and turning, I saw Henry Horton standing near the piano.

"Once more; just once more, Miss Bruce," he pleaded; and I repeated the aria.

"Do you not sing, Maude?" (I knew she did not,) I asked as I rose from the piano, and walked out on the balcony with her and Henry Horton.

"Not now, Alma. You know how it has been with us. Even our piano was never opened in my recollection until last winter."

Henceforward, Maude, I wish you would devote some time to music;" said Henry Horton, "you are well aware that I am passionately, fond of it."

There was the faintest possible shade of blended dissatisfaction and authority in his tone; but it was sufficient to bring the color to her cheeks as she gently promised compliance with his wishes.

His reserve towards me was vanishing. He was indeed an ardent lover of music. He wearied not of hearing my voice and extolling its sweetness and flexibility. His admiration extended quite naturally from the songs to the singer. But I perceived that conflicting powers strove within him. At times I would see him often; then again he would studiously avoid me. Through it all I saw clearly that my arts were working their legitimate result, and I rejoiced in this crowning triumph.

"Alma, something has happened, I know not what; but Henry is no longer the same. He seldom comes here now, and when he does come, he is cold, constrained, hurried, and I cannot help perceiving that his thoughts are not with me. Oh, Alma! I am so miserable," and she bowed her head on her desk and wept bitterly.

I looked at her with mingled feelings of surprise and shame; surprise, for I had never seen her weep before; shame, for I knew that I was the cause of her sorrow; and I "the friend in whom she trusted."

But I answered cheerfully: "Never mind, Maude; this will pass away; he is, most likely, pre-occupied with business cares, and anyhow, I would not fret about it, dear. If you knew the world as I do you would not be astonished; men are all alike"

"But he is not like other men," she rejoined, impetuously, "and I will never know the world if I must learn distrust and suspicion from it! His love, your friendship have been

the glory of my life;"—and then more calmly—"you have never failed me."

There was a long silence.

"Is Henry Horton a Catholic, Maude?" I asked suddenly.

She hesitated a little—"Yes, Alma, but"—

"He is not a devotee," I said, for she did not finish the sentence. Soon after I left her.

I had gone as far as I cared to go in my flirtation with Henry Horton. I had proved my power sufficiently; and I felt moreover, that poor Maude had suffered enough.

"I wish I had drawn back a little sooner," I mused on my way homeward. "I am afraid I cannot escape a scene now—and scenes are so trying."

My fears were not groundless. The same evening I was summoned to the parlor, and found Henry Horton awaiting me. In words of passionate earnestness he told his love for me. I preserved outward calmness—through strong effort—for a storm of contending emotions agitated my spirit to its very depths.

At last he ceased,

"And Maude?" I questioned.

"Maude has released me," he replied. "We were totally unsuited for each other: there was a time when I thought I loved her, but I knew not my own heart then. You I love as a man loves but once in his life-time."

I was cautiously seeking a way out of this dilemma. I appeared surprised and pained. I paused for a moment as if endeavoring to command my speech. Then I said with dignity: "I am grieved beyond expression, Mr. Horton. I never anticipated this. As Maude's plighted lover I counted you my friend—no more. Let us forget this evening," I continued, "and still be friends"—extending my hand to him as I spoke.

He took no notice of it—he ut-

tered not another word, but passed quickly out of the apartment and on to the street. As I drew the curtains for a moment, I saw that he was hastening toward the depot.

"Why, where in the world is Henry Horton taking himself to-night?" exclaimed my brother John, who came in about five minutes later. "He almost knocked me over in his haste to catch the 9.30. Was he here this evening, Sis?"

"Yes," I answered briefly as I withdrew to my own apartment.

I passed a sleepless night. At an early hour next morning, I proceeded to Willard Cottage. It was Maude herself who let me in. Her face was very pale, but she greeted me with a cheerful smile.

"I am so glad it is you, dear. You are the only one in all the world I would care to see to-day."

"But Maude," I said, "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"No ghost, unless the ghost of my dead happiness," she murmured. "It is all ended between myself and Henry Horton, you know."

Her calmness surprised me. "How should I know?" I asked.

"But I thought sometimes—pardon me, dear, if I say aught to grieve you—I thought he loved you; and I could not have blamed him if it had been so."

"I never loved him!" I cried vehemently.

"I know it, dear," she said gently. "I have always told you your love was called higher; and then you were too loyal to your poor friend to have cared to rob her of what was once her earthly all."

I saw beyond doubt that she had no suspicion of my baseness. "It is better so," I reflected. "It comforts her to think she has a true friend in me; it would be cruel to undeceive her."

Every word she uttered struck home to my heart: she so often called me friend.

"Friend!" cried my awakened conscience, "the most disloyal friend in all the world!"

"He is no more to me," she said, bravely, in answer to my words of sympathy. "I have no longer a right even to think of him, nor do I desire to do so. My comfort must come from God—and from my labor. Poor Auntie is very ill—her days, I fear, are numbered. Henceforth she will need my time and thought. See, Alma, how

"God sendeth a new duty
To comfort each new pain."

I was absent from R—— for several weeks after the events just narrated. On my return I found Maude clad in the sombre garments of mourning. My presence seemed to cheer her. She looked pale and worn, but then the fatigue and excitement attendant upon her aunt's death and funeral, accounted for that sufficiently.

I enquired of her concerning her intentions for the future.

"I must remain in R——," she answered, "until I dispose of the cottage. Nancy will stay with me till then. When I leave here, she enters the Convent as a lay-sister."

"But you must not leave," I said eagerly, "you must make your home with us; I cannot live without you, Maude."

"Not even for your sake, dearest, can I remain," she rejoined with a sorrowful smile.

"But what are you going to do, Maude?" I persisted.

"I can make no plan for the future; it seems to me that I have done with planning. My only thought for this world, just at present, is to get away from R—— as soon as possible. I *must* go." She spoke with an intensity of feeling that astonished me. I looked at her inquiringly. Her pale face was flushing—her eyes brightening strangely—her breathing was quick and hard

"You are ill, dear!" I exclaimed. "You have been over-exerting yourself lately. You must go to bed now, and I will stay with you to-night."

Nancy came in as I was speaking. "'Tis no wonder she'd be sick, Miss"—and I fancied (or was it entirely fancy?) that she looked sharply at me as she spoke—"for barrin' her own troubles, and they've been enough, God knows, (again I thought those keen black eyes sought mine,) she's been takin' care of Widow O'Shea's boy, (the O'Sheas that live on the commons back of us,) since Monday week. She 'most run herself off her feet about him since he took so bad, and she stayed with him this afternoon till he died. Sure Tim Collins was just tellin' me, Miss Maude, that the poor little fellow had a hard struggle of it—that it took yourself and the mother to hold him."

But Maude made no rejoinder. I was sitting by the bedside. She had fallen into an uneasy doze.

"You needn't trouble yourself to stay, Miss," said Nancy coldly, "I've sent for Doctor Harrington; and I can do whatever is to be done."

"Don't leave me, Alma," moaned the sufferer faintly.

"I will never leave you," I whispered, soothing her as one might soothe a frightened child.

Nancy left the room with a sniff. I stood in awe of Nancy. Despite her untutored simplicity she seemed to read through all my subterfuges.

When Dr. Harrington came he looked very grave. "This is no place for you, Miss Bruce," he said at length.

"Is it a fever?" I questioned—"I am not afraid. I will stay at any risk—I am resolved on it."

"Do your parents know you are here?" he asked.

"They are both in New York," I rejoined.

"Well, I will tell you. She has typhoid fever in its most malignant form. If it were only the fever, I would not be so uneasy, but there is inflammation of the brain also, evidently brought on by acute mental suffering. Her chances of recovery are very doubtful. "Poor child," he continued, as he rose to depart, "her life has been a sorrowful one, at best, but this last trouble, whatever it was, proved too much for her. By the way, Miss Bruce"—turning to me abruptly—"what broke off her engagement with Henry Horton?"

"Really, sir," I began.

"Pshaw!" he interrupted, "you needn't tell me; it was his fault, I'll be bound, but I wish he had never showed his face in R—."

My heart re-echoed the wish.

"Take good care of Maude,"—as he moved towards the door—"and with God's help we may pull her through yet. Take care of yourself, too," he added, "you're a good girl."

He was a bluff, hearty old man—this Dr. Harrington—the family physician and confidential friend of half the town.

Maude was quite delirious before morning.

"As soon as she has a lucid interval, you must send for Father Fitzgerald, and have her prepared for death." This was the physician's verdict on his second visit. "Poor little thing! she's ready as it is, I doubt not, but I know what she would wish," he said, turning away to hide the tears that dimmed his eyes.

"Oh, Doctor, have you no hope for her?" I gasped faintly.

"The odds are against her—but I haven't given up all hope. There, there, child," he went on, more cheerfully, "take courage. I'm doing my utmost, and so are you. You're a true friend—I wish there were a few more like you in the world."

"God forbid!" I mentally exclaimed, as I hurried back to Maude.

No visitors were allowed except the Sisters of Mercy—they came every day.

Consciousness at last returned to the sufferer, and immediately we sent for Father Fitzgerald. After he had heard her confession I was re-called to the room.

"He is about to give her the Holy Viaticum, and administer extreme unction," whispered Sister Augustine.

Maude was perfectly calm and clearly conscious; her face reflected the peace that reigned in her heart. A table covered with a fine white cloth was arranged beside the bed, with crucifix and lighted candles and holy water font upon it. I knelt motionless during the solemn scene that followed. Poor Nancy, crouched at the foot of the bed, vainly endeavored to stifle her sobs.

Maude lingered yet a few days. "Only for this inflammation of the brain, I would not despair of her even now," said the physician, towards the last.

She was very quiet throughout her sickness; her delirium itself was mild. She spoke much of childhood's days—often of me, her "best and truest friend." Once only she mentioned Henry Horton. It was on the evening of her death. "I saw him just now—there—at the window!" she exclaimed suddenly, starting from the tranced state into which she had fallen.

"Whom, dear?" I asked softly.

"Henry," she murmured, "tell him good-bye for me—poor Henry, he couldn't help it."

Dr. Harrington came in soon after. "She cannot last until midnight," he said; then, drawing me into the parlor—"Henry Horton was standing on the porch, as I came up the walk; mind you don't let him see her," he whispered sternly.

The Sisters whom I had sent for arrived as the physician was leaving; and Father Fitzgerald came over to impart to the dying girl the last absolution.

"Maude, you know that in a few hours you will be in the presence of Christ, your Redeemer," he said as he was about to go; and she answered faintly:

"Yes, Father, I know it, and it is so strange—but I am not afraid."

Father Fitzgerald was a man of middle age, ascetic in appearance, grave in manner: one who had evidently borne many a hardship in the service of his Master. I conducted him to the door that evening.

"God will bless you, my child," he said, "you have acted a noble part towards that poor girl, and you will surely have your reward."

"Oh, you would not say so if you knew but all!" I could not raise my eyes to meet the searching glance he fixed on me.

"You will tell me all some day," he said, as he passed out into the balmy darkness, for it was a lovely night in October.

I returned to Maude's room, and she beckoned me to come close to her. I knelt beside her, and took her thin, burning hand in mine.

"May God reward you, darling—and deal by you even as you have dealt by me! (Oh, Maude, you knew not what you asked!) Alma, delay not to embrace the one true Faith, and persevere in it until death."

Her voice was failing fast,—she breathed with difficulty. One of the nuns wiped her forehead, already damp with the dews of death. But she had something yet to say:

"Remember," she continued slowly, and with painful effort; "God wants you, Alma, for Himself—no man's love is worth caring for, worth grieving for. God first, and last, and always."

Then she spoke no more for several hours.

Sister Augustine commenced the prayers for the dying. Maude lay motionless—her eyes wide open and very bright—her lips slightly parted—her face waxen in its transparent pallor. Oh, those trustful, innocent eyes! their look that night will haunt me to my grave.

Suddenly the difficult breathing ceased.

"It is all over," whispered Sister Augustine to her companion.

Softly, softly, from those pale, parted lips came the utterance:

"No, not over—the pain is over—the peace is only just beginning—Jesus—Mary"—

A faint color rippled over her face; a gray shadow, swiftly following, settled down upon it; a stiller silence filled the little room,—and the soul of Maude Willard had passed from time to eternity.

A few hours before the funeral, we laid her in her coffin, clad in white robe and veil, her beloved rosary clasped in her wasted fingers, and a wreath of pure white rose-buds on her forehead. The daylight was carefully excluded from the little parlor, and blessed candles shed a pure radiance over her lovely, peaceful face. I was

sitting alone beside her, for it was still very early. I think my senses were strangely dulled, for I heard no sound till a quick movement near me made me start; and then I saw Henry Horton kneeling at the foot of the coffin.

"This is my work," he murmured hoarsely, "may God forgive me!"

"Not yours alone, but mine also," I whispered; "may God forgive us both!"

I have never seen him since.

And that is all the story, Frederica. A few months after Maude's death, I was received into the Church by Father Fitzgerald. You know what my life has been during the seven years that have elapsed since that time. Now, at last, is Maude's prediction about to be accomplished; for to-morrow I enter the Convent of Mercy. Truly, despite all my sinfulness, am I called by God to a life of special consecration to his love. Why do you weep, Frederica? Pray for me, rather, that through prayer and labor and daily death to self, I may find perfect peace and pardon;—and now, good night!

K. E. CONWAY.

A RURAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN EVIAN.

"Il en est des douleurs
Comme des patries—
Chacon a la sienne."

Chateaubriand.

The exterior of the Château de Saxel in Evian, has nothing quaint, or curious, or mediæval about it. It forms only one of a wall of houses in the most secluded part of the town, that which takes in the lovely view of Lake Lemán, with the Jural Alps on one side, and sunny Savoy on the other. It looks quite modern. The newly varnished portal, the bright knocker, the little windows, fended with jaunty brown shutters, and the attempt at a little observatory which rises up from the roof, as if animated with a desire to see what is going on in the upper stories of the houses over the way, are all suggestive of a quiet little residence, built up according to the most approved designs of—say twenty years ago. Another evidence of recent construction might be obtained from the number over the door and the gilded seal affixed on the wall, giving the passer-by to understand that the house was under the especial tutelage of a French insurance company. Entering, the stranger's impression of a modern residence becomes somewhat blurred by the massive thickness of the walls, and as he mounts a little flight of stairs, which terminate in a great, rambling corridor with a groined roof, he feels disposed to go farther back than twenty years, in dating the creation of the building. The appearance of four elderly ladies, who advance to meet him, smiling a welcome from high black caps, profusely adorned with funereal frills and ribbons of sepulchral sug-

gestions, does not in the least tend to dispel the growing conviction that the present century was only a possibility when the foundation stone was cast. "Ah! Monsieur was recommended by M. le Curé: would he give himself the trouble to mount another flight of steps? his room was already prepared." Up another flight, through a long corridor, corresponding to the one below, and into a room at the end. His delusion is supreme when he glances out of the open window. Turning to the four representatives of an indefinite past, he asks with hesitation, "how old is this"—not knowing whether to call it *house, cottage, castle or palace*, he compromises and says,—"*establishment?*" Ten or twelve centuries, they are not sure. It may be a century more or less; it matters little, the Château is very ancient. But Monsieur looks fatigued, and they depart, saying that they will send him up some supper. The scene, as viewed from the window, is strange, yet beautiful. A massive round tower juts out from the rugged wall of the Château. Time and the inclement weather have long since eaten away the flinty cement which fastened the massive stones together, and the compassionate ivy, as if to hide the furrows of old age, covers the rim from the foundation to the flat roof. Two small windows at the top are barely distinguishable amid the profuse ivy. At the foot of the tower, there is a deep moat, but the lock has disappeared, and now the water rushes through it with a sullen roar, and hurries off to the lake below. A rustic bridge spans the moat, and communicates with the garden. But in the twi-

light of an evening darkened prematurely by the black stormy clouds which are descending from Ouchy and Lausanne, the eye can only discern a grove of leafless, spectral trees, for the branches are all lopped off. Grape vines entwine themselves timidly around the trunks, but their stunted boughs stand out in rude relief, and as the shrewd night-wind whistles through them, they seem to move, to toss their great arms about, like giants in an agony of wild despair. In a remote corner of the garden, looking out upon the lake, stands a little white building; but amid the darkening shadows the eye is unable to distinguish whether it be an oratory or a summer house. Away out in the western sky, the Jural Alps rise up like a gigantic wall, still bearing on their crest a dark red tinge, the tell-tale of a truant ray of the declining sun. The lake is agitated and fretful at the rising wind, and the Alps of Savoy seem to have muffled themselves up against a stormy night. While eating his supper, the stranger is told the history of the last titled owner of the Château, and as the wind howls without, and the angry waves of the lake are dashed with a deafening roar against the wall which has been erected on the shore, one of the four sisters crosses herself and says, "On a night like this poor De Saxel and his blind father were drowned, and Theodule, pauvrete! became a lonely widow." Meeting a look of interest from the stranger, and a smile of approval from her sisters, she continues. "Undoubtedly there is many an important historical recollection connected with this Château, for it was one of the strongholds of the dukes of Savoy. The round tower out there is the only one of eleven which, history tells us, defended the town of Evian. It, too, has an interest, for from it our people fought the apostate Swiss. During the Reign

of Terror it was a refuge for the poor priests of Evian. They entered the tower by that door at your shoulder, and the masons came and walled it up, and so it became a living tomb for them. Food was lowered down to them through a hole in the top. When at last peace was restored, and they were disintombed, two of them had already passed away to that life in which there are no revolutions, no terrors. A hollow grave had been scooped out for them by their surviving brethren under the floor of the tower. The Château belonged from time immemorial to the Chivalrous house of Montfalcon. The Convent of Poor Clares, next door to us, formed the other half of the castle which was defended by the tower. The present chapter's room was once the grand salon of the Montfalcons. They counted heroes in every generation, and the last of their noble race was a heroine after God's own heart, our darling Theodule. She was born in this room. At the tender age of three, she was bereft of father and mother, and left to the care of her grandfather, whose sight was fast failing him. Being a lone old man, and very learned, he taught her many things; literature, history and music. She had no companions but her grandfather and Leon, the mastiff. Sometimes, while the old man slept, she would send for us to play with her; but that was while she was yet a child. She never forgot those hours, for when her will was opened it was discovered that she had bequeathed this wing of the Château with the tower to us. The other half she gave to the Clarissess. When she was sixteen, her grandfather became hopelessly blind, and after that she seemed to become his tutor. She read for him, played for him, led him every morning to hear the early mass, and walked with him in the garden in the evening. The dog followed them every

where, excepting into the church. He always waited at the door until they came out. Theodule knew nothing of the world, save what she learned from books, and she seemed not to care about anything beyond the walls of the old Château. The young Count de Saxel came often, but he never stayed long. He was always sailing on the lake, or hunting in the woods. But the old man loved him for his innocent cheerfulness, and it was but natural that Theodule should love him too. Whenever he was announced in the garden, Theodule always left her grandfather's side in the arbor, and met him on the bridge of the moat. They were of one age, but at the time of which I speak he seemed much older than she, being bronzed with much exposure. He, too, had received an excellent education in the Jesuits' College at Liege, where he had been placed at the death of his father by his uncle, who was then the Curé of this village. We had always been accustomed to think of Theodule as being beautiful. She was tall and slender. Her hair was fair and streamed in luxuriant profusion over her shoulders. But the loveliness of her face was its pale brightness, all aglow with the light which seemed to shine from her limpid eyes—I know not why, they seemed to be looking at something very far away, and the most vivid recollection I have of her, is that of a tall figure dressed in white, and gazing away out on the lake. On the morning of her twentieth birthday, the young count came and accompanied both to the early mass, and when they left the altar, she was the Countess Theodule de Saxel. There was no noisy rejoicing at the Château in consequence, but there was gladness in the dwellings of the poor, and in the hospitals, for the young count gave great charities on the occasion. The old man, too, signified his happiness at the event, by ordering the

restoration of the tower of the Church, and Theodule placed a crown of golden lilies on the statue of our Lady of the *Oratoire de Savoie*, which stands on the mountain side overlooking the lake. After the marriage of Theodule, the old Château was repaired on the street side, but at the request of the old man, the garden-side and tower were left as they had always been, to the protection of the ivy. The great *salon* was frequently open now, and brilliant entertainments were given. In these entertainments Theodule never left the side of her grandfather, not even when she was requested to play. Her harp was always placed beside her when she sat near him. Though married, she never braided her hair, because it pleased him to touch the tresses and play with them. She never wore the coronet, save at the express wish of her husband and grandfather, and used to say that she wanted no crown but their love. Beyond this, her marriage made little change in her life. She had always been happy, and this change in her life only seemed to give a mellow tinge of perfection to her quiet bliss. She had but one longing before the marriage, and that was, that he would not be so long in coming. Now he was with her, and his devotion to the old man made all three happier still. Nay, let me say *four*, because Leon, regarding himself as the protector of the patriarch and his child, conceived a great attachment towards his young master, particularly because he accompanied his wife and father into the church, whence the laws of propriety had excluded himself, and prevented him from being on duty there, too. "Let me remark homiletically here," continued the old lady with insistence, "that if the young men of our day divested themselves of the irreligious conceit that they have only to accompany their wives once to

the altar, when they pronounce the marriage vows, we would not hear so much of domestic unhappiness and divorce as we do. Thank God, we never married, and we are very happy, are we not, sisters?" The venerable counterparts of herself bowed an affirmative, and she went on. "Well, poor Theodule was destined to be unhappy in this world, albeit the fault was not her husband's. It was simply the will of God, because He loved her, and loving her He chastised her. After her marriage, her young husband frequently persuaded her and the old man to sail with him in a beautiful little yacht, which he called *Theodule*. It was their custom to sail over to Ouchy, and then coast along the Jural shore, and return home with the evening breeze. Their way to the lake led them by the church, but they always entered and prayed awhile. That, too, was a part of the afternoon's amusement. Sometimes the darkness overtook them before they touched the shore at Evian, and then a pale blue light might be seen dancing on the lake, and the villagers knew that it was the *Theodule*, and used to say, "May the good God watch over our Theodule, and those she loves!" One lovely afternoon, towards the end of September, it might have been a year after their marriage, the young count proposed a sail on the lake. "The breeze is up, my Theodule," said he, "and the ride will refresh you, and bring life to your cheeks, for you are pale to-day." She pleaded weakness, but she added, "take my father and Leon with you, Godefroid, and when you are in the Church say a prayer to the 'Happy Mother' for me." He understood the significance of her words and kissed her gently. There was some hesitation in the old man's manner of taking leave of her, and he seemed reluctant to withdraw his thin white hand from its usual resting-place, Theodule's tresses. At

last he arose and said, "I am ready; my son, where is your hand; *au revoir*, ma petite." Now, since his blindness, the old man had never been known to say *au revoir*—until we see each other again. He invariably used the expression of leave-taking, *sans adieu*. It sounded strangely to Theodule, and when they left her she repeated to herself the words of her father "*au revoir*, ma petite: he shall never see me until we meet beyond that gulf where it is all vision. My poor blind father! His memory is going too." But the event proved that the old man had that strange presentiment of the future which reason is impotent to explain. They went into the Church, as was their wont, and Godefroid prayed long and earnestly before the altar of our Lady. Leon waited impatiently at the door. Theodule saw from the arbor the little craft cut loose from its moorings, and she waved her handkerchief as it shot out from the shore in the direction of Ouchy. Godefroid and Leon saw her in the distance, and when the old man was told of it he took off his black velvet cap and waved it. Soon they were out of sight, and Theodule, as was her custom in the evening, repaired to the Church to pray, and the beggars who had congregated around the door against her coming out, said to one another, "our Theodule prays long to-day." But the sun which shone so brightly when the *Theodule* set sail, became overcast with the dark clouds which sprang up in the direction of Ouchy and Vevey, and it was evident that a storm was imminent. When Theodule came out of the Church she looked up at the sky with an air of puzzled alarm, but the poor assured her that it was nothing, and that the *Theodule* had naught to fear. She walked hurriedly to the Château, and passing through the hall, went out into the garden that she might see the lake. It was fearfully agi-

tated, and heaved violently. The *Theodule* was not in sight, and the anxious watcher prayed in her heart that her husband would remain at Ouchy, rather than attempt to recross the lake when there was every evidence of a tempest. The sun was going down behind mountains of ominous, dun-colored clouds, and yet no appearance of the *Theodule*. The wind swept down the lake in all its mightiness, lashing the blue water into a billowy phrensy, and the waves rushed shorewards as if to escape the angry elements, and were dashed to pieces against the abutments. Theodule sat in the summer-house, her hands clasped before her, and heedless of the wind which blew her tresses about her face. Her gaze was riveted on the upheaving expanse before her. How she prayed against seeing the pale blue light of her husband's bark! But it was already far out on the lake, stemming the waves bravely. Was it fancy, or only the reflection in the lake of a solitary star, that glimmered through an opening in the stormy clouds? No, reflection was impossible on those billows. It must have been fancy. But it appeared again, and then vanished from sight like a meteor. Then it arose in a momentary calm, and sent a ray of blue light glimmering towards Evian. "God help the *Theodule*," was the exclamation of the watchers assembled on the landing-pier. Theodule saw the light too, but it was the darkness of despair to her. Her worst fear had been realized. She never moved; the power of action was gone, for her soul was in the storm-beaten boat, and the strength of her arm with the brave fellow who plied the oars with the force of a giant. But human strength was naught against the combined fury of winds and waves. The light disappeared and she never saw it more.

We found her sitting there with her hands clasped before her, but

her head had fallen upon her breast, and we thought her dead. It was only a swoon, and we carried her into the Château and laid her in her bed. For weeks she lay there, in a sort of dreamy unconsciousness, and when she awoke her eyes rested on her own beautiful babe that slept at her side. She knew by our looks that the bodies had not been found. To the amazement of all the village, the dog appeared at the Château on the morning after the storm, carrying a black velvet cap between his teeth. The poor brute had battled with the waves for hours, never releasing his hold of the old man's cap. He carried it home as a souvenir of the dead.

Theodule's boy was the sweetest child of earth, and the village people said he was an angel, sent by the *bon Dieu* to comfort the lovely Theodule. She called him Godefroid. As before her marriage, so now, the garden of the old Château had its three occupants. Only, instead of a blind old man, with long white hair and beard, there was a loving child, with long golden ringlets. Leon was there as usual, but not so frisky. Theodule looked more lovely than ever, but her eyes were not so limpid and bright as before. Sorrow left a shadow there. She had the old way of looking away out upon the lake, and now she shaded her eyes with her hand, and seemed to gaze more intently. The little summer-house was transformed into an oratory, and there she spent most of her time. She was never seen in the town, excepting in the morning when she went to the church. Well, the boy grew up to be a manly little fellow of four. He used to prattle with Theodule the live-long day. He often asked his mother to take him to the grave of Père and Grand Père, but she would shake her head and say, "we can never go there." "But when I die," said the boy, "I shall rest with them, shall I not, Mamma?" "O yes, child, but not

upon this earth," and she would gaze at that spot in the lake, where her heart told her they slept. Let me be brief. That child died. Theodule was never known to speak afterwards. She was seen some weeks after, at the earliest mass in the Church, and from our window we saw her every day in the garden for twenty-five years. She would walk up and down, up and down from the oratory to the bridge of the moat, and I believe she never stood on that bridge without looking towards the lake. She was always accompanied by Leon. A few years after the child went away, the dog became blind, and she seemed to be more attached to him than ever. She would stop often in her beat, and stoop down to caress the scarred head of the poor brute—scars that he received on that eventful night—and once we saw her kiss them. One day she walked in the garden alone, and then we knew that Leon was dead. I am sure that she buried him herself in that corner of the garden to which she used to repair every morning and water some flowers. Beyond her appearance on the bridge of the moat, as she passed into the garden on her way to the oratory, we saw little of her. But she invariably carried a small book in her hand: it seemed to be a prayer-book. But after her death we knew it was the "Following of Christ." And so the years rolled by. She grew old. We saw the tresses that had once been fair, whiten, and the arched brow, so white and perfect, become wrinkled. To the end, she never braided her hair, only in the last fifteen years of her life she wore a hood like a Sister of Mercy. The people spoke of her as a saint. She was charitable to the end, but no one knew of her charities but her old domestic. That she had not lost the power of speech we knew from the fact that she confessed every morning in life to Père Gilbert—God rest him! No

one knew how she lived at home, and no one was ever curious to enter the Château. But we knew that she lived in the past, and dwelt upon its memories, until they became a present to her. The only reality we associated with her present was her piety and her utter loneliness. One night about three years ago, the old domestic came to our house looking very sad. She merely whispered, "it is all over: the last of the Montfalcons is gone. I went to the oratory after sundown to bring her into the house as usual, and I found her with her head resting upon her hand, and she seemed to be looking out at the lake. But the poor eyes grew tired at last, and I saw they were closed." We buried her in the churchyard beside her child, twenty-five years after his death, and thirty after the wreck of the *Theodule*. It was a long time to wait, but she bore her pilgrimage like a Christian heroine. We found, on going through the rooms of the old Château, that nothing had been moved or changed during those thirty years. Everything in her rooms was in its own place of twenty-five and thirty years ago. The child's little crib beside her own bed was snugly made up, and her wardrobe contained the old-fashioned dresses which were worn in those days. The little boy's clothes hung in order with her own. Her husband's and grandfather's rooms had never been changed. The dressing-table of her husband showed that confusion which marks recent use. His watch lay there just as if he had forgotten it in his hurry to be off on the fatal lake. The old man's rosary hung beside his bed, and the crucifix was lying in the very position in which it was found after the catastrophe. All this the old domestic attested, and she said that Theodule had given strict orders that nothing should be removed, and that the rooms should be kept in the same

order, as if the old occupants were expected hourly. There were many curious things to be seen at the sale, and people flocked from all the towns bordering the lake to look at them. Not the least curious was her wardrobe. It was a great store room of old silks and quaint laces, and ruffles, and caps that had been in the family time out of mind. After her death, we came to live in this wing, and the Poor Clares occupy the other side. And now, I have given you Theodule's history. But when you rise to-morrow morning, go down to the little oratory and you will see her biography inscribed on the walls with her own hand. Her sorrows did not alienate her from God.

The exterior of the oratory is simple. There is no evidence of its sacred purpose but the little cross which rises out of the cone roof. It is barely distinguishable among the vines and trees which surround it. The interior contains a little altar, upon which there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. A sanctuary lamp is suspended from the arched ceiling. A little window with a cushioned sill looks out upon the lake. A fire-place, a work table, and a chair. Such is the oratory. But its chief interest is in the inscriptions on the wall. To the reader, who has heard the preceding history, they require no comments. They relate, with pregnant brevity, the sorrows of a lonely woman, and at the same time show a spirit of union with God, and resignation to His will, which characterize souls that aim at perfection. On the wall, left of the altar, in large painted characters, there is the following: "Fortune! Infortune! Th. de S." On the other side of the altar there is another

inscription, which shows that she was not a senseless victim of misfortune, and that she knew how to turn her trials to account before God.

"Si je suis victime,
Je ne suis tontefois
Pas dupe—Th. de S."

I may be a victim, but I am not therefore a dupe. Farther on she leaves a touching record of the death of her child:

"Quoique dorée sur ses bors,
La coupe de la vie
A parn trop amère
À l'enfant, et il a détourné la tête:
Th. de S."

Though gilded its edge, the cup of life seemed too bitter to the boy, and he turned his head aside.

In another sentence, she appeals to God, and asks Him to take her sorrows into consideration when about to judge her.

"Mon Dieu! Comptez les douleurs,
Et mettez les en balance! Th. de S."

My God! count my sorrows, and throw them into the balance. Farther on she comes to a final conclusion in her meditations on the lot of man here below, and convinces herself of the profound truth expressed by Chateaubriand, whose words she inscribes on the wall:

"Il en est de douleurs,
Comme des patries—
Chacon a la sienne."

It is with sorrow, as with country—everybody has his own.

To this outpouring of a sorrowful yet noble soul, the stranger subscribed.

There are heroes and heroines in this life whose biographies are unwritten in books, but the Recording Angel above chronicles their sufferings in letters of glory, and joyfully reads them out at the final reckoning.

LITERATURE IN ITS RELATIONS WITH RELIGION.

In an age in which Literature daily claims to exercise more of social power, it seems desirable to ascertain what are its chief relations to that for which society, no less than the individual, exists—Religion. On the present occasion we do not profess to treat this great theme in its completeness. While putting forward what seem to us important truths, it is necessary to remark that certain converse statements might also be made with truth. It is not in one mode only, but in several—and these of a very different character—that Religion and Literature affect each other. The same remark applies to many things beside. For example, true patriotism finds its highest support and sanction in religion; while yet it is certain that one of the most forcible charges brought in early times against Christianity was that it exercised an influence unfavorable to patriotism; an influence which indeed it must ever exert against the sentiment as understood by the mere worldly mind. So, again, friendships of an ardent character may be favorable at one period to a man's religious condition, and yet at a more advanced period of religious progress may exercise a retarding influence upon it. In affirming that it is in religion that literature finds its noblest inspiration and its steadiest support, we neither deny that religion may at certain periods tend also to supersede literature, nor would we conceal the fact that it has always exercised, unless its just authority has been disowned, a restraining as well as a protecting power over its noble nursling.

Still less do we mean to imply that literature has ever acquitted

itself of its debt to religion. However high its claims may be, its responsibilities must rise in the same proportion. They have never been frankly met and adequately discharged by the fully-developed literature of any period. No nation yet has produced a literature worthy of being called Christian, as a whole; and during long periods the literature of more nations than one has been Pagan, and sometimes worse than Pagan. In modern times governments have more often made a religious confession than literatures have done so; and it is well known how wide, at best, has commonly been in their case the interval between the confession and the performance. The Christian Faith and the Christian Church have encountered no more envenomed enmities than in the diseased literatures that have hung over diseased nations, like a mist over a swamp. Should an opportunity of discussing that part of the subject present itself, it will not be difficult to show that there are two great main causes whence proceed the prevarications which have so often changed letters into a curse; and that these are no other than those two great seductions by which individual souls have also been most desolated, viz: Sensuality and Pride; the former chiefly affecting the literature of southern nations, and the latter that of northern. Literature has, like man, its Original Sin, which is ever the prolific source of transgressions in detail, and still more abundantly of omissions. But it has also, like man, its heavenly origin, and its *mens melior*. The brighter theme is that which now lies before us; but it must ever be remembered that the eleva-

tion which literature in its ideal form may justly claim is the severest condemnation of its shortcomings and rebellions. Literature has often been false to religion, but never without being false to itself at the same time ; often noxious to society, especially in the periods of its false glories, but never without being likewise suicidal.

Taking, then, literature in its highest sense, as the recorded and careful utterance of men and of nations, their selectest and most harmonized yet spontaneous utterance, when dealing with those problems the vital importance of which, as well as their nearness to our sympathies, compel utterance, what is the origin of literature? Many persons, especially in modern times, would refer that origin to mere love of excitement, to the instinct of activity, or to intellectual vanity. Others would attribute it to sources not more elevated; and they would have spoken too often with a show of reason. Yet assuredly we are not to form our judgment of anything from its degradations chiefly. To estimate it aright, we must contemplate it in the light of that idea which determines its true character.

If we would know the true origin of literature, we have but to bear in mind the origin of human intellect itself. That intellect is the attribute of a creature made in the Divine Image; and it is the faculty through which his whole being is irradiated with light and truth. It could never have been intended, therefore, to occupy itself chiefly with material objects. The first man walked with his Creator, and all things in this world were made subject to him. It was not assuredly among those inferior things that his thoughts had mainly to dwell. The lower world of sensible objects constituted but a minor part of the sphere which he contemplated, and of the world of spirit which was his proper domain.

home. Contemplating them with this piercing insight, he saw, through them, their inner meanings; and his eye was not permanently stayed upon the outward form. No book was needed then, for Creation itself, transparent in the symbolical language of its divinely-ordered forms, lay as a volume ever open beneath the eye of its new-created lord. Where his descendants spell out feebly a letter or a syllable in that language, he read the words in clear succession. He found in Creation an image of the Uncreated Word; and all that he read in nature's face was a hymn to her Maker's praise. As the unfallen man saw, so he spake. Nature was a divine language, through which the Creator revealed Himself to His creature. Language became conversely the voice by which all nature, speaking through man, her representative and high priest, offered up to her Creator the tribute of her confession and veneration. We are told that when God made all His creatures pass before the eyes of their new master, that master assigned to them names. He could have done so only in virtue of an insight which described in each creature its proper character, and of an impulse through which he attested and stamped in words the character so described. In this act we find the type of all human language, and of literature as the selectest and most developed product of language. Even in his fallen condition it has ever been given to man, and to him alone of mortal creatures, to discern the interior meaning and essential character of the objects that surround him, and of events as they passing through the sense and reacting on the spirit; and to express a language that he has so perceived. Among the objects of a new outward world that came before him, there were some that were like

His noblest language has been the translation of material objects into their spiritual representatives taken from the region of thought. His highest literature has therefore been the sigh of the captive, or the song of the wayfarer on his pilgrimage. He has ever felt things above him to be nearer than things around him, and things below him to be his, only when raised to his level by a transforming power that made them cease to be mere material objects.

To sum up what has been said—Creation itself stood forth to unfallen man the primary *revelation* of that Creator in whose Image he was made. The radiant scroll needed no interpreter so long as man looked upon it with eyes invigorated by the unblunted light of supernatural grace. When he became a rebel against that high grace, the lower part of his nature rebelled against the higher. Intelligence, disowning faith, was dethroned by the passions. A cloud rose up between man's eyes and the universe. That universe hung before him as an orb in eclipse, clad in darkness, with disastrous and minatory aspect. Nature, no longer an open volume, needed an interpreter. Literature became its interpreter. Her mission was comparatively an humble one, for it was with nature chiefly that she dealt; yet to her, too, was accorded, so far as she was faithful to her trust, a gracious aid, calling past things to her recollection, and also leading her on into truth. In science and in song her assiduous labor was to interpret aright the dubious aspects of nature, and make clear that mirror which had once reflected the Divine Countenance. That she did not labor wholly in vain is the testimony both of profane and of sacred letters.

However the empiric or mere man of the world may smile at a philosophy which, in endeavoring to trace literature back to its source,

is not content till it has mounted to those high and luminous tablelands on which heaven and earth seem to meet, nothing is more certain than that we have no choice except between such an estimate of it and one that is in essence materialism. We may follow whichever we prefer of two distinct lines of thought; but we must also reach its close. An Epicurean or a Cynical philosophy (the latter being but the former turned sour) must needs form an Epicurean or a Cynical theory of literature. The path which they prescribe will lead us down a swift descent, and trace literature to a stagnant source amid the flats of our sensual nature. Such a theory would be plausible were all literature like that which has been corrupted by the two chief diseases already referred to, which prey upon it,—sensuality and pride. But were that theory a true one, assuredly literature would have won for herself no permanent place among the Humanities. Humanity is not mere mortality. It is that common ground of being in which an immortal spirit stands united to mortal clay. Whatever, therefore, belongs to the Humanities, must deduce its origin from a region in which the immortal part of our nature is adequately represented. So considered, its defections and aberrations will constitute but a single instance of that battle which, with alternate successes and defeats, has ever been waged between the higher and the lower portions of man's nature. If literature be, in its archetypal form and its nobler aspirations, a lesser temple, in which all that belongs to the larger temple of the creation stands epitomized and claims reverence, then indeed we may well grant that the contrast is painful when we look in upon the defilements with which the inner chambers of that temple have been so often debased. This may be granted; but what does it

amount to, except what would have been anticipated not only by Christianity, but by a philosophy which recognized a conflict between the better mind in man and the corruption which clogs its every movement? The marvel admitted, it is surely not more marvelous than that the fanes of religion herself should in old times have sunk into a house of idols, or that, where an authentic religion was maintained, and hard by the precinct of the sacrifice, the money-changers should have possessed themselves of the Temple.

The most exalted estimate of literature is the only one which leaves it any rational place to occupy in the system of things. For what is literature but the speech of man reduced to method and recorded? and what is speech but the utterance of man's soul? It is the soul that speaks; the body but supplies the mechanical instrumentality. Genuine literature, then, must be yet more inwardly the work of the soul, since there is more of forethought about it than accompanies ordinary speech. Once more: if speech be the utterance of man's soul, upon what subjects does that soul utter itself? It can find but three: the world around us, that is, nature; the world within us; and the world above us. In discoursing of outward objects, as Divine Providence makes them pass successively before the eyes of the individual, or of the whole race, we too, as has already been remarked, like our first parent when the animal creation passed before him, have to assign to them "names." These names, or descriptions, what are they but the account rendered by the human intelligence of the visible objects around it—of their meaning, their functions, and their end? The chief of these objects is Man. We see the radiant apparition emerge out of darkness and pass once more into darkness. We see the child

with his playthings, and, ambushed near him, the task he cannot elude, the destiny that never averts its eye from him. We see the youth with a world for his plaything; and, insurgent all around him, a storm of passions, any one of which is competent to create or obliterate a world. We see the man with his many labors, yet not deserted by the heavenly guardian of his youth; and lastly the wrinkled being, feeble as childhood, and evanescent like a dying melody. Through the mirror of our intelligence the vision passes in mournful transit. We give it a name; and that name is, *philosophy*. We gaze again. This time it is not an individual that passes before us, but a race. In long procession its successive changes follow each other beneath our ken. It is a family; it has become a tribe; it grows into a clan; it swells into a people; it is matured into a nation; it expands itself into an empire. All its chances pass before us: the internal strife and the external; the sufferings that were but growing pains, and the wound that nothing could heal; the prosperity that rewarded industry; the feebleness that followed prosperity; vice, and the suicide that vice ends in; the decay, and the dissolution. The vision has passed; we give it a name; that name is *history*. Or the vision is of Nature, with her numberless angel-like ministrations—her awakening fountains, her shades, her mountains, her inspiring billows and overawing caves. Every one of these, as it passes, has its special gift to man—a cheering influence for the weary, a benign calm for the tumultuous, a shield for the timid, a summons to the brave, an oracle to the vigilant intelligence. As these ministrations pass before us we give them names; and those names are *poetry*. The largest description, the most varied illustration, are still but names expanded; and in them lurks a power which

reminds us how nearly allied are *nomen* and *numen*,—that gods have been Names, and that Names have wielded godlike might.

The necessity for so naming them is deduced from the essentials of human nature. Without so naming and knowing them, we should be cut off from all practical intercourse with outward objects; or rather the intercourse of man with nature would be reduced to that between the slave and his lord. The less we knew of nature, the less we should be able to master nature through her laws; and the more, consequently, we should, through our physical necessities, be mastered by her. If, then, man's speech as regards the external and visible world, be an interpreting power, without which the due relations between man and nature would be reversed, need we ask whether it be necessary that that speech be a true speech, and that the "names" which he assigns to surrounding objects be in harmony with their real nature? The need of a true and worthy speech is yet greater when the office of language is to reveal the world within us than when it has but to interpret the outer sphere; and is greater in the same proportion as the world of thought excels in dignity the world of the senses. Still higher becomes the necessity for an adequate speech, when it relates neither to nature nor to finite spirit, but to the infinite, the eternal, and the absolute. Human speech, then, whether it deals with the world around, within, or above us, or with the mutual relations in which the objects of these three worlds stand to each other, is a function and a franchise belonging primarily to man's spiritual being; and to exercise it with reverence is an essential condition of really exercising it at all. Man's speech belongs to the animal part of man's being only when it has been perverted from its true office, and when its marvelous

and transcendent origin, functions, and destinies have been surrendered "in sad metempsychosis to the brute." It is not wonderful that he should deal with the divine gift of speech as he has too often dealt with the other attributes of his nature; or that a low philosophy, founded on a low practice, should in the one case, as in the other, exercise its ingenuity in deducing what belongs to man's spiritual being from an origin merely material.

We all know the theory, equally remarkable for the skepticism and the credulity it displays, by which a certain class of materialistic philosophers account for the origin of human language. They find it more easy to believe that mankind invented language and grammar, or that the pile built itself up by gradual accretions, than to believe that speech constituted a part of man's original being—a divine gift ministering to a divine end. How, previously to the use of language, there existed among men that concert necessary in order to carry out this great conspiracy in favor of civilization; or how, upon the theory of progressive accretion, it was found possible to build, when there existed no first stone on which to lay the second, they omit to state. These do not exceed, however, the difficulties we have to encounter in the defence of the analogous theory respecting literature—such a theory, namely, as would make it but an ingenious contrivance, proceeding chiefly from the lower part of man's nature; not the utterance of his total being, the spontaneous voice of his intellect, imagination, and soul, the higher being the predominating influence. Indeed, all that has been said respecting the origin and office of speech itself applies with undiminished force to literature. If speech finds its origin in body, we need not suppose literature to be properly the voice of the soul. If the one

was intended but to amuse us, or enable us to transact our external affairs, so doubtless was the other. If truth be not essentially connected with the origin and function of speech, or if Truth itself can exist as a mere material veracity, without a support from what is spiritual in man, then literature must share the degradation of speech: it too must be free to give to all objects spurious names; it may reason rightly or wrongly, as it pleases; it may lift up the heart of man to his native region and heavenly home, or labor like a drudge in the palace-prison of the baser appetites. But if we reject this theory, which without the aid of philosophic pretensions approves itself at corrupt periods of literature to the logic of man's instincts, then we must be consistent in our turn. We are by no means called on to believe that literature should concern itself with its more exalted themes alone. We may even hold that to confound the provinces of literature and religion is the gravest injury to both; but notwithstanding we must attribute to literature a spiritual origin, and a scope consistent with that origin. If neither directly nor indirectly it contributes to the moral elevation of man,—if it maintains no harmony, however remote, with his spiritual being,—literature must be accounted but the incontinent babble of nations.

But to vindicate the exalted origin of literature we are not thrown exclusively upon speculation. We have distinct evidence on the subject from three other sources beside—from revelation, from history, and from practical influences daily at work around us. We know upon a divine testimony that every good and perfect gift comes from above. Among such gifts, that which trains the intelligence of man, and so largely affects his social relations, must surely have a place; nor can it more efficaciously come to us

from above than by descending upon our daily life through the more elevated part of our being. Next to religion, literature is a nation's light: if that light becomes darkness, the darkness is deep indeed; but if it remains a light defying the storm, and not stifled even when in part deflected by the gross vapors around it, why may we not say of it that it comes from the "Father of lights?" Its original dignity is attested by the fact that God Himself, in giving a revelation to man, selected Letters as one of the two great instrumentalities through which that revelation was perpetuated. As among institutions He created one institution, the Church, and secured it by His indwelling Spirit from the frailties which subvert all institutes beside, so likewise in the midst of the various literatures of the nations He built up one literature, the inspired Scriptures of His elect people, and secured it, through the same Spirit, from the errors that affect all literatures beside. But in both cases alike what He has done has been effected, not by visibly miraculous agencies, strange as angelic interventions, but by the consecration of elements that already existed, and by a gift sealing them against contamination. As the Church is human society itself, divinely recast in the mould of the second Adam,—the antetype and sanction of all societies, from the earliest bond of clanship to the noblest development of national existence,—so is it likewise with the inspired volume; and sacred literature, while it supplies the defects, corrects the errors, and directs the forces of all literature beside, attests at the same time its dignity by sharing, while it redeems its nature. The word "Bible" means the *Book*. In it alone the genuine office of books is expounded to us. Nations, and secular literatures, belong alike but to the natural order; but in that in-

ferior order they are images respectively of the Church and of the Bible. Their true significance and lofty origin are disclosed to us by the unblemished creations which they represent; and with that significance, of course, their shortcomings are disclosed no less.

On this subject—the elevated origin of literature—history speaks plainly, whether we consider Hebrew literature or that of the Gentile world. Every department of letters mixes itself up historically either with inspired documents, or at least with sacred traditions. Among the Hebrews, literature not only stood connected with revelation, but was identified with it, the uninspired portion of it being little more than an expansion of the inspired. Where a revealed literature challenged the chosen nation, there a merely human literature fell into a subordinate place; and though it existed, it existed but as a satellite, less illuminating than irradiated by the central orb. Among the Hebrews poetry flowed from an inspired source. Shaken in musical triumph from the cymbal of Mary the sister of Aaron, an earlier Magnificat, it sounded the pæan of a nation's deliverance:—passing over the harp of the royal minstrel, it carried with it every emotion that could stir the religious soul, from the princely spirit of confirmed faith and love to the humblest sigh of love made known in penitence. If we seek for philosophy and ethics, we have but to turn to the Prophets, in whom we find a truth in its nakedness stronger than it could be in armor, and of a dignity which exceeds what it could derive from the court-robes of a stately rhetoric; a truth so pure that every isolated text sparkles like a gem; so piercing that every verse has a message for each of us; so manifold that as often as we study it from a new point of view we find in it a new

meaning; so unostentatious that in the dry statement of a fact there lurks more of suggested wisdom than in piles of labored argument. If we seek for history, we find here the only complete one which the human race possesses. In it we follow a nation, in many respects the great type of nationality, from its earliest origin in the family to its more enlarged existence, through all the successive stages of the tribe, the commonwealth, and the monarchy. In this history alone the breast of a nation lies transparent before us: we trace action and suffering to their secret springs; we weigh contingencies in a balance not human but divine; we measure the deeds and fortunes of men by a measuring-rod taken from the sanctuary; our attention is not stayed upon secondary instrumentalities, but is directed at once to primary causes; and we learn that a nation's strength is from above, and that adversity is at once the consequence of unrighteousness, its punishment, and, when rightly used, its indulgence and expiation.

Hebrew history is not only the sole complete, but the sole true history possessed by man. To what does it owe this distinction? Not solely to the fact of its being an inspired, but also to that of its being a religious history. Looking forth on the vast and various field of human action, it selects the true *point of view*. In all history alike the facts narrated must ever bear but a small proportion to those omitted. The truth of history must therefore depend largely upon two conditions: (1) the adoption of a right principle in the selection of facts recorded, and (2) the use of a right method in the grouping of these facts. These two conditions necessarily presuppose that the historian has occupied an eminence sufficiently lofty to command the whole field of human relations. It is in religion that history finds that

eminence ; for religion alone "looks before and after," seeing causes and consequences in one, and clasping the total destinies of man. Were it possible to write a universal history, it would by necessity prove a religious history; for while each separate nation has its special character and proper interest, religion is that universal element which belongs to them all. That which would prove the sole common interest in the history of the world must needs be likewise the supreme interest in the history of each nation. Hebrew history, in making religion its vantage-ground, selects a point of view the opposite of that which the world selects, but selects also the only true one, elevation and truth being in such matters substantially one; and while the worldly historians present us with a lively and dramatic picture of that which *seems*, religion alone exhibits the steadfast image of that which *is*. It vindicates the true idea of history—an idea to which the monastic chroniclers, though without the advantages of inspiration, have at least had the merit of being faithful. The connection, then, between Hebrew history and religion is not to be regarded merely as an incidental fact of past times; but as one of those instances in which the true function of an art stands revealed by its highest exemplar. The religious character of Jewish history indicates to us what *literature* requires as well as faith.

The books of Moses illustrate the essential connection between literature and religion with yet more significance than the rest of the Hebrew canon, because they include the earliest traditions of the human race, and thus disclose to us the earliest movements of the human mind. The circumstance that these books are inspired detracts nothing from the significance (relatively to the subject of our inquiry) of the fact that in them we find the noblest

specimens of poetry, of philosophy, and of history. The various departments of literature do not lose their proper nature, because in those books they are "clothed upon" with a more celestial nature, and named by new and nobler names. In them poetry soars into hymn and thanksgiving psalm; and philosophy is divinely informed by theology. In them history mounts to the highest ground of sacred record, and seems often to touch upon the border-land of parable; because those earliest records became *inclusively* parables of God's dealings with man, from the circumstance of their being the most typical memorials of man, and, as such, preserved when the rest were lost. There is perhaps no book which so memorably illustrates the religious origin of literature as the book of Job, by some accounted the oldest of all books. In it poetry, philosophy, and history, not only exist in their highest forms and most unfallen purity, but they coexist and interpenetrate each other; thus representing that original unity of literature which existed when literature and religion were blended like light and heat in the sun's ray—long before the white beam had been passed through a prism, and in its division had given rise to the various departments of letters.

But we have yet another witness to summon. The evidence of history respecting the religious origin of literature is hardly less plain when we turn to the Pagan literature of the ancient world. In Egypt, and in various countries of Asia, the earliest if not the only literature seems to have been religious. It was what was needed as an accompaniment of religious rites, or it transmitted in a legendary form at once the chief ideas of religion and the chief records of the nation. Such was the case likewise in the earliest Sanskrit literature. In it the basis of all learning is laid in

theology; the drama itself, as in the instances of *Sacontala* and the mystic *Christna*, being a nursling of the temple. In China, as in India, the earliest literature, like the earliest legislation, rests on a religious foundation. In Greece, above all, where the human intellect reached its utmost development, literature found its origin on the heights of religion. The earliest Greek poets, whose works have for the most part perished, were mystics who in hymn and legend celebrated the marvels of the unseen world, or interpreted the dark ways of nature to man. Such, from what is recorded of *Orpheus*, of *Musæus*, and of *Linus*, we may believe to have been the original Grecian conception of poetry and its office. No poet is more human-hearted than *Homer*; yet, though the higher ideas of the Pagan religion are said to have been sensualized in his familiar song, and the transmitted truths to have lost much of their spirituality, it is not the less true that he could not sing of men without singing of a divine power too; that human life, as set forth by him, is a struggle between visible and invisible forces; that however he may incite to vain-glory or flatter unworthy passions, yet valour, patriotism, hospitality, and many a virtue beside, are also enforced with a religious sanction; and that, according to his teaching, an earthly life, cheerful, generous, and devout, was but the prelude to immortal existence. In *Hesiod* the supernatural holds a yet larger place. We know him chiefly as a writer on the nature of the gods; nor is it possible to read such narratives as belong to his theogony without perceiving that beneath the veil of allegory the Grecian mythology preserved and embodied numberless momentous truths. So deeply was this felt by *Lord Bacon*—no extravagant admirer of the ancients, and the great pioneer of a philosophy very differ-

ent from theirs—that he devoted one of his most remarkable works, less known than it deserves to be, entitled “*The Wisdom of the Ancients*,” to the elucidation of the mythological legends, in which he discovered innumerable illustrations of religious, of social, and even of political problems.

To appreciate, however, the mythological department of Grecian literature, the origin and root of the whole, it is by no means sufficient to regard the ancient fables merely as symbols of recondite truths arrived at by the contemplative faculty of man. The truths thus emblemized were a portion of that primal Revelation bestowed by God on the human race. The original patriarchal religion, we must ever remember, was in essence the Christian religion; though the great Mediation and Sacrifice which connects the two was regarded by the one in anticipation, and is contemplated by the other in retrospect. Thus religion was ever founded on a faith in the promised Messiah; and in it the doctrine of the Trinity was adumbrated, if not revealed. How many other Christian ideas it contained we may infer, not only from Judaism, but in part even from Paganism. In proportion as the Fall continued to bring forth its fruits, the primeval religion corrupted itself. It became encrusted with the superstitions of an idolatrous fancy, and it loosened its grasp of that authentic teaching originally confided to it. The same Babylonian confusion took place by degrees in religion as had taken place in language, and the various Pagan religions remained but the broken dialects of what had once been a single and authentic speech. The various nations preserved best the great truths which were most in harmony with the character of each, losing sight of the rest; and among them that chosen people upon which God had set His seal, that it might be a wit-

ness against the growing corruption, stood sole and apart, holding in their unity, and exempt from error, the truths which the Gentiles held in separation, and withstanding the Gentile tendency to idolatry.

Our theme at present is only with this, the nobler side of Pagan mythology. We must never, however, forget that there was a darker side to it, on which it was the especial duty of the early martyrs and fathers, who contended with a paganism but half dead, to insist. Evil spirits had taken possession of the Gentile shrines. They had turned to their own account both the deepest instincts and the most sacred traditions of man, and thus rendered themselves the objects of an idolatrous worship. It has always been through good perverted, not through pure evil, that the spirits of delusion have worked. It is thus also that, in the modern Gentile world, where the national principle has burst loose from the sheltering restraint of the religious, heresies are founded, not upon pure error, but on great truths, *usurped*, as it were, distorted, and separated from the parent stem. It is not, however, with this momentous part of the subject that we have now to deal.

The reason the religious origin of Greek literature has been so imperfectly appreciated, is doubtless to be found in a kindred error respecting Greek mythology. Those who in that mythology perceive nothing but the absurdities or superstitions which lie on its surface, could not be expected to recognize the religious side of a literature derived from such a source. The error, however, has produced other and more dangerous consequences. It is a fact that the Pagan religions contained many high ideas, if not principles, which are to be found also in the Christian; and this fact is of course one which required to be accounted for. An infidel philosophy accounted for it by sup-

posing that Christianity stood on the same level with the Pagan religions, and was, like them, to be referred to superstition and imposture. Into this error fell such writers as Middleton, who, by way of assailing the Church, had insisted on the obvious analogy between some of her ceremonies and various Pagan rites, and who did not perceive that the argument must go further than they intended, since the resemblance in question does not affect the ceremonial only of the Church, but many of the chief ideas authoritatively put forth in her teaching; and especially the great ideas of Sacrifice, of an Incarnation, of an ascetic life, of immortality, and of retribution. The difficulty which an infidel philosophy thus accounted for is of course to Christian philosophy no difficulty at all. The Christian Scriptures expressly tell us that Man was originally one family, and possessed one religion, which was his by revelation. They tell us, moreover, that that religion, and the sacrifices which constituted its worship, were based upon the primal promise respecting the "Seed of the Woman;" and that the full development of that religion was reserved for a time far later than that of its first revelation. Lastly, they tell us that all the races of mankind corrupted their ways; and that owing to that circumstance, and with a view to their restoration, it was necessary to separate a single family from the rest of mankind, and make it the depositary of pure religion. These three statements being admitted as the Christian hypothesis, it is plain that such a resemblance as exists between the Pagan religions and the Christian is the strongest attestation to its truth, and one the more valuable since it is derived, not only from an independent, but from an adverse witness. But it is plain no less that, in proportion as an exalted

origin is thus attributed to the great main ideas of the Pagan religions, however distorted, the religious character of Classical literature is likewise vindicated. In all countries alike, from Greece, with its classic imagination, to the wildest dreams of Scandinavian Scald, early literature clustered itself around those ideas which supported the national worship. If, then, the primary ideas connected with each national worship were largely deduced, in spite of manifold corruptions, from the stem of the original revelation vouchsafed to man, it follows that in every nation, literature, as well as worship, was a broken dialect deflected from the patriarchal religion.

To its origin in religious traditions we are to attribute the fact that Greek literature began with its poetry. The same fact is noticeable in other literatures also, and is to be referred to the same cause, viz., that poetry lends itself most easily to religious purposes, though in its perversions it becomes the most insidious enemy of religion, because its most plausible rival. It is thus, too, that we are to account in no small part for the permanent and universal interest that attaches to Greek poetry. The charm of a fairy tale soon passes away; nor do the wildest marvels of romance attract the imagination long, for we soon discover the soundness of the saying, "Truth is more marvelous than fiction." That which imparts a permanent value to the legends of Greek poetry is not the wonderfulness of the fiction, but the universality of the truth veiled under fiction. The mysteries of which it sings are the deep things of the human heart, and the sphinx-like problems of nature, which man feels that he must solve or die. If Saturn, who devours his own children, means Time, as Lord Bacon affirms, and if Jupiter, his son, who dethrones him, means knowledge, is

not the warfare between time and knowledge a warfare that concerns us, as well as those who lived in the olden days? If that bright-haired divinity who harmonized heaven with his lyre, and was the lord at once of prophecy and of the healing art—if he be indeed the witness to the universal desire of mankind, and to their belief in a greater Power, whose dwelling is light unapproachable, whose voice is the harmony of all worlds, but whose utterance condescends likewise to be the voice of prophecy and helpful counsel, and whose light "carries healing on its wings," is not this mythus more near to the heart of man than the facts that start up around us each day? Let us glance at the fable of Hercules. If that heroic deliverer, whose human birth belied his high descent; who in his cradle strangled the serpents sent to torment him by his mother's foe; whose matchless yet solitary labors built cities, slew monsters, reclaimed wastes; who crossed the sea in the frailest of barques, and died amid flames on the mountain-top, a dread and mystic sacrifice—if he indeed records the belief of mankind in a deliverer greater than Alcmena's son, who was to bruise the serpent's head, to conquer the world's monsters by labors and by sufferings, to pass over the troubled sea of time in the fragile barque of a mortal nature, and to ascend to a higher heaven from the altar of a higher sacrifice,—is not this fable then a matter "which comes home to the business and bosoms of men?"

Looking thus on Greek poetry as the literary expansion of transmitted religious truths—high, though far deflected from their original rectitude—its permanent power over us is accounted for, not by the weakness of the human mind, but by the strength of the human aspirations. But, it will be asked, how does this estimate apply to Greek

literature in its onward progress—the drama, for instance? When the Muse entered the theatres, did she not leave the temples far behind? Was not the stage the arena of the passions, not the precinct of any sacred power? The answer is triumphant. On the contrary, the tragic theatre was the temple of a mystic divinity. The chorus that moved around in stately and sometimes threatening dance was the choir that celebrated his praise. During the whole performance the incense-wreaths ascended from his altar which stood in the midst. It is but a vulgar conception of Bacchus to look on him as merely the god of wine. He was the divinity of all sombre and tragic passion; he was supposed to awaken in man's breast those affections which, once rolled forth from their caverns, ran in the channels shaped for them by the Destinies; his wine-floods represented the dark blood of the earth, as it moved sluggishly forth from its icy cells, and then bounded to the bosom of the great maternal goddess and warmed itself in the sun. The Greek, whose mercurial temperament enjoyed pleasure itself only when it was not a bond, looked with awe upon "the seriousness of *Passion*," and made it the harbinger of calamity and the minister of fate. While the dreadful tale of an *Cædipus* or of an *Antigonè* was represented, the spectators bore witness in their fears to the power of a warning Muse; and the divinity who presided over *Passion* received thus at once a celebration and a sacrifice. But if the tragic stage was the triumph of the passions, it was yet more signally the triumph *over* passion. There was exhibited nothing to allure, but much to rebuke and to dismay. To purify the soul by pity and by terror was, as the great Greek critic tells us, the function of tragedy; and the end of that art, as of sculpture, was to impress upon the soul thus warned and pur-

ified a majestic calm. The Greek tragic theatre had nothing in common with ours except the name; and if we would understand it, we must seek a parallel to it less in histrionic performances than in religious celebrations. It stood half-way between a devout solemnity and a popular celebration. The labors of a whole people raised up the mighty building on the slopes of the Acropolis. High above it hung the temples of the gods and the fortress of the mother city, decorated with all the trophies of war and peace. Below, and visible to view, spread the purple sea and the *Ægean* isles; thirty thousand spectators occupied the marble seats; and as they fixed their eyes in silence upon the scene, they seemed to witness at once some mystery of the world unseen and some fateful crisis at which the destiny of their country had been decided.

Nor did the Greek tragedy admit at all times the admixture of a mortal with a spiritual interest. The tragedy of "*Prometheus*" is as exclusively a religious mystery as though it had been cast in the mould of mythic legend or hymn. The struggle between the great Titan and the father of the gods is perhaps the profoundest of the Greek religious allegories. Coleridge has selected it as the great poetic illustration of ancient philosophy, and explained, in a disquisition of singular interest, the meaning of the mythus. In it he finds an anticipation of our latest philosophic attempts, and, in his estimation, discoveries; insisting upon it that the fire from heaven, stolen by the Titan for man's behoof, denoted that "pure reason," which he so constantly contrasted with the "faculty that judges by sense." This is a question which could not be pursued here without leading us too far from our present discussion; but the "*Prometheus*" is in itself a sufficient vindication of the lofty origin of Greek tragedy, setting forth, as it does, the heroic suffering of a being

more than mortal. Nor did the supernatural theme of that work indicate in its author aught that incapacitated him for those poetic labors more directly connected with the political destinies of his country. The poet of the "Prometheus" is the poet of the "Persæ" too. The tragic poet who more than any other meditated on religious mysteries was the same who fought in the Persian war.

The connection between religion and true patriotism is very close, often as a corrupt patriotism has rebelled against religion. In Greek religion the Divine Power was ever worshiped as the "protector of the city;" and in the parent state, with its temple-crowned Acropolis, the Greek beheld that to which he clung with a religious as well as a patriotic love. To him it was not given to behold that universal Kingdom which is the antetype and consecration of all true nationality, and the "patria" of all who are still "in via;" but he revered at least what to him was a dim type of it; and, looking up to his country as a sacred thing, he counted it among his first duties to vindicate her freedom, while he venerated her laws. It was this religious struggle for the freedom of their country which elicited among the Greeks the highest development of the poetic faculties. That struggle finally consummated in the complete rout of the Persians; the energies enkindled by it had to seek another language than that of action. A new literature burst forth; and the memory of heroic deeds became the soul of heroic books. The last trumpet-thrill of war mingled with the first breath of new but manly melodies. Tragedy walked the stage with a warrior's step; and the Muse of Æschylus dipped her foot in the blood of the invader before she ascended to the throne reserved for her. Such is the connection which ever exists between high poetry and noble deeds; and so close is the

bond between noble deeds and that religious sentiment which inspires them.

To estimate aright either such deeds or the poetry that sang them, we must ever bear in mind the difference between Pagan and Christian times. The Greek had sometimes his face turned to the light, when acting in a manner in which a Christian could not act without turning his face to eternal night. What to a Christian means "the world," to a Greek was often that mother city, to die for which was to him what he counted martyrdom. To gain her praise and that of his fellow-citizens did not in him always mean vain glory. It was the sacrifice of self, of ease and of pleasure, for that commendation which seemed to him the outward authentication of the interior voice of conscience. The relative position of Christian and Pagan requires a process of transposition to be rendered intelligible.

The philosophic literature of Greece, not less than the poetic, attests the same great truth respecting the origin of letters in religion. The subject is too large a one to be illustrated except by a single conspicuous example. Plato, the greatest of ancient philosophers, was also the most religious. Even in Christian times he has retained the title of "the Divine;" nor is there any other writer of antiquity in whom so close an approximation to Christianity is to be found. Its religious character is the great "note" of Plato's philosophy. He could find no reality for the outward universe except by referring the visible objects that surround us to their archetypes in the Divine Mind. He could accept no other test and measure for right and wrong, for good and for evil, except the witness of an inner law, immutable and eternal, testifying to a Divine Lawgiver. A shadow even of the doctrine of the Trinity has been found in his works, so far as philo-

sophic conjecture may run parallel with religious faith; yet so little did he mistake the one for the other, that he asserted the necessity of a revealed religion, affirming that if God was to be certainly made known to man, it could only be through a divine revelation of Himself; and that such a revelation was rather to be expected than despaired of.

In the days of modern Transcendentalists, as in those of the Alexandrian schools, attempts have been made to found an argument against Revelation upon the Platonic "anticipations" of Christianity; for the enemies of Religion are always assailing her with weapons snatched from her own armory; yet it is not the less probable that the Platonic philosophy contributed more than aught beside of human origin to attest the claims of the inspired Scriptures, and extend the reign of her who has "the heathen for her inheritance."

How are we to account for the religious character of Plato's philosophy? There are three considerations which will assist in explaining it. First, it was not in itself unlikely that the loftiest philosophic intelligence, if uncorrupted by pride, would be that one most in harmony with religious truths. The divine image in man, grievously as it was dimmed, was not wholly obliterated by the Fall; thus it was natural that in proportion as the moral aspirations were high, and the philosophic insight keen, the nearer approach should be made to that truth for which man was originally created. Secondly, it is probable that in Plato we possess the sifted and purest traditions from the more spiritual schools of Greek philosophy, and from that yet earlier age when philosophy was most religious. The teaching of Plato was the teaching of Socrates; and Socrates was doubtless but a link in that golden chain of which Pythagoras himself was a higher link. Thirdly, Plato had travelled into the East, and thus seeking knowledge wher-

ever he went, had baptized his philosophy in the streams that flow from the father-land of religion. By many it has been believed that he had had access even to the sacred books of the Hebrews. Be this as it may, he had examined into all the most ancient forms of Pagan religion, and had thus doubtless received large aids in that which to a philosophic Pagan must have been the most interesting of tasks—the task of discriminating between those traditional truths held in common by the various ancient religions and those corruptions with which, from local custom and insensible abuse, the universal tradition of Pagan religion had become encrusted. Plato had sat in the shade of those Egyptian temples which had shadowed the Nile centuries before the Trojan war; he had analyzed with the keenest dialectics of Greece the lore of the most ancient of Pagan hierarchies; and doubtless it was not in the spirit of a scoffer that he endeavored to sift truth from error, and to separate the kernel from the husk.

In ancient times, as in modern, philosophy owed to religion a debt which it had not always the honesty to acknowledge. The work of Pagan philosophy, in comparison with that of the Pagan religions, sensualized and corrupted as they had become, was ever negative rather than positive. Philosophy ridiculed the popular corruptions; but the religions preserved at least the primeval truths. It was from the stock of religion that philosophy derived those lofty ideas with which it sometimes assailed the sensual credulities of a degenerate worship. This is a subject which has been admirably illustrated by Father Ventura, in his lectures delivered a few years ago in Paris. He points out the real dependence of the schools on the temples, and the fact that, no matter how much of error might be mixed up with the Pagan religions, whatever of primitive truth remained among the an-

cients belonged to the Altar, not to the Academy; that it was no prize of philosophic discovery, but had descended through tradition, and was derived from Revelation.

The sparrow that mounted on the eagle's back when the birds had their trial of strength, found no difficulty in flying a yard or two higher when the eagle had reached its utmost elevation. Such has been the ambition of philosophy as often as it has exalted itself above religion. Except when it deduces its origin from religion, philosophy can attain to little beyond criticism. It may reach to elevated ideas, but it has no means of ascertaining whether there be anything to correspond with them in the world of reality. Its highest systems remain but subjective fancies; they have no objective sanction, and no authority to authenticate them. In Christian times philosophy is not put to a fair trial. She receives so much from Christianity, unconsciously or unwillingly, that her merely native forces are not really tested. It was otherwise with ancient philosophy, as reviewed by the great mind of Cicero. It could take all sides in turn, and be eloquent on all; but it tripped in its very first step and fell. Whether there was a God or no God, a soul or no soul, an immortality or no immortality, was with it but a conjecture. The Platonic philosophy retained a purified truth, because its fountain-head was in religion.

It would not be difficult to show that the other departments of Greek literature were not less closely connected with religion as to their origin than were its poetry and philosophy. Herodotus, for example, who has been happily styled "the

Homer of historians," does not the less nobly head the rôle of uninspired history, because in his page, as in Homer's, the religious tradition is to be found side by side with the secular; while in both those great men alike, despite the aberrations of a Pagan fancy, kindliness, cordiality, human-heartedness, and strong-heartedness, are elevated at once and harmonized by a temper of devotion, which contrasts sadly with that vulgar affectation of incredulous shrewdness exhibited both by the later Pagan times and by the infidels of the modern world. Our present limits do not permit of such an inquiry. Still less could we on the present occasion enlarge on that gradual degradation of letters which took place in proportion as Pagan religion diverged farther and farther from the primitive tradition, and (as the necessary consequence of this first defection) literature fell off from religion. If poetry declined insensibly into an effeminate vein, till an Anacreon was as feeble as a Corinna had been strong; if the Epicurean and Pyrrhonist made themselves loud, till the music of the Platonic philosophy became as unheard as that music of the spheres, lost, according to the Platonic Allegory, in the clamor of earthly life; if the Sophists of each department of literature trod down the true philosophers, poets, historians, and orators—the cause was ever the same. Those religions which were the broken dialects of the primitive revelation, corrupted their speech more and more; and the literatures to which they had given birth partook of the prevarication, and declined into mere naturalism.

HYMN FOR THE CHRISTMAS SOLSTICE.

[From the Latin of Prudentius.]

VIII. KAL. JANUARIAS.

ORIGINAL.

Quid est quod arctum circum
Sol jam recurrens deserit ?
Christusne terris nascitur
Qui lucis augeat tramitem ?

Heu, quam fugacem gratiam
Festina volvebat dies !
Quam pene subductam facem.
Sensim recisa extinxerat !

Coelum niteat laetius,
Gratetur et gaudens humis ;
Scandit gradatim denuo
Jubar priores lineas.

Te cuncta nascentem, puer,
Sensere dura, et barbara,
Victusque Saxorum rigor
Obduxit herbam cotibus.

Jam Mella de Scopulis fluunt,
Jam stillat illex arido
Sudans amomum Stipite ;
Jam sunt Myricis balsama.

O Sancta praesepis tui,
Aeterne Rex, cunabula,
Populisque per seculum Sacra,
Mutis et ipsis credita.

Christmas, 1875.

TRANSLATION.

Why is it that this happy morn
The sun deserts his narrow way ?
Is't not because now Christ is born
Who earth illumines with widening ray ?

Alas, how swift the gracious day
Departing turned from us his face,
As step by step his Summer stay
Unto usurping night gave place.

But now let heaven's new joy-beams blend
With grateful earth's fast paling glooms,
Once more the day-star doth ascend
His wonted ways of quickening blooms.

Sweet Babe, each hard and frozen sense
Of earth is now with Thee new-born ;
The rigor of the rocks relents,
As mantling ferns their forms adorn.

The mountain's breast with honey drips,
The oak-tree's shriveled veins distil
Their perfumed gum, each sapling's lips
Their balsamatic nectar spill.

How holy is Thy cradle-stall,
O King Eternal ! Through the earth
Both mute and living things recall
Alike the glory of Thy birth.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

THE LISLES.

I.

"My dearest foe."—*Hamlet*.

A great change had long been taking place in Arthur Lisle's mind. The influences surrounding him had not been favorable to such a change. He could not tell where or when the first swell of this great wave had arisen in the ocean of his life; he only knew that now it had burst through all impediments. He stood, as it were, happy, yet fearful, watching the gates of his soul open to the flood of Faith.

Although he had scarcely passed his twenty-sixth year, he was rector of a fashionable church, St. Bonaventure's. This church was "high," but not extremely high. In its decorations it admitted florid crosses of all styles, but, as yet, incense, vestments and processions had not entered within its walls. Among its congregation there were no poor people; silk did not jostle serge, and clumsy shoes never profaned the soft carpets of this literal "chapel of ease." In its cushioned pews, one was sure to see the latest things from Paris every Sunday; therefore its services were attended largely by that class of vacant-headed youths who on the sidewalk "most do congregate."

Of this church Arthur Lisle was deemed worthy for various reasons. His father, Eric Lisle, was one of the "best" people in Central City. No man was considered more respectable, no man more wealthy; consequently no man was more "looked up to" than old Lisle, as people called him, though he had barely reached the shady side of fifty. All his pride seemed to be in his only son; and now that Arthur had gained the position of rector of St. Bonaventure's his father had hoped that he might one day enjoy the delight

of uttering "Bishop" Lisle, not dreaming that his son was beginning to regard that title, in its Protestant Episcopal signification, as a delusion and empty sham.

Arthur Lisle was a favorite among his parishioners. He was gentlemanly, eloquent, handsome, the very *beau ideal* of a youthful reverend, but he was married. Of course this was a serious drawback in the eyes of the maidenly devotees at St. Bonaventure's; in consideration of his extraordinary good qualities, however, the amiable beings graciously permitted their papas and brothers to support him in vestry meetings, and similar conclaves.

Thus far his path in life had been strewn with rose-leaves. And now it was his will—or rather, God's will—to thrust aside the roses, and to search for the sharp thorns beneath them—thorns that pierced his heart to its very core.

Once only had he seen his father in anger, and this was when he had hinted at the change his belief was undergoing. And then the old man gave way to no sudden or fierce burst of rage. His face became white, and his hands trembled.

"If," he said, slowly, "this delusion should ever lead you to embrace the Romish Belief, I would discard you—pitilessly. It is impossible—impossible! Yet, if it were not, I could never forgive you. *Never* speak to me of such a thing again. Forget it."

Eric Lisle was a man of few words, and these deeply impressed themselves on Arthur's memory. He had counted the cost. He knew his father too well to believe that he would relent: still he hoped in spite of his better judgment.

One bright Sunday morning, he ascended to the pulpit as usual. The blood-red spot which the sun

threw from the stained-glass window upon the white velvet of the pulpit-cushion, lay as it had lain there before for many Sundays. He had learned to watch it, and to notice that it always changed to purple when he came to the third head of his sermon. The same rustling of silks and preparatory coughs of other Sundays settled into silence. A vague, unreasonable thought passed through his mind. How could it be that, while nothing without was changed, he could have changed so utterly within?

To-day the sun had not time to turn the stain on the cushion from red to purple while he spoke.

In a few words he said farewell, and left St. Bonaventure's without a rector. He descended as the sound of his voice died away, and slowly walked from the scene of his labors, never to return.

"Gone over to Rome!—deplorable!—outrageous!—but I told you so!"

And for once Arthur Lisle's sermon was unfavorably criticised at the luncheon tables of St. Bonaventure's select flock.

From the church, Arthur Lisle went to his father's house—for the pastoral residence had for some time been undergoing repair. His earthly future was clouded; but all along the way, his heart seemed full of sunshine. The light of peace had entered it. Feverish doubt and indecision had fled.

Agnes, his wife, sat in an arm-chair, filled with pillows, near the window of a pleasant room. Agnes Lisle was one of those pale, *spirituelle* women, who seem like greenhouse lilies, fit only for an atmosphere of warmth and care, ready to wither at the first chill breath. Her brown hair—gold-tinted by the noon-day sun—had become dishevelled, and as she turned her wan but beautiful face towards him, it seemed as if the halo of a higher life had already fallen around her.

He paused, startled, and a cold thrill ran through him. Something in her expression reminded him of the look his dying mother had worn.

"Is it over?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Agnes," he answered, "it is over."

"Thank God!—thank God!" she murmured, fervently.

Only a few days had passed since the waters of baptism had purified her brow, and in her new strength, she rejoiced in her husband's sacrifice.

"God has given me strength," he said, "may God give me strength!"

"The worst is over."

He felt that the worst was not over. He must meet his father; and, looking at Agnes, he saw the dim shadow of the angel of death.

The first trial did not come in the form he expected. He did not meet his father, face to face.

An hour had scarcely passed when a note was brought to him. He opened it with a feeling as if it were a death warrant. It contained a few terse sentences:

"Arthur Lisle—

"After what you have done this day, I can not recognize you as my son. You have destroyed all my hope in you. Do not attempt to see me. It is useless. Go—I will not curse you, but I can not bless you.

"ERIC LISLE."

Arthur crushed the paper in his hand, and for an instant it seemed that *this* was too much to bear—even for God; but he dashed the temptation away from him; from his heart he said—

"Fiat voluntas tua."

"Agnes," he said, after a pause, "we must leave this house."

She looked startled, and then, with a glance of tender pity, arose from her chair.

"I am ready," she said, putting her thin hand on his arm. "Remember what Christ suffered for us; remember her who said: 'What

sorrow is like to my sorrow?' and be strong."

"It is hard—hard," he groaned. "Forgive me, O Lord; *fiat voluntas tua*."

"*Fiat voluntas tua*," she repeated.

And together they left the house, the master of which they loved better than life, and who now was their "dearest foe."

II.

LITTLE AGNES.

Tall masts, taller warehouses, a glimpse of the river between huge piles of bags and barrels, a combination of odors in which salt fish is prominent, yells, shrieks, bustle—imagine all these, and you have an idea of the neighborhood in which Arthur Lisle lives.

It is not a pleasant place. Few places near the water side in a great city are pleasant; but these surroundings matter very little to Arthur Lisle now.

A month ago, Agnes Lisle was carried to the grave. He had seen the shadow of death growing around her darker day after day. And yet, when the blow came, he could not realize that she was dying. Even now it seems like a dream—that slow, gradual parting from life and him. He can not realize that she is dead. Even while he utters prayers for her soul, he turns, half expecting to hear her join her low voice to his, as she was wont to do.

Another Agnes—a little Agnes—smiling like her mother, but with her father's eyes—has come to bear him company. Sometimes he holds the sleeping baby in his arms for hours, musing over the joy that "might have been," were *she* alive; and then he awakens with a start, to the necessities of the present. This little Agnes—*her* legacy—must be provided for. Thus far, he has been unable to obtain employment. The talents which showed so brilliantly in the pulpit seem to be useless now. All his attempts at

earning a livelihood have failed. The market is over-stocked with clerks—trained clerks, too. Newspapers and magazines offer to open their pages to him, if he will write "spicy" articles, but to a man inured to sermon-writing "spiciness" and flippancy of style are not easy acquisitions. He can teach nothing, though his mind is well-stored, because he feels that he does not possess the faculty of imparting instruction, and because no one has offered him the opportunity. He can not work with his hands, because his hands have neither skill nor strength. To him it seems that the most stupid laborer on the wharves is his superior. The man may be stupid and ignorant, but he is not helpless. He is a producer. He can work; he does not cumber the earth. Following this train of thought, Arthur Lisle groans. And well he may, for in all the wide world there seems nothing that he can do, to gain bread for the little child in his arms. His small stock of money has begun to find wings; his father has shown no sign of relenting; and he will soon be at the end of his resources.

Mrs. Mulligan interrupts his gloomy reverie with one of her double knocks. Mrs. Mulligan is the washerwoman who lives on the second floor. She is a tall, masculine looking woman, with a weather-beaten complexion, red hair, and high cheek bones; but the good natured expression on her face amply compensates for its lack of beauty. She supports by the labor of her hands, five small Mulligans and a big Mulligan. The last is her "worse half," who cannot be persuaded to prefer work to whisky, and who gives this heroic woman more trouble than all the young brood. She works cheerfully, as only an Irishwoman can work. She carries her cross loyally, though, it is true, not very humbly to outward

seeing eyes. Her faith is firm, and her deeds would shame many a professional philanthropist. Ten months ago, about the time that little Agnes Lisle was born, Mrs. Mulligan lost her youngest child—an Agnes, too; and so, when Arthur Lisle came to live in the third story room of No. 9 River Place, she “took to” the new baby at once. A stranger would have thought that she had children enough of her own; yet her motherly heart seemed to be warm enough for all little strangers in distress.

Mrs. Mulligan’s loud, but cheery voice, brings to Arthur Lisle’s mind a new sense of life and light. Her bustling presence seems like a fresh breeze from the outer world, and raises his spirits, in spite of himself. Willingly he resigns his helpless burden to her care.

“Sure, sir,” she says, rocking the baby gently to and fro with a movement which she could only have acquired through long experience in that soporific art, “sure, she’s just the best child I’ve ever known, barrin me own Mickey. Och, it’s me that has the trouble! Sure, Mike’s been at it again, sir.”

Arthur is following a passing ship with his eyes, and contemplating an idea that it has put into his mind.

“At what?” he asks, absently.

“At what, sure!” repeats Mrs. Mulligan, “at what would he be at, except the dhrink?”

“Oh,” he answers, with a belief that he is saying the proper thing, “I thought it was something new.”

Mrs. Mulligan, who reserves the right of finding fault with her husband solely to herself, fires up at once.

“Sure you’re mistaken entirely, sir, if you think Mike Mulligan would be after demeanin’ himself in any way barrin’ his takin’ a sup of the crathur now and then: and sure we all have our faults—”

“No doubt—no doubt,” inter-

rupted Arthur, feeling like a man who has unwittingly turned on a shower-bath, and who is unable to stop it.

“I’ll make ’bould to say you have some faults yourself, sir; an’ there wouldn’t be a more harmless crathur on the face of the earth than the same Mike Mulligan, if he’d let the liquor alone. Bad luck to it! Faith, I’m disturbin’ the baby!—bless her pretty face!”

“Mrs. Mulligan, would you like to keep my little girl?”

Mrs. Mulligan looks startled.

“Faith, sir, haven’t I got enough of me own to keep?”

A very natural question!

“Not always—for a time,” he answers, pursuing his own train of thought, “until I return. I am going away.”

“And where, sir?”

“I don’t know. I can not tell yet.”

As he leaves the room, Mrs. Mulligan shakes her head, and the pitying expression of her face says as much as Ophelia’s “sweet bells jangled.”

Arthur Lisle walks rapidly through the streets that border on the river. Once or twice he pauses as if to turn back; but again he goes on. At last he stops before a dilapidated house, with “boarding” painted on the dingy green door. He asks one of the seafaring men who are lounging around the steps whether Captain Halstead lives there. He is answered in the affirmative.

He has met Halstead, who commands the brig *Osprey*, several times during his weary searches for employment.

When he comes out of the dingy boarding-house, he has bound himself to serve as a common sailor on board the *Osprey* during the term of her next voyage to Cuba.

He has made a desperate plunge; a rash, impetuous plunge, many would say; yet to himself it seemed his only refuge from starvation.

He thinks of little Agnes as he goes home, and for a few moments doubts the prudence of leaving her with Mrs. Mulligan. Mike, it is true, is a drunkard; but he is never violent. The children are good-hearted, but rough, and ready for any mischief. Still, as Agnes is scarcely a year old, their companionship can slightly influence the little maiden. Besides, Mrs. Mulligan likes the child, and Arthur knows that she will be taught the dear old prayers of the Church night and morning.

"I will only be away a few months," he thinks, "and the sum which I shall pay Mrs. Mulligan will be of great service to her—small as it will be."

Mrs. Mulligan, on being consulted, joyfully accepts the responsibility, and the little money that he can afford to deposit with her for the child's maintenance. Indeed, the honest woman is rather inclined to consider herself elevated in social status by the addition to her family, and the young Mulligans take infinite delight in alluding to little Agnes as "the boarder."

The *Osprey's* sailing day comes. In spite of his resolution, Arthur feels that something *must* occur to prevent his going; but nothing does occur, and he sails for Cuba in the *Osprey*.

If he had caught, a year ago, one glimpse of the future, how it would have appalled him! Now, he accepts his fate resignedly, and his great compensation is that, with a pure heart, he can say, *Fiat voluntas tua*. After all, he thinks, does it matter much whether his life is spent on land or sea—whether he toils with brain or hand—if God's grace is only with him? Each day is a step nearer the grave: what matter whether this day be bright or dark? And yet when land is out of sight, he thinks of little Agnes; and, looking around the bleak, wind-swept deck, he discovers that

he is neither a Stoic nor a perfect Christian.

Days are lost in weeks, and months lengthen into half a year. No tidings comes from Arthur Lisle. The Mulligans have changed their abode several times, for land lords are exacting, and Mrs. Mulligan does not find business as brisk as usual. Whenever Mike is sober—at rare intervals—he goes, by his wife's command, to inquire for the *Osprey*. The brig has come into port more than once. Captain Halstead can only say that Arthur Lisle left the vessel at Havana, and did not return. No message, no letter comes. Mrs. Mulligan is not as cheerful as she has been. The money which Arthur Lisle left for little Agnes has long since gone the way of all lucre. Mrs. Mulligan grows more anxious every day. Six small mouths to fill and six small bodies to clothe, force her to strive unremittingly in her efforts to make "both ends meet." But in the winter a time comes when she feels as if she must sink under her burden: and in this time happens the great temptation of her life.

One blustery day, as she goes down the ice-coated street with a large bundle of new-washed clothes, her foot slips and she is about to fall, when an old gentleman, who has watched her, restores both her equilibrium and her bundle. She thanks him with effusion, and then stands looking after him.

"What is *his* name, sir?" she asks, of the first passer-by.

"Who? Oh—Eric Lisle. I thought everybody knew old Lisle."

"Sure, it must be;" she murmurs. "that must be his father, for one's the very moral of the other, barrin' he's older."

Mrs. Mulligan's curiosity is excited; and when Mrs. Mulligan thirsts for knowledge, she generally finds means to quench her thirst. She has many acquaintances among

the servants of the place ; and two days have not passed before, by judicious inquiries, she has possessed herself of a full and true history of the Lisle family.

The winter grows colder, and somehow the Mulligans grow poorer. The new landlord—the Mulligans of late have not an old landlord—threatens 'ejection. The children cry of cold in the night, and the mother looks at little Agnes, and thinks that one little one less would make a difference favorable to the others.

At first she drives the thought away. After while she asks why this child should add to her poverty, while Eric Lisle, one of her natural protectors, rolls in wealth ? Why should not he take charge of her ? He is not a Catholic, Mrs. Mulligan knows : and under his care Agnes will never be a Catholic ; Mrs. Mulligan knows this also. And yet, she thinks, the son may return in a short time, and he will reclaim the child, and no harm be done. In spite of all her reasoning, the idea of transferring Agnes to her grandfather makes Mrs. Mulligan feel guilty. To her it is like selling a soul. She waits, holding temptation at bay, hoping that Arthur Lisle may return. She waits in vain.

The night is cold and windy. The streets are white with hard frost and chill moonlight. In the Mulligan household, the fire faintly glimmers ; there is no cheery glow, for coals are dear, and the where-withal to buy them is scarce. The children shiver and cry for more bread. There is not sufficient for all.

The mother, with set teeth and frowning brow, selects little Agnes from the group crouching around the fire. Saying nothing, she wraps the child in a shawl, and taking her in her arms disappears in the outside gloom.

III.

THE ANSWER TO MANY PRAYERS.

Eric Lisle sat in his study, an octagon-shaped room, small and cosy, with all the appliances for luxurious reading. He is a handsome man, much resembling his son. During the last year his hair has grown grayer and the lines around his mouth and on his forehead have deepened, so that now he almost deserves the epithet old.

He is bending over a pile of dusty books and papers which he has just dug from the depths of an old-fashioned cabinet. In his hand he holds a paper-covered book, with gorgeously colored prints of impossible birds and beasts. Its pages are dog-eared and tattered. On the first blank leaf he sees the drawing of a small hand—a hand that had evidently been laid upon the paper, and then outlined with a dull pencil. Underneath are these words, in great sprawling letters—"Arthur Lisle, aged eight."

Eric Lisle's face loses its stern fixed expression. He covers it with his hands, and a bright drop falls between his fingers.

"Oh, my boy—my boy !" he groans.

For the first time he pities Arthur, instead of himself ; for the first time a vague thought enters his mind that he has been too severe, and perhaps wrong.

Again he looks at the childish outline, and a vision of Arthur's mother arises before him. He sees her now, as he often saw her, bending over the pretty, blue-eyed babe, building realms in the air of which the tiny Arthur was always the happy prince. He remembers how full of happiness his heart was one bright day when the mother and child—

A ring at the door-bell, followed by an alteration, interrupts his train of thought for a moment.

How sweet the mother looked, and Arthur, with his large, blue eyes, and golden ringlets.

A knock.

"Come in!"

Mrs. Bell, his old housekeeper, stands in the doorway. She seems agitated and unusually confused. She approaches hesitatingly, with what seems to be a bundle in her arms.

The ragged shawl has fallen aside. Eric Lisle's cheeks and lips turn white.

"Arthur!" he exclaims.

The housekeeper does not notice his changed countenance, or even the emotion in his voice.

"Somebody left it on the doorstep. What shall we do with it, sir?"

Eric Lisle does not answer. The vision of his baby son seems to have become a reality. Mrs. Bell repeats the question.

"You are a woman, you ought to know: I suppose it wants something to eat."

"Do you mean to keep it, sir?"

Little Agnes opens her eyes. They are like Arthur's.

"Keep it? What else?"

Mrs. Bell retires, speechless with amazement. This incident materially strengthens her belief that wonders will never cease.

In this way Agnes Lisle enters her grandfather's house. On a handkerchief tied around her neck was the name, "Agnes," and so they called her Agnes.

"She is my granddaughter, without doubt," Eric Lisle says. "My son is too proud to acknowledge the error of his ways, and so he has sent me this little waif as a peace-offering. He'll come to reason himself, by and by, I assure you."

Eric grows brighter and apparently younger from the night of the child's arrival. She furnishes him with a means of unceasing occupation. He worries her nurse to desperation.

The child wore a little medal, with the image of our immaculate Lady on it when she came. With trembling fingers Mrs. Mulligan had placed it on her neck. Eric Lisle frowned when he saw it, and ordered Mrs. Bell to throw it away. The housekeeper put it in the old cabinet, along with Arthur's childish books.

* * * * *

Agnes passes through her childhood, and all the ills to which childish flesh is heir, bravely, under the care of Mrs. Bell and her satellites. Her school days pass at a fashionable seminary, and she returns to her grandfather "finished," which means that a very thin veneer of book-knowledge has been added to her other qualities.

By this time everybody that knows Eric Lisle is aware that this girl is his granddaughter. Of her father's story, she is utterly ignorant through her grandfather's desire. As far as education could make her, she is a Protestant. She firmly believes all the horrors which have been taught her about Catholics, and they have been measured out to her with no stinting hand. She is full of prejudices, for false representations of her father's belief have impregnated the atmosphere she has breathed since childhood. Yet she is not satisfied with her own creed. She longs for something higher, less lifeless. The waters of baptism lie hidden in her heart; but the rod is needed to make them burst forth.

Her life in her grandfather's house is quiet, uneventful. She reads to him, for his sight is failing; and sometimes she plays for him the old airs he loves. Her occupations are unvaried. Often she wishes that her lot had been cast among those who are compelled to work for bread. She seems so useless.

The beautiful Miss Lisle is very much admired, though in her secluded life there are very few to tell her so. Still she knows it, for she

cannot walk in the street without being followed by glances from all quarters. She walks "in maiden meditation, fancy free," and, after a time, cares little for the effect she produces.

One afternoon, during her usual walk in the quiet street, an incident occurs. She is in the act of crossing from one sidewalk to the other when a young man steps hastily towards her. He is rather handsome, she notices, and is dressed in plain gray clothes. He pauses near her.

"Allow me, Miss Lisle—"

He has passed. To her astonishment she finds that he has left a little book in her hand.

Mechanically, without thought, she opens it and reads the word "Catechism," and underneath, "Arthur Lisle, Nov. 18—"

What can it mean? This is her father's name!

She hurries homeward. She says nothing of the book, but questions her grandfather. He evades her questions. Full of perplexity and curiosity, she goes to the old cabinet. For the hundredth time she reads a commonplace note written by Arthur Lisle, and looks over the tattered primers with tender interest. Then she takes up the medal, which—Mrs. Bell has told her so much and no more—she wore when she came to her grandfather's house. It puzzles her. She applies herself to the Catechism, and reads slowly for half an hour.

"My father was a Catholic!" she exclaims, horrified.

Later, she says.

"All this is beautiful!"

And, when darkness made reading impossible, she cries—

"If this is Catholicity, I would like to be a Catholic!"

She is a young girl, consequently she is enthusiastic, especially regarding novelties. The next day she repents and takes to one of her books of lies. That does not satisfy her. She throws it aside and reads

her Bible. Somehow, that seems to chime in with the Catechism. She can not close her ears to the concord. She becomes weary, troubled. Who was that young man? What did it all mean? She has no one of whom to make a confidant. At last she resolves to try the effect of this curious book upon her uncle. As usual, he asks her to read something to him at evening. She produces the Catechism as a "curious pamphlet."

Eric Lisle does not interrupt her. She goes on, watching his face at intervals. After a while, she pauses.

"It is all very clear and simple," he says, "go on."

She resumes.

"Agnes," he says, after she has read for some time, "as I grow older, I grow more doubtful of what I have believed all my life; and this little book fills my mind with strange thoughts. It may be the devil tempting me. Leave the book with me, child. If this was Arthur's belief," she hears him murmur as she steals from the room, "I have been the most cruel and unjust of men. Lord, pardon me; I knew not what I did!"

Agnes goes to her room, terrified. What power has possessed her? Why should this worthless little pamphlet have wrought such a sudden effect?

A week passes, and when Agnes explains how the Catechism came into her possession, no further allusion is made to it.

A sudden change in the weather takes place, and old Eric is laid low with rheumatism.

"Child," he says to Agnes, after a day spent in thought and silence, "I want to see one of these Catholic priests. It may be—I do not know yet—that I have followed false gods all my life; and now, though at the eleventh hour, it is not too late to turn away from them."

Early on the following day, Agnes, with feelings of trepidation,

the Catholic Church in the next street. The priest's house is not far off.

"Father De Young is out on a sick call."

Agnes turns away disappointed.

"Wait," the servant says, noticing the expression of her face. "He has been gone some time; and from High street, where he is now, he will probably go over to the Orphan Asylum. If you will walk down towards High street, Miss, you may meet him."

Agnes thanks the girl and adopts the suggestion. It never occurs to her that, as she has not seen Father De Young, he may be difficult to recognize. She goes on, confident that she must know a Catholic priest when she sees him.

Several people are gathered around the door of a house on the north side. Among them is a policeman, looking as important as if he were keeping the world at bay.

Agnes pauses a moment to watch a group of curious-looking children who seem to be stricken with awe by the majesty of this minion of the law. A man tall, thin, and bent, comes from the house and crosses the street rapidly. The policeman takes off his hat. Agnes feels that this is the priest. There is an indefinable something about him that tells her so. She approaches him.

"Father De Young, I believe."

"Yes, child," he answers, gravely scrutinizing her.

She tells her errand.

"I will see Mr. Lisle," he answers, "in a quarter of an hour. In the meantime, you can do an act of charity. In that house, which I have just left, there lies a man suffering much. A few minutes ago, a scaffold in front of a new building fell. This man, passing at the time, was severely injured. There is nobody with him now but an old woman. I am on my way to get a Sister to nurse him. Until she

comes, you can be of great use, if you will."

He leads the way into the house. Agnes follows him, feeling rather timid, but resolving to do her best.

The injured man lies on a hastily-improvised couch in the little parlor of the house. His head is wrapped in bandages. An old woman, seemingly very nervous and excited, makes room for the priest and Agnes.

"The Doctor has gone, Sir," she says, in a grating undertone intended for a whisper, "and *he* must be kept quiet and nursed well."

"You can go," the priest answers, "this young lady will remain here for a time."

The priest gives Agnes a reassuring glance and some words of advice as he hurries away, promising to send the Sister at once.

The old woman, glad of the opportunity, leaves the room. The wounded man turns his face from the wall, and opens his eyes. Agnes almost drops the glass of water in her hand. This man, in spite of his disfiguring bandages and deathly pallor, has her grandfather's face!

She stands, motionless, gazing at him. He looks into her eyes.

"Agnes!" he cries, hoarsely. "Agnes!—have you come back to life?"

"I am Agnes," she answers, a strange joy in her heart, "Agnes Lisle."

"Then," he murmurs, "I am either in Heaven with my wife, or on earth with my daughter!"

He sinks back, unconscious.

As soon as the physician gives his consent, Arthur Lisle—for the wounded man was Arthur Lisle—was conveyed to his father's house. The old man cannot believe in his happiness. To have his son again!—to feel that they are reunited in heart and soul, in love and faith,—this seems too much joy for earth.

W'

is well enough,

he tells his short story. When the *Osprey* reached Havana, he had gone ashore, intending to remain only a short time. The weather was hot, and the malarious fever, so prone to attack foreigners in Cuba, seized upon him. Some good Samaritans carried him to the hospital. Recent shocks had impaired both his physical and mental strength; consequently his illness was long and dangerous.

The Jesuit priest who attended him soon knew his wants. When he recovered, the good father obtained for him a position as teacher of English. He wrote to Mrs. Mulligan twice, and received no answer. The suspense was unendurable. He returned to the United States, to search in vain for Mrs. Mulligan. Her old neighbors knew nothing of her. They believed that one of the children had died. Was it the little stranger? They were not sure.

After a fruitless search, during which he suffered a century of agony, he went back to Havana. Careful work brought him all-teaching experience, and he rose, step by step, until he found himself possessed of a competence which a well-managed sugar plantation yielded him. But he longed for home, and home he came, to find his child—to find his dearest foe ready to receive the Faith, and be again his dearest friend.

When an opportunity occurs, Agnes speaks of the Catechism which has made the wilderness of their hearts blossom as a rose. Arthur Lisle looks at the book attentively.

"Ah, yes, I remember," he says, "I gave this to Edward, Mrs. Mulligan's eldest boy. And you say a young man brought it to you?"

Agnes describes him.

Arthur Lisle smiles. "Considering that you saw him only once, Mademoiselle, your description is very minute. Father de Young may know him. I will ask."

It happens that Father de Young does know a certain Edward Mulligan, a pillar of his parish; and when the priest comes, that young man comes with him. That young man colors when he is introduced to Agnes, and hastens to explain the affair of the Catechism.

From his story, it appears that if his mother had only waited a few days, she might have spared herself years of remorse and self-reproach. The tide of fortune turned. A brother of worthless Mike's died in Ireland, and his savings, bequeathed to the Mulligans, made them comparatively affluent. Mrs. Mulligan, however, never regained her old cheerfulness. She felt, she averred, as if she had given a soul to the devil. When dying, she implored Edward to give Agnes Lisle her father's Catechism. She could think of no other reparation, and all the prayers and penances of her later life were bound up in that reparation.

On the happy day which sees Eric Lisle and Agnes admitted into the Church, Arthur, with his heart too full for many words, can only utter the prayer of his adversity:

"*Fiat voluntas tua?* Thy ways are not our ways, O Lord!

SOLITUDE.

Blue leagues of sea, far-stretching ;
 Long lines of level sand ;
 Wide wastes of wild gray grasses,
 Blown towards the inner land.

Silence and golden sunshine ;
 Breadth and a cloudless sky ;
 Nothing a smile could brighten,
 Nothing to echo a sigh.

The life of the world seems wasted
 With all that has gone before ;
 Even the touch of the Maker,
 Is washed from the shellless shore.

Let us go back, my sad heart !
 Here is not what we seek ;
 But where God's children gather,
 The Comforter doth speak.

It may be for the thronging,
 His face thou canst not see—
 But thou'lt catch from lips around thee,
 The word He means for thee.

EDITORIAL NOTES:

WHAT is a "Liberal Catholic?" is sometimes asked. In England it means a Catholic who votes for the Liberal party, the party which passed Catholic Emancipation, and disestablished the Protestant Irish Establishment; but which, on the other hand, is in favor of a purely secular education, and sympathizes with every revolutionary attack against the Church. Still, very many good and excellent Catholics prefer it to the Conservative or Tory party, whose chief watchwords are Church and State, and the Constitution. Yet it was the Conservative party of George III.'s time which assisted materially in restoring the Pope, Pius VII. to Rome, and which at the present time is the supporter of religious education.

The Bishops of the Province of Quebec lately gave an admirable definition of what "Liberal Catholicism" is. They say:

"The followers of this subtle error concentrate all their strength to burst the bonds

which unite the people to the Bishops, and the Bishops to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. They applaud civil authority every time it invades the sanctuary; they seek by every means to induce the faithful to tolerate if not approve of iniquitous laws—enemies so much the more dangerous, that often without even being conscious of it, they favor the most pernicious doctrines, which Pius IX. has so well described in calling them a visionary reconciliation of truth and error."

Any Catholic who favors the absolute supremacy of the State in religious matters, applauds and endorses a Bismarck or a Minghetti in their assaults upon the Church, is a "Liberal Catholic," is condemned by the Holy Father, and in great danger of making shipwreck of the faith.

Is it only a coincidence that the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's article in the *New English Church Quarterly* was so soon after followed by Sig. Minghetti's (of Italy)

speech, in which he proposed the same measures which Mr. Gladstone had suggested, viz: the election of parish priests and the creation of lay trustees of church property? It really seems as if Gladstone, Bismarck and Minghetti, in England, Germany and Italy, were allied to attack the Church, and to impede and destroy the influence of the Pope and Bishops in the government of the Church. Certainly the measures and ideas of each are remarkably alike, as far as the respective circumstances of the countries permit.

CHIEF JUSTICE DUNN, of Arizona, received his dismissal from office on December 11. In acquainting him with it, Attorney-General Pierpont informed him that he might regard his attitude on the school question as the controlling reason for his displacement!

The Catholic citizens of St. Paul, Minn., and other places have passed resolutions, protesting against this action of President Grant as an infringement of the spirit of the Constitution, which secures freedom of speech and action and liberty of conscience to all citizens.

THE excitement in reference to the Guibord matter, in Canada, has subsided, and the Quebec Legislature has passed a bill which provides that the Catholic Bishop of a diocese shall have the absolute right to say who shall or shall not be buried in a Catholic cemetery. Thus good has come out of evil, and future annoying controversies will be spared.

THE exposure by the *New York Herald* of the O. A. U. or Order of the American Union, has directed attention to the fact that a number of secret anti-Catholic societies exist in this country. This is not very creditable to the good sense of a portion of the population. A Dark Lantern Society, that is afraid to come out boldly and openly advocate its principles, betrays by its very desire for under-hand ways, a secret consciousness that its objects are not such as to command the adhesion of honorable men, and the attention of responsible statesmen. A long history might be written about secret anti-Catholic societies and organizations. They have existed in different countries, and at various periods; but they never succeeded in doing anything but promoting confusion and anarchy. All those who engaged in the Know-nothing movement lived to regret their course, and they succeeded in nothing they undertook. Catholics who are well informed, laugh at such absurd societies.

THE Senators, who hold their office for life, have just been elected in France, and amongst them Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, has been chosen to a seat. This famous prelate is 74 years old, and has held the See of Orleans for 27 years. He is the ablest administrator, the most vigorous writer, and the most courageous advocate of the Church amongst the French Episcopate, and he is the best known. His election is one of the many signs that have lately occurred, testifying to the Catholic reaction.

A COMMITTEE of Work on the Infallibility has been formed in Rome, of which Cardinal Berardi is the Protector, and Cardinal McCloskey the Protector for America. Its object is to prepare and cause to be distributed an oleographic picture which will set forth and explain the Infallibility of the Pope, as well as to diffuse information on this subject adapted to the capacity of the faithful.

This is certainly a useful and timely work, as there are few dogmas so clearly set forth and explained as the ex-cathedra Infallibility of the Pope, and yet on which there is so much confusion of thought, even in the minds of those who ought to know.

THE taxation of churches, proposed as an anti-Catholic measure, would result in forcing many poor and debt-burdened Protestant Churches into the market, and they would be bought by Catholics. There is not a large city in the Union, but which has some one or two churches built by Protestants, and bought afterwards by Catholics. There are two in Philadelphia, and several in St. Louis, Brooklyn and New York. Of course it would be burdensome to Catholics; but then Catholics have a remarkable capacity of not only bearing burdens for conscience' sake, but of flourishing under them; as witness impoverished Ireland, who, after supporting an alien Church Establishment for years, at last threw it over, and recovered itself remarkably well.

THERE is a certain party in England who are trying to nurse "Old Catholicism" in Germany. The bantling needs it very badly. In some letters that lately passed, the German schismatics say that "very few priests come to them from the Vatican Church." They also state that they do not want any English "priests" i. e., any "Anglo Catholic-Ritualistic priests, because they would not be well acquainted with German: not because they have any doubt of their orders, but dear, no. They however require funds, and will receive English money (sover.

eigns and £100 Bank of England note (preferred to pennies) to any amount. They know that John Bull has a heavy purse; and to the credit of the old gentleman be it said, he pulls it out to aid every known object. Nothing is so wild but what English money is invested in it. But even gullible John, Bull will hardly send his sovereigns, to educate German students to teach hazy German theology to a handful of half Catholic, half Protestant schismatics.

BISHOP HAVEN's nomination of President Grant for a third term is ridiculed even by the *Methodist*, an organ of his own denomination. The paper also deprecates any revival of the conflict between Boston and Charleston, as it is afraid that the supremacy of Boston might turn out to be the supremacy of Catholicity. D. A. Wasson, a Unitarian, expresses the belief that in 20 years Boston will send a Catholic delegation to Congress. A Catholic Boston and a Protestant Charleston are by no means impossibilities.

THE statue of Henry Grattan was unveiled in Dublin on the Feast of the Epiphany. This monument will commemorate an illustrious patriot and a true Irishman. It speaks volumes for the liberality of Irishmen that they honor Grattan as a patriot, and are perfectly indifferent to the fact that he was also a Protestant. While, as a people, faith and fatherland are inseparably united in their affections, yet they honor patriotism in any man.

Grattan's great triumph, the acknowledgment of the sole right of the Irish Parliament to make laws for Ireland was, it is true, short lived, as the Union of 1800 practically made Ireland a province. But the people only remember his work and his efforts for their good.

THE work on the new Cathedral of St. Patrick, New York, is rapidly progressing. The roof is finished, and there is a beautiful cross placed on the east end. Every Catholic congregation in the diocese is expected to contribute from \$700 to \$3,000 this year. In fact, money is pouring in from all parts of the city, the great capitalists are aiding, and it is determined to finish the Cathedral as soon as possible. It is the darling wish of Cardinal McCloskey to see this splendid Cathedral completed soon.

THE fame of Columbus seems to be daily more and more reviving. Not only is there a proposal to canonize him, but

a gigantic statue has lately arrived at Vera Cruz, Mexico, intended to be placed in the Great Plaza of the City of Mexico. The pedestal is so large that it will not pass through the tunnel of the railroad to that city, but will have to be hauled over the mountains by oxen.

And yet this great man, in his day, was reviled and slandered, loaded with chains, and died in comparative poverty in the land to which he had given a Continent; a continent which Spain could not keep, but scandalously misgoverned, and has now lost with the exception of Cuba; and the sooner she loses Cuba, the better for civilization and humanity.

THE confessedly imperfect statistics of Catholic education furnished in Sadlier's almanac, reveal the fact that at least 300,000 pupils are being educated by the Catholic Church in this country. 300,000 future citizens are being trained free of expense to the Government, 300,000 children are receiving a Catholic education at the cost of one portion of the community, which portion at the same time is paying its full proportion to the general funds. In the State of New Jersey there are being thus educated 21,000 pupils.

THE Irish Home Rule, partly under the leadership of Mr. Butt, will again make an effort to present the claim of Ireland to self-government before the House of Commons on its reassemblage next month. Mr. Butt will be listened to patiently, and then the old stereotyped answer will be made by some government official; a debate will follow, and on a division the motion for Home Rule will be rejected. But although all this is to be expected; although neither the Conservatives and Disraeli, nor the Liberals under Lord Hartington, nor even the advanced Liberals and Reformers, will have anything to do with Irish Home Rule; yet if the Irish people are united, and if they persevere, the attainment of success is only a question of time.

THE English papers have been commenting on the President's Message, and attach far more importance to it than it deserves. The Fall Mall Budget says, "the ecclesiastical conflict in which General Grant seeks to involve the United States is only associated with the private ambition of a successful soldier, and with the party ambition of a knot of practiced wire-pullers. The *London Times* sarcastically remarks that the President's appeal to the spirit of bigotry in the interests of peace and progress,

reminds it of the inscription of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," which is often seen on Continental buildings, half consumed or destroyed by revolutionary outbreaks. None are so fond of war as those who in the name of peace stir up bitter feelings.

THE Irish Bishops have established a Chair of Celtic studies in the Catholic University, and appointed Prof. O'Looney to occupy it. The committee is now hard at work raising funds to found prizes for proficiency in Celtic studies. They are to be called "O'Curry Exhibitions" in honor of the great Celtic scholar who first occupied the Chair of Celtic Knowledge in the University.

This long-delayed step for the advancement of Irish knowledge of their own antiquities has not been taken a moment too soon. It is to be highly commended.

THE Catholics of Erie, Pa., in public meeting assembled, have passed resolutions stating that they feel the public schools a burden; that they desire Catholic schools; that they would think a priest who could, and yet who did not, provide one for his parishoners, derelict in his duty; and that they do not desire to exclude the Bible from Protestant schools, for they think that any form of the Christian religion is better than Atheism. Bishop Mullin was gratified at this meeting (which was held without any clerical direction), and has sent the originators of it a card of thanks.

The Erie Catholics seem to have the right sort of ideas, and to express them well.

THE chapter and parish priests of the diocese of Ferns, (Wexford,) Ireland, have designated the Right Rev. Dr. Rickards, Vicar Apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope, as *Dignissimus*, signifying by this their desire for him to be their Bishop.

Dr. Rickards, whose nomination has been forwarded for approval to the Holy See, is an able and successful missionary prelate. If Africa loses him, it will be Wexford's gain.

In the Turkish Empire (excluding Egypt, which is practically independent) there are 25,000,000 of people, and in European Turkey alone there are 11,500,000. Of this number there are only 1,500,000 Turks, and of the remaining 10,000,000, about 500,000 are Catholics. The oppression of the Turkish rule is known to be very great, and in the Herzegovina a serious insurrection is still raging. The insurgents are mostly adherents of the Greek schism, and hate Catholics almost as much as they

do the Turks; yet the Catholics suffer the same oppression. The Grand Vizier has asked the Pope to use his good offices with the Catholic insurgents, and his Holiness has directed Cardinal Franchi to inquire into the state of affairs, and to collect the opinions of the Catholic Prelates and Priests.

RENEWED efforts will be made in the forthcoming session of Parliament, to settle the questions of Irish Home Rule and Catholic University Education. Many large meetings in favor of Home Rule have been held in Ireland, but the opinions of Irish patriots seem to be divided. Some desire simple Repeal of the Union, and an Irish Parliament in College Green; others favor Mr. Butt's plan of an Irish Parliament, and also an Irish representation in the British Parliament.

Mr. Butt will introduce the questions of Home Rule, Taxation, the Cattle Trade, and the Amnesty Bill, and will leave no effort untried to secure justice for Ireland on all these points.

ARCHBISHOP LEDOCHOWSKI, who was imprisoned for his disobedience to the Falck anti-Catholic laws, will be released on the 3d of Feb. and the German Catholics are preparing to give him a grand ovation. Deputations from the Reichstag and the Landtag will wait on him and tender their congratulations, and the day will be observed as a gala day. The Archbishop of Cologne is absent from his residence, and only a few favored persons know where he is.

Events like the above are only another evidence of the foolishness of attempting to destroy spiritual authority with temporal weapons. The "depositions" by the German Government only cause the Bishops to be more and more venerated and respected by their flocks.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP is making strenuous efforts to obtain the canonization of the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc. Her heroic story is known to all readers of history. Having saved her country from the English invaders, she was captured, and after a mock trial, burnt in the market-place of Rouen, as a witch and sorceress. Ten years after her death the French monarch she had served and saved reversed that infamous sentence, and declared her "a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king."

It is, perhaps, doubtful, whether after so long an interval the proofs of her sanctity can be established to the satisfaction of the Roman investigators, but Joan of Arc will be always venerated by all lovers of the heroic and the good.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION in Germany and Switzerland, and in England, Ireland, Scotland, the Netherlands, France and Northern Europe. In a series of Essays: reviewing D'Aubigné, Wenzel, Hallam, Bishop Short, Prescott, Ranke, Fryxell and others. In two volumes. By M. J. Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Seventh edition, revised and enlarged. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co. 182 Baltimore Street. 1876.

THE EVIDENCES OF CATHOLICITY. A Series of Lectures, delivered in the Cathedral of Louisville. By M. J. Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. With an Appendix. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street. 1876.

The exigencies of the Church in every age and country determine to a great extent its literature. If the antagonism of the world shapes itself into philosophical theories, or a heretical theology, Christian champions arise like the Church Fathers of the first ages and of mediæval times, who grapple with and refute the philosophic and theological fallacies. Does that antagonism assume the form of malicious misrepresentation of Catholic doctrines and practices, and attacks upon the rights of Catholics, there are always amongst the faithful shepherds of the true flock, those who are qualified by their eminent learning and ability for the task of exposing the misrepresentations, and maintaining the rights which are threatened.

Amongst these latter was Archbishop Spalding. Schooled first in the vigorous practical life which then characterized his native State of Kentucky, then thoroughly educated at Rome, his naturally great intellectual gifts developed in a manner which eminently fitted him for the duties which devolved upon him as a Christian apologist. His mission was to exhibit and defend Catholic truth and the Catholic Church in America, in the stormy times of the Know-nothing persecution; and both by natural character and by educational training he was well qualified for the mission.

Both of the works whose titles are at the head of this notice were called forth by the

misconceptions and misrepresentations of a time when the enemies of the Church were stirred up to special activity and special malignity. They are characterized by great vigor of thought, by great clearness and strength of statement, corroborated and conclusively proved by references and authorities gathered from an immense number of sources.

While Archbishop Spalding's works evince throughout evidence of ripe scholarship, and great research, they are remarkably free from all mere technicalities of criticism, metaphysics, and philosophy; are eminently practical, and easy of comprehension. They are therefore popular in the best sense of the word, and constitute to the Catholic layman a library from which he can draw facts and arguments to confute those who attack his faith. They are equally valuable to the learned priest as works of reference, from which in a few moments he can refresh his memory and obtain materials for practical use in any controversies he may be compelled to engage in.

CEREMONIAL for the use of Catholic churches in the United States of America, originally published by order of the First Council of Baltimore. Fourth Edition, Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875.

This edition of the Ceremonial does not materially differ from the former ones, except in the matter of careful revision, and the addition of an appendix on "the defects which occur in the celebration of Mass." The importance of a thorough knowledge of the various ceremonies of the church, and of their careful observance on all occasions, cannot be over-estimated; for, as the author of the Preface to the present edition truthfully says: "If ecclesiastics are not well versed in the ceremonies of any sacred rite, the impression produced is far from being religious or edifying, and the intention of the Church is in this respect frustrated."

As regards the completeness and accuracy of this new revised edition of the Ceremonial, nothing need be said further than that the labor of revision has been carefully performed by the Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D. D., and its publication approved by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore.

THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

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APPRENTICESHIP.

ITS IMPORTANCE INDIVIDUALLY AND IN GENERAL ; ITS RELATIONS TO PUBLIC
AND PRIVATE PROSPERITY.

IN a country like ours, perhaps in all countries, there is a great liability to drift away from customs that seem to have the highest approval. Change of circumstances produces change of views ; and in the multiplicity of business and the disquietude of social and political disturbance, little matters that seem unimportant in themselves, or only of consequence as touching individual interests, are allowed to pass without special notice. All the evils of the individual omission grow into social wrong, and the whole people find that a trifling neglect has produced an immensely extended injury.

Such a case now presents itself in the question of "apprenticeship," which has awakened such a general solicitude as a cause of existing evils, and of more extended and permanent disturbance, that it has occupied the attention of the social scientist, and has even found its way into the hall of legislation.

Apprenticeship, as it is generally understood, signifies the service of a person rendered to another, in which the true idea of compensation is found in the acquisition of a practical knowledge of the art or mystery in which the servant is employed. The term apprentice probably comes from the French word *apprendre*, signifying to learn, which is the object of the apprentice (or learner), and it ought to suggest the idea of *teacher*, which is the duty of the master.

Formerly the apprentice was designated as a servant. At present the term "servant" is used to designate not only menials, and apprentices that are not menials, but also the employes of almost all institutions. The word apprentice, however, is limited in its proper application to designate a person under obligation to serve well or work for a master or a mistress, and that master or mistress is under equal obligation to treat

well their apprentices, and teach them, if possible, to be proficient in the trade or art which is pursued.

As the maintenance, the feeding, clothing, and often the schooling of the apprentice, costs in the early part of the service more than the servant can earn, it was a sort of righteous arrangement that the servant should be *bound* to the master for a certain number of years, to insure not only skill in the *trade*, but also that the benefits from the exercise of that skill should inure to the master, as a compensation for the losses in the early part of the apprenticeship.

The parent or guardian of the apprentice was wont to pay a certain sum to the master for the privilege secured to the lad of acquiring the trade or mystery; and so, while the apprentice should be toiling through the late years of his service, his labor should be rewarded, and his patience strengthened in the consciousness that those last years were most productive of that high skill so necessary to a finished workman, a competent mechanic, and that "high skill" was what had been bargained for when the premium was paid for his apprenticeship.

We have said that apprentices were denominated servants; they were treated as servants, and most of the ordinary offices which a menial servant would be called upon to perform were often and usually devolved upon the young apprentice, from the brightening of his master's shoe-buckles to the following his young mistress to church with her prayer book under his arm. The apprentice was to be well fed and clothed; and in more countries than Scotland, it is said in Massachusetts, the statute laws, or at least the condition of the indentures, provided for the comfort of the lad by prohibiting the master from feeding his apprentice more than twice a week with salmon (the spirit of the statute has survived the letter). Neither the law nor the indenture, however, had power to de-

prive the apprentice of the benefit of a sound flogging as often as the master deemed it best to loosen the skin of his servant by a friction of cowhide, or an embrocation of the "oil of birch." Rattan was then unknown or unapplied, or only applied to the backs and bottoms of chairs.

The apprentice had one right, which, though perfect, was seldom exercised; if by neglect, or from any cause, rather than sickness or the impotency of the servant, a proper knowledge of or ability to practice the trade should not have been acquired, the apprentice might seek redress through the law for the non-fulfilment of the contract on the part of the master, and the courts would compel compensation.

In those days a full, practical knowledge of a trade was deemed necessary to a proper assumption of the title of "mechanic," whether it was to a shoemaker, carpenter, or painter; and the "graduated" apprentice went forth as a journeyman to complete his title by practice, and to secure his claim in time to the dignity of "master of the art."

Then people thought they had made a good investment if they paid an appointed sum to place their sons in such an apprenticeship. The demand for a premium for receiving apprentices ceased long since in this country, and lately there began to cease that peculiar relation between master and apprentice which, if not that of parental on the side of the master, and filial on the part of the apprentice, was at least quite equal to that of guardian and ward.

We have not space to follow the decadence of the best relations of master and apprentice. Reared under a steady discipline, the pupil-apprentice, at first lacking the love of a son, failed in hearty respect. Advance of years showed him how wholesome had been the discipline to which he had been submitted, and how he had under it avoided those

errors which lessen the regard of the master and diminish the power of advancement. And when five of his seven years of service had passed he began to feel that he was acquiring the feelings and the ambition of a workman, and the termination of his apprenticeship gave him a position to command the price of a "fair workman," and to acquire the skill and facility of a good workman.

It is a part of the influence of our government that, while we all love liberty, we do not in early life exactly comprehend in what that liberty consists, and hence we do not admire that restriction which keeps liberty from running into licentiousness. Our young people envy the freedom of their seniors, but are not willing to submit to the privations which are the only means of deserving and securing that freedom.

There are some parts of nearly every mechanical trade which almost anybody can perform, and some persons seeing that, imagine that achieving that result, they are mechanics. They may saw a board or plane it, they may drive a nail or draw it, and they are at once carpenters. They assume the position, spoil much work, and live and die a "botch," bringing discredit upon themselves, and, what is worse, upon the craft.

Nor can it be denied that this half acquisition of a trade is in some degree the fault of the master, who neglects the great interest of his apprentice in order to promote his own selfish views. Apprentices are sent to work and kept at parts most immediately useful to the employer, with little or no care to make improvement in one grade a reason for promotion to another; and thus the apprentice, who came to learn a trade, is not taught all the parts of that occupation, and he who is "bound" to serve full seven years, that his master may be compensated for what is lost in teaching on his part and learning on the servant's,

does not receive the equivalent specified in his indentures for his time and services. He is not made competent by his apprenticeship to the duties of a workman and then of a master. And few apprentices are willing, few have been able to institute a claim at law for damage caused to them by a neglect of their master to cause them to be made proficient in the trade for which they had served seven years.

The prevailing opinion is that the absence of numerous apprentices from manufacturing establishments is due entirely to the restrictions which are applied by the combination or union of journeymen that make it obligatory upon the members of those unions to avoid all establishments in which apprentices are taken, or in which apprentices, beyond a very small number, are received. That restriction undoubtedly is largely chargeable with the consequences deplored, and we propose referring to that cause with such comments as our sense of public good may suggest.

But let us, before we refer to this badly operative cause, look at another which began to operate before trades unions had enacted a law so injurious to trade and so unjust to the community and to individuals, as is the attempt to limit the number and designate the kind of persons that a mechanic, manufacturer, or business man shall be allowed to employ in his business.

Parents who have acquired more than mere competency by carrying on some mechanical business, and have felt what they think is the effect of a public low estimation of a "mere mechanic," have resolved with parental affection and parental pride that their son shall not be compelled to toil at a business that at best can afford only a competency, while in itself it confers no respectability, no distinction.

And so they ruin the materials for a good shoemaker or an excellent carpenter, and have them "made up"

into what will become a briefless lawyer, an unsuccessful physician, or an unstationed or oft-removed preacher, who lives in part upon the small division of his parent's earnings, and slides into some small office to supplement the limited patrimony with his half eleemosynary salary.

We stop not now to show how the mechanic arts have been depraved by such an estimate of their benefits by those who have been successful in their prosecution. All around us are instances of this treason to labor by those whose allegiance thereto has made them comfortable. The shoemaker, instead of looking with respect upon his "awl" and "last" as the instruments of promoting his good progress, and contemplating his shop as the place where he achieved his greatest triumph,

"Turns back, despising the means
Whereby he did ascend,"

and so only the least gifted of his flock is brought up to the trade (if any one of his children is allowed to follow his father's business), and hence, time out of mind, that weakest son gathers strength in his hereditary employment, till he can assist his "superior" brethren, who were too smart or too good-looking to work at a "shoemaker's kit."

A few parents have escaped that miserable mania for gentility, and given their sons the benefit of their own experience or good judgment, and the inappreciable advantage of the Franklin Institute, and have thus connected the mechanic arts with science.

Circumstances, in short, are correcting this form of contribution to the social evil, and though perhaps much has not yet been done in the right direction, yet it is gratifying to know that the error is acknowledged, and now is often heard the exclamation: "I did wrong, and if it were to be done again I would give every son some trade." And how often do we hear from young men the expression of deep, unavailing regret

that they had not acquired some trade by which they could have earned a living, instead of being compelled to dance attendance on some advertisement that calls for help in a grocery or dry-goods store, or elbowing the crowd of aspirants for a place that does not afford half the amount earned by a respectable mechanic, while it calls for a much larger expenditure for clothes, if not for board.

The mechanic arts add value to raw materials, and hence the artisans have boasted of being the useful and productive portion of society, as industry and skill enter largely into the value of most products; hence the artisans have denied to those who only sell the produce of the art laborer an equality of general usefulness. We do not mean to consider here the question of comparative usefulness which is often mooted between the trader and the producer. It is enough for the present to say that the production of the diamond mine of Golconda would be of no more value to individuals and the community than an equal quantity of Quincy granite, if commerce with its agency did not interfere to carry the former to a market (yet commerce, however, is the child of industry).

But the mechanic arts are essential to society, and it follows, of course, that their degree of excellence rises in value as society improves in its taste, and in the means of gratifying taste. And hence the general necessity and personal advantage of improving skill and perfecting product; hence the vast importance to a country, of excellence in the art, and of high skill in the manufacture of all that is to enter into a competition with the product of other nations; hence the public importance of having our youth placed where they may learn the rudiments of a good trade, and where they may be detained till they shall have acquired a competitive skill.

We have above referred to some of the impediments to a full acquisition of a mechanic art in this country, impediments that seem to increase in force and multiply in number with increasing years.

On the one hand, parents imbue their children with a false idea of personal liberty, and an exaggerated estimate of the importance of early distinction. They cannot allow their sons to be tied down to the duties and mortifications of an apprenticed mechanic. They would apparently not object that their sons had been mechanics, provided they should have risen to the distinction of manufacturers and builders, overlooking the great truth that knowledge of the business is actually necessary to success, and ignorance of important parts is inconsistent with an understanding of the whole.

Few men come to be admirals without an early knowledge of the lower grades of seamanship. Royalty may favor its offspring by rapid promotion, as was the case of the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV of Great Britain, but even that royal Duke was evidently supposed to understand practical navigation, and Gavelle's *Journal* shows that the sailor-monarch executed to perfection that part of seamanship which is included in swearing stoutly.

The bishop must be a priest. The physician must understand the art of the apothecary, and the judge must be acquainted with the forms of legal papers, as well as with the high practice of the bar, and the highest branch of the blacksmith art must rise upon the substantive labors of the anvil.

Another hindrance to apprenticeship is found in the unwillingness of masters to encounter the independence of spirit which the boys have acquired in the advanced state of social relation. The man who assumes certain duties towards boys, does it with a full recognition of the duties which those boys, as appren-

tices, owe to him. And as he knows that, however strict and obligatory may be the condition of the indentures which designate him as master and the lad as apprentice, there is little chance of enforcing the fulfilment of these obligations which the lad assumes, whenever the young man may take it into his head to abscond, or be persuaded by his mother that the trade does not agree with him. The good old domestic relations of master and apprentice apparently no longer exist, and in that fact is found another obstacle to apprenticeship.

It is remarkable that in the earnest discussion of the question of apprenticeship few have referred to any of the hindrances which we have enumerated above, simply because these arise out of a change of circumstances of long operating difference of general views upon questions of social relations. The parent does not want the son to humiliate himself to the condition of a servant, which was once involved in apprenticeship. The boy wants more liberty than that condition admits. The apprentice does not like to give up to his master the produce of the closing third of his apprenticeship. The master does not like the responsibility which is legally and morally assumed when he takes an apprentice, and the apprentice does not like the restraint which the responsibility of the master imposes. And so while all parties are now deploring the condition of the lad who desires and needs a trade, and is willing to become an apprentice for that purpose, all overlook the multiplied causes of this hindrance and point with bitter reproach and condemnation to the behest of trades unions, which in a spirit of tyranny have forbidden the proprietors of working establishments from increasing their products by the employment of apprentices, and have thus most lamentably *aided* (only aided) in their evil operations, the cause which we have above cited.

convicts admitted to that institution in the year 1874 was 278; and the following statement shows the educational relations of those persons:

Illiterate, that is, unable to read or write, . . .	62, being 22.30 per cent.
Read and write, . . .	216 " 77.70 "

Of these 278 there were 74 persons 26.61 per cent. that never attended school, and 195, 70.15 per cent. who attended public school, and 9, 3.25 per cent. who attended private schools.

Learning, then, did not keep these prisoners out of the penitentiary. Not even the good influences of the public school could produce honesty. It will probably be found that learning alone does not hinder crime; it only influences the grade of the felony.

Now let us see what the Penitentiary report for 1874 shows relative to apprenticeship as an element in the argument in which we are now engaged. Of the 278 there were:

Unapprenticed, . . .	259, or 93.16 per cent.
Apprenticed and left, . . .	7, or 2.52 "
Apprenticed and served until 21 years of age, . . .	12, or 4.22 "

Such an exhibit is really deserving especial notice; we are, however, compelled to pass on to the further consideration of the general question, adding only our conviction that this simple statement illustrates and strengthens the argument in favor of regular apprenticeship as a means of individual, social, and public good.

The youth, then, that fails to obtain an apprenticeship on account of the combination of workmen in the craft in which he aspires to membership, is thereby deprived of what should be considered a natural, and what ought to be a legal right, for the violation of which he may have no redress, but for which he has just cause of complaint; and society is also wronged by the same action, because it is made to suffer from the withdrawal or withholding of skilled labor of the man, and suffers still more by the social disturbance which consequent vice produces. Society should, therefore, seek by whatever means are lawful, and should make some means lawful that are not yet

sanctioned by legislative provisions, to prevent to individuals and to itself collectively the evils consequent on the prohibitory action of the combination of journeymen mechanics.

But the evil is not limited to the domestic and the social circle disturbed by vices induced by enforced idleness, or the compulsion to labor where skill is not a requisite, and where natural ingenuity has no stimulus. The results of diminishing the number of apprentices is deplorably extensive. It touches first the individual, who suffers from a want of permission to acquire an art of which he is eminently capable, the exercise of which would insure to him competency if sustained by industry and economy; and especially would it insure, in time, a kind and amount of respectability which is not often acquired by the unskilled laborer. From the individual, it becomes operative on society (beyond what we have said of the evils of vice), by withholding from the circle that occasion of just pride which successful art labor invariably creates. The wrong is national in its deteriorating effects, and calls for national prevention.

Before the late civil war in this country, our nation stood only second, and very little behind the first, in her mercantile marine tonnage, and wherever the flag of our Union floated, the number of our ships was not more the wonder of mercantile men than were their models, and construction, and finish the admiration of mechanics who practiced ship architecture. Twenty years ago many of our ships of war that arrived at a foreign port were visited with a curiosity, by naval seamen and shipbuilders, that showed how worthy of admiration the mechanical ingenuity and the mechanical labor of our countrymen had become.

Those ships were planned, their shapes modelled, the timber hewn, and their planks laid by men who had served long apprenticeships

under master carpenters, who understood how the work should be done, and knew how to teach others to do that work. Masters and journeymen, all were capable of appreciating the beauty of good work, and in turn each class showed itself capable of presenting that adaptation, that strength, finish, and beauty of work which denote the accomplished mechanic.

Americans who have resided in foreign seaports know how earnestly all classes, from the king to the mechanic, have sought to obtain an invitation (or at least how willingly they have accepted it) to visit the United States ships of war that entered the harbor, and such Americans will confess to some national pride, when they heard the commendation of people of judgment upon the model, the ship, and the mechanical skill exhibited in the completion of every spar.

One instance is recalled at this moment. During the revolution in Italy, in 1860, the United States ship *Wabash*, commanded by Admiral Lavalette, visited Naples; the harbor was crowded with the largest and best ships of war of foreign nations, and the *Wabash* was admired by every officer of the different fleets. And the admiral commanding the British squadron seemed to admit that his own ship of 130 guns would stand a poor chance against the *Wabash* of 60 Dahlgren guns. There was beauty and strength in the *Wabash*, and adaptation of length and height above water to give her great advantage. And the Dahlgren guns were splendid and dangerous instruments, and they discoursed with the guns of the other ships in frequent salutes, in a tone that enforced attention. The ship was visited every day by the curious and the understanding.

But here is another argument. At the present time the city of Philadelphia has stirred up the country to a grand Centennial celebration of the

Declaration of National Independence—the birthday of the nation. And other nations are invited to share in the great jubilee. Now what is the mode adopted by which a proper celebration is to be had? It is of all modes the most natural, and of course the most appropriate. It is an attempt to show what advances the nation has made in the hundred years of her independent existence; what she has done towards making individual life more valuable by multiplying its comforts, and making national existence more honorable by augmenting its power of self-support, and maintaining a consequence among contemporary people.

And here are other nations seeking to show their importance and their means of rivalry, or their success in means of national distinction, greatly—if not entirely very greatly—by an exhibition of the evidences of their success in the mechanic arts. The beauty of the structures erected and being erected in all the cities of the Union; of those indeed in which the grand exhibition of the Centennial is to be held, are offered to the criticisms of foreign visitors as the result of the mason, the bricklayer, and brickmaker's work; the sample of mechanic skill and ingenuity. All American; all following apprenticeship; all showing the result of instruction and well-directed native talent; all illustrating the importance and benefit of instruction in the acquirement of an art—a trade.

Our visitors, of course, cannot present specimens of their advance in architecture, but they will lay before the frequenters of the exhibition specimens of the results of the labor of their mechanics and artists. Diamonds polished and cut by skilled labor, that was perfected only by long apprenticeship. The product of the loom at which the "sedentary weaver" sat for years before he was recognized as a master. Chronometers that defy the sun for regularity

of movement and correctness as indicators of time. Watches and clocks that owe the wonderful perfection of their work to the skill of the master, disciplined by seven years' apprenticeship.

That part of the display which the foreign exhibitors shall contribute, will owe its superiority to American production of the like kind (if any it have) to more careful, more skilled labor, which must be indebted for its great success to the careful instruction by well-taught masters and the docile disposition of the faithful ingenious apprentice.

There will be credit for native talent, credit for superiority of material, credit for special and extraordinary application, but the credit, the enlarged triumph, will be due to the cultivation of talent, the improvement of skill, the severe direction of time and attention of the producer at the season when the discipline of the shop was lawful to the master and profitable to the apprentice. All afterwards is only the natural sure result of such instruction, and the natural, the sure advance of such powers.

The success of that part of the Centennial Exhibition which presents claims for superiority in workmanship will be due to early discipline, to improvement of time, and direction of talent in the season of apprenticeship.

We must not forget that the Centennial Exhibition is to become a species of international competition, for praise and medals for good workmanship—an excellence less due to genius than to disciplined industry; less to the observation of manhood, than to the direction of youth. Among the best prizes will be those that recognize superiority of construction, and the most careful finish of articles of use. Those who have served apprenticeship at some trade are the true candidates for such commendations and medals.

While we are urging the necessity

of apprenticeship as a means, almost the only means, of securing excellence in the product of our workshops, we are reminded that many of the great inventions that distinguish our age are by men who were not "mechanics." That may be true, but invention would be but little without skill to produce the object which inventive genius has supposed.

It usually requires a great many mechanics to carry out the plans of an inventor. Howe may invent "sewing machines," but he could never bring the invention into the market where it would be profitable to himself and useful to others without an excellence of workmanship that would attract attention and promise a fulfilment of expectation.

The case of the late M. W. Baldwin is sometimes cited to prove that success may attend a business that did not enter into studies and practice of apprenticeship.

Mr. Baldwin made himself very rich by his improvement and construction of locomotive steam-engines, which were invented in England long after he had established himself in another business.

Mr. Baldwin served his time as an apprentice, and learned not only to work materials into shapes desired, but to comprehend the full use of the machinery and the power which he directed; so that when the locomotive steam-engine was invented he had only to apply to the construction of that machine the knowledge, which he had acquired while an apprentice, of the mechanical principles involved in its construction. It was the thorough training as an apprentice that made Mr. Baldwin the leading manufacturer of machinery in this city, and the greatest manufacturer of locomotive steam-engines perhaps in the world.

We are aware that there were some builders of locomotive steam-engines that never served apprenticeship at any mechanical trade. The great demand for the engines in those

times made a demand for their production. But it was the excellence of the work which the skilled mechanic, who had served his time as an apprentice, put upon the parts of the engine, that insured their sale, and it was, we think, some time before that mechanic skill could be made effective from a want of practical acquaintance in the proprietor of the works with the business of working the iron.

In all cases it is fair to assume that a knowledge of the minutiae of business is a requisite to general success. If the principal have not that knowledge, he must pay for it in some one who has it, or he must lose ten times that cost in the frequent failure of parts of the work.

The question of apprenticeship we have shown is one that concerns not merely the employer and the apprentice, but through them, and by the natural connection of each pursuit with others and with public interest, it appeals to the consideration of economists of all classes—to the statist in his highest relations with government.

The evil of neglecting apprenticeships is in the disturbance of the business of mechanics and their employers. It is manifest in the injury to our youth, who ought to be permitted to acquire a practical knowledge of the mechanic arts. It is evident in the injury to those who do not serve apprenticeship, by the statement which we have given of the industrial pursuits of the 278 persons sent to the Eastern Penitentiary in the year 1874, and the force of the argument would be increased by a similar exposition of the "industrial relations" of the prisoners in the County Prison; and the producing credit of the country is waning before the declining superiority of products of art labor.

Is there a remedy for this extensive and increasing evil?

We think there is a remedy.

It is probable that we shall be told that we have only to retrace our steps.

"Go back to the habits of the preceding century, restore the relations of master and apprentice, and all will be well again."

Those who propose such a remedy overlook the influence of custom. They do not take into account the important fact that since the decay of the apprentice system society has gone on, and habits have been formed, and customs established that are opposed to the old apprentice system, and no efforts now would change those habits and customs, and bring them back to what they were fifty years ago.

The apprentice will not now black his master's boots. Nor will he walk behind his master's daughter, carrying her prayer-book to church—if, indeed, the daughter has a prayer-book, or goes to church. The apprentice would not now submit to be "trounced" by his master, nor would he consent to any work not within the requirements of the trade which he became an apprentice to learn. The apprentice would rebel against an order that forbade him to unite with some sodality or confraternity; he might ask a day for quarterly celebration, and an evening for weekly meetings. And even the good old provision of indentures, that he should not "commit matrimony," might be construed into an interference with the love of liberty and the liberty of love!

The master would now shrink from the responsibility which the indenture devolved upon him. He would certainly ask for as much labor as he could get out of his apprentice, and expect "journeyman" results in the last two years of the apprenticeship. As a master he might feel disposed to ask all that a master may demand, but as a guardian and friend (for he must stand in *loco parentis* to the apprentice) he might shrink from the duty of watching the development of the boy's mind; he might complain of having to pay for boy's misconduct.

The relations of master and apprentice are not now what they were when the present old masters were young apprentices, and that entire condition cannot be restored. The luxated joint that is allowed to remain unreduced for a year or two, is rarely, if ever, restored to its flexibility. The succedaneum must conform to the condition of the limb. We cannot restore the relations of master and apprentice as they once existed; we cannot entirely check that Young Americanism which has made the indenture oppressive to the apprentice.

But we are not without power and means to abate the evil; to restore, indeed, some of those conditions which held the young in check, and secured to the apprentice the development of faculties that shall make him a good workman first, and a good master afterwards—but always a good workman.

The mechanic arts, the pursuits of ordinary mechanical business, must not be treated by mechanics themselves as degrading. The man who has acquired competency by making shoes, laying brick, or using carpenters' tools, should not allow himself to think that a briefless lawyer, or an uncalled physician, outranks a good mechanic. Such thoughts do influence mechanics to the discredit of their occupation. Mechanics who thus look back despising the means whereby they did ascend, are traitors to their association, and work injury to their children and to society.

Business men, carpenters, printers, and other mechanics, should feel it a duty so to command their own business as not to be subservient to hostile combinations, and so to respect the combinations of others, as to give no occasion to the cry that capital is hostile to labor.

The refusal of the master to take apprentices is an injustice to the rising generation. It is a great injustice to the country, which must contend with other countries in the

constructive arts. And those who combine to prevent apprenticeship are, whatever they may appear to oppose, working against the true interest of mechanic arts and the right of the coming people. Excellence in the production of any fabric or composition is enhanced by competition among individuals. To diminish the number of rivals is to lessen the stimulus for superiority.

If the question of apprenticeship was limited in its effects to the servant and the master, to the teacher and the learner, it might be left to the immediate parties for arrangement; or, suffered to arrange itself, as other questions of personal interest is left; or, failing in that measure, then the courts could settle the matter in dispute, as any other question of personal difference is resolved. But the public, the nation, has a deep interest in the subject, and no one can look carefully at the consequences of a neglect of apprenticeship in some form, without seeing that it is an important element in social and political economy.

The noisy, vicious combinations of lads that make night hideous in many of the large cities, are formed from the unapprenticed portion of the juveniles, who, lacking regular employment and interested supervision, gratify an unchastened appetite for turbulent mischief, and prepare themselves for felony of various grades. And though we may find in their infamous sodalities a few who have been apprenticed, yet those few are generally of the class that have absconded from their masters or been discharged as incorrigibly idle and vicious.

But the result of non-apprenticeship is to be noted in effects, not merely on the moral conduct and social condition of the individual, and through him, on the order, peace, and well-being of the community—we must look even beyond this.

We all know the difference in the value of ordinary unskilled labor, and of that kind of skilled labor which owes its efficiency to a full instruction and practice in youth. If a thousand common laborers are needed, they may be obtained for, at most, one dollar and fifty cents a day; while the carpenter, or the mason, for whom these laborers prepare work or serve on it, asks and obtains at least three dollars a day. Now, the thousand common laborers earn on the average fifteen hundred dollars a day, while a thousand mechanics will obtain in the same time, and for the same amount of toil, three thousand dollars.

Let the comparison be extended to the vast number of persons now employed in our cities. Take Philadelphia, for example, where the Centennial Exhibition buildings and grounds, the new Post-office, the new public buildings, the Rush Library, and a large number of private and public buildings give employment to so many thousand laborers and artisans, and it will be seen what proportions the difference between the reward of skilled and that of unskilled labor assumes.

But it may be said that if so many men should become skilled artisans, then the balance would be destroyed between the two kinds of work.

That does not necessarily follow. But even though it should, and the number of skilled workmen should be greatly increased—disproportionately even—still that need work no evil, as at worst the skilled laborer could do the work of the unskilled, while the latter could not take the place of the former.

The personal advantage then is decidedly for the skilled workman.

We need not say that the man who has served some time in acquiring a trade, brings to ordinary labor a habit, as well as a skill, that must give to his work a claim of preference in the humblest branches of employment.

The community must hence generally greatly benefit in every way by the augmented number of those who could do better work, earn more money, and consequently minister more largely to public funds.

We have no time now to consider this subject in another point of view, which it may be made to occupy, and in which, indeed, it can be most satisfactorily regarded, viz., the advantage in almost every undertaking that is enjoyed by a man who has been disciplined to a consideration of the true relations of the various parts of the work in which he is engaged, and who has learned to consider a true finish, according to some normal principles, as essential to the accomplishment of what he assumed to perform.

A man who has successfully served an apprenticeship to a trade, is not merely an artisan, but he becomes an artist, and in the design and execution of his work he is constantly presenting some object for approval, and thus commending himself to patronage, while the unskilled laborer sees the public deriving advantage from works that have enforced the sweat of his brow and taxed the sinews of his arm beyond all that they cost the surveyor, the architect, or builder, while they secure to him no credit for his toil.

The pride and boast of our city sprung from skilled labor. The tax that supports the municipal government, and maintains the idle and the poor, are levied upon the results of skilled labor that is effective, profitable, and ornamental in proportion to the extent and discipline of apprenticeship.

Art labor then outranks ordinary unskilled labor, and returns greater compensation and higher social distinction. But that it sustains morals against temptation, is no less evident, from the fact which we have stated, relative to the educational distinction of the criminals in the Eastern Penitentiary. Is it not then

a work worthy the moralist and the statesman, and demanding the action of the lawgiver, to multiply the number of those by whom are committed the fewest offences against society, and to diminish the number of those whose circumstances place them most in the way of temptation, and who careful observation shows are the most frequently the victims of the tempter?

Good, effective workmanship can alone result from good effective workmen. The half taught half finish their work; thus our credit

ought to perish with the exposition of the inefficiency of their art knowledge and practice, but if none are allowed to follow the bent of their inclination and genius, and become good mechanics by being first good apprentices and insuring the value of their manhood's aim, by some of its learning in their youth, then the credit of the American mechanic must fail, and the national credit for productive labor, the source of nations' wealth, must perish with it,—which God forbid!

THE STEP THAT COMES NOT.

THE twilight softly closeth round,
The brooding earth is still,
And Night, with velvet footfall, comes
To clothe each vale and hill
In grateful shadow, holding rest
The gift of its sweet will.

I sit—I sit—in tears, not rest,
My heart a weary task
Hath set itself; the shadows sweet
Its futile purpose mask,
To wait—to list for music dear,
And its loved coming ask!

It is a sound of step! Hush! soft!
Nay, dreaming heart, be calm!
Alas! you still must weep—must weep—
Your bleeding without balm,
Your asking vain, your waiting lost,
Your life one lone, sad psalm!

One lone, sad psalm that forth must go
To seek with piercing cry
The step that comes not—cannot come.
Nay, murmur not. On high
When next it greets you its dear fall
Will touch—beyond the sky!

THE NUN OF KENMARE.

IF ever there was a time when it was the duty of the faithful to patronize Catholic literature, that time is the present. We live in an age of restless change and daring unbelief. Everything Catholic is ridiculed, misrepresented, and caricatured with a malice and ingenuity worthy of the great father of falsehood. The mode of warfare has changed, but the spirit of hostility to the Catholic Church is still the same—still unchanged—still implacable. The weapons employed against the Church at present are different from those of former times. The pen has been substituted for the sword, and slander and calumny for the axe and the gibbet. If Catholics, therefore, wish to resist successfully the assaults of their enemies, they must fight them with their own weapons. From this language it must not be inferred that I recommend the use of slander or calumny; Catholics never need such unmanly weapons. They have always truth on their side, and we know from a very high authority that the ultimate triumph of truth is certain. They require, however, the aid of the pen, for it must be acknowledged that their enemies use it with skill and power. It would be folly to ignore the fact that the advocates of error are numerous and well disciplined, and that their most powerful weapon is the pen. The champions of truth are comparatively few, though fearless and unconquerable, and if the pen in their hands is an instrument of good, it must be confessed that their victories would be greater and more numerous, if they received a stronger support and a warmer patronage from those who should deem it a sacred duty to encourage Catholic literature. It is impossible to overrate the services which the pen in the hands of able Catholic writers

has rendered to the cause of truth and liberty. A great Catholic writer or orator is a blessing to his nation. His services are not confined to his own country—they extend to all Christendom. What pen can trace, what tongue can adequately tell the immortal services which a Montalembert, a Lacordaire, a Chateaubriand, a Dupanloup, a Veuillot in France, a Gorres in Germany, a Balmez in Spain, a Lingard, a Wiseman, a Newman, and a Manning in England, a Doyle, an O'Connell, and a Mac-Hale in Ireland, an England, a Hughes, a Spalding, and a Kenrick in the United States have rendered to the cause of liberty and Catholic truth by the voice and pen? It may not be given to us to emulate the eloquence, or to write with the magic pens of those illustrious men; but it is given to the humblest among us to patronize those who are fighting our battles with the pen, and endeavoring under the most discouraging circumstances to stem the tide of immorality and infidelity, and inspire the cold and indifferent with their own enthusiasm, their own love of truth, and their own devotion to Catholic literature. Those eminent authors who devote their days and nights to the noble cause of exalting the Catholic name throughout the whole civilized world are entitled to the ungrudging support and generous patronage of the Catholic public. Every Catholic nation should take a pride in honoring and rewarding its antiquarians, historians, poets, orators, and journalists. This is specially true of Ireland, for no country upon the face of the earth has suffered more in name and reputation from slander and calumny than that persecuted but ever faithful nation. Every English writer, from Giraldus Cambrensis down to Froude, seems to have con-

sidered it a duty to slander and misrepresent the Irish name. This systematic and persistent slander has unhappily succeeded in creating bitter prejudice against Irish Catholics in every country in which the English language is spoken, or English literature read and studied. To kill this deeply rooted prejudice is no light task. Time, genius, learning, patriotism, unceasing effort, heroic courage are necessary to accomplish a work compared with which the twelve labors of Hercules were mere trifles. Conspicuous among the patriotic men and women who by creating a Catholic literature, a literature Irish in feeling, spirit, and purpose, have done much during the present century to kill forever that anti-Irish prejudice just mentioned—an ignorant and stupid prejudice which cannot be too often denounced—is the Nun of Kenmare, a bright ornament of an old and honored Irish family and a famous convert to the Catholic faith.

A few years after her conversion, Miss Cusack joined the order of Poor Clares, whose first establishment in Kenmare was opened in 1861. From her entrance into the Kenmare Convent in 1861, down to the present time, she has been a most successful and indefatigable laborer in the field of Irish literature. Gifted with a clear, vigorous, and versatile intellect, she has won fame and popularity in different departments of literature—history, biography, ethics, politics, and fiction. She writes with that force, boldness, freedom, and enthusiasm which a noble nature and strong convictions always inspire. The Bishops of Ireland have encouraged her by their praise and patronage. Pius the Ninth has blessed and cheered her in her patriotic labors. The most eloquent critics and famous journalists of Europe have eulogized her for the lustre which she has reflected upon her country. Her graceful, vigorous, and graphic pen has made an obscure village of Kerry as inter-

esting a resort for intelligent travelers as the magic scenery surrounding the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. Her fame is more than European, for her writings are widely known and extensively read on this continent. Among Irish families in the United States her name is a household word. She is equally admired by educated American Protestants, because genuine Americans—no matter what their religious convictions may be—honor merit wherever they find it. We are abundantly blessed (!) with cynical critics, but dulness cannot long usurp the throne of criticism in this country—national or religious prejudice cannot be long successful in keeping exalted worth in the shade in a land which receives every production of genius with welcome. Talent may be sometimes slow in winning recognition, but—no matter what may be the opposition it may meet—ultimately it makes itself known and felt wherever there is honesty to acknowledge and intelligence to appreciate it. The literary fame of the Nun of Kenmare was not of slow growth. The speedy popularity and wide celebrity which her earliest literary efforts won for her surprised her friends and patrons. It was her good fortune to be favorably received by the public at a time when cold patronage was the only reward of Catholic authors. Though Ireland has produced many eminent literary women—the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Tighe, Mrs. Hall, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Lady Wilde (Speranza), Mrs. Sadlier, and several others too numerous to mention, it is doubtful whether she can boast of any female author who is destined to be longer remembered than the Nun of Kenmare. Ireland may well be proud of this humble but celebrated inmate of the cloister, for she is Irish and Catholic in all her instincts, thoughts, feelings, and aspirations. The enthusiastic love of country and religion which breathes through all her writings is thoroughly

characteristic of the generous, hospitable, impulsive, patriotic, and religious Celtic people, whose grand virtues and high intellectual gifts have won the praise and extorted the admiration of great souls and noble minds in every age and every clime. Her strong healthy spirit of nationality is the secret of her success in the world of letters. Unlike many of her predecessors in the field of Irish literature, she is not ashamed of her religion—she avows her grand old faith with the boldness of conviction and the ardor of chivalrous feeling. I consider this trait in her character her highest excellence. The want of it was the curse and the shame of many eminent Irish authors. The Irish writer whose genius is fettered by the shackles of foreign thought, and the contagion of corrupting foreign example cannot appreciate the proud undying spirit of Irish nationality, or do justice to the Irish character.

Receiving all his notions of Irish life and Irish history from English sources, he unconsciously or designedly becomes the slave of English prejudice, and panders to the taste and national antipathies of his anti-Irish readers. Ireland has produced such men—men who, were she free and independent, would be an honor to her, but who under the chilling influence of exotic culture and anti-national prejudice became her shame and her reproach. Carleton has been lauded by British critics as the greatest Irish novelist of the age. Yet Carleton, who was the son of Catholic parents, who was brought up in the Catholic faith, who received a fair education, who was thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs, the faults and virtues, of the Irish peasantry, became the abject slave of the intolerant and anti-Catholic faction, whose intrigues, hypocrisy, and cruelty have been the curse and ruin of Ireland during the past three centuries. His sketches of Irish character are exag-

gerated caricatures of the noblest, the bravest, the most virtuous, and the most God-fearing peasantry in the whole civilized world. Concealing the heroic virtues of the Irish peasants, he exaggerated their faults to such an unpardonable extent that the very English critics, whose anti-Irish prejudices he endeavored to gratify at the expense of truth, honor, and patriotism, reproved him for his political subserviency and national apostasy. In a spirit of fair play they asked for both sides of the picture, but it was too late for Carleton to atone for the infamy which he had endeavored to stamp upon the Irish name, or rather unconsciously upon himself, for the brave peasantry, whom he exposed for a short time to laughter, will outlive the slanders and caricatures of all their enemies, native and foreign. His *Poor Scholar* and *Willy Reilly* can never atone for his anti-Irish sketches. Let his example be a warning to others not to tread in his footsteps. His admirers need not question the fact that honor and virtue will be always more prized by good and educated men of every nation and creed than baseness and servility. The man who deliberately libels his countrymen, and makes their faults his only means of support—his only instrument of earning a disgraceful livelihood—deserves no indulgence. Honest criticism cannot throw the mantle of charity over his villainy. Wicked things must be called by their right names, and the caricatures of Carleton must no longer be regarded by an intelligent public as true delineations of the Irish character. His first introduction to the literary world was an infamous libel upon the genuine piety of his humble countrymen. I allude to his pilgrimage to Lough-derg, or St. Patrick's Purgatory. "The description of this performance," says the bold libeller and audacious scoffer in his mature years, "not only constituted my début in literature,

but was also the means of preventing me from being a pleasant, strong-bodied parish priest at this day; indeed, it was the cause of changing the whole destiny of my subsequent life." It is impossible to read these few lines without scorn and contempt for the man who had the brazen audacity to speak with such levity and profanity of the priestly character. They are calculated to make strangers believe that the elevation of a peasant's son in Ireland is the result of accident, but not the effect of a true and tried vocation. It was well for the Irish Church—we hope we are not uncharitable—that an accident prevented Carleton "from being a pleasant, strong-bodied parish priest;" he was—if we may form an estimate of his character from his life and writings—just the man who would be no credit to that glorious and immortal Church. The writer had opportunities of acquiring considerable knowledge of the Irish priesthood, and he can say with truth and with pride that no nation on earth can boast of a holier, a purer, a more learned, a more zealous priesthood, than Ireland. There the priest is not the result of accident, but of a true vocation, long and careful training, and divine grace; there the peasant's son prefers the exalted dignity of the ministry to all the honors and treasures that this world can bestow. We may dismiss Carleton by affirming that the moral tone—the tendency of his writings is not calculated to check vice, or encourage virtue. He had the happiness of having fellow-laborers in the ignoble and degrading work of misrepresenting the Irish character. Samuel Lover wrote a few Irish songs, of which Davis would be proud, and which would have reflected honor upon the genius of Moore; but as a novelist his highest object was to raise a laugh, utterly regardless of the truth of his delineations. Lever amassed a large fortune by the extensive sale of his

writings, but his characters are all un-Irish. They can be found only in London saloons, where professional military rakes assemble to drink the cup of pleasure to its dregs. How pleasant is it, after dwelling a few minutes on the career of timid and time-serving, though gifted authors, such as Carleton, Lover, and Lever, to direct our attention to Banim and Gerald Griffin—two truthful and powerful painters of Irish character—two men of high principle and chivalrous honor—two men whose highest ambition was to vindicate the claims of their country to an exalted rank in the world of letters. It is consoling to know that, though Ireland has the misfortune of producing some men who defame, she has the glory of giving birth to bright and noble spirits who have courage to defend her and ability to exalt her. The want of nationality in Irish literature, which even in a brief notice of one of the brightest ornaments of her country I could not pass over in silence, was stigmatized many years ago with just indignation by a patriotic writer in the *Dublin Review*. "We deplore," says the writer to whom we allude, "the absence of a proper spirit and a correct feeling in our general literature, in our poetry, in our fiction, in the whole province of our belles-lettres. Ireland has been long to English literature what Naples is to Italian. If a bull or a blunder is to be made, it is sure to be couched in a rich Munster brogue; if a mad frolic is to be carried out, an Irishman never fails to be impressed for the occasion. We cannot deny, then, that all the light and ludicrous associations of our country are abundantly represented. Neither do we deny that there is a tolerable proportion of kindlier sketches of Irish life, conceived in a more friendly temper, and illustrating in a more serious tone the numberless virtues of our people, which not even the most ludicrous caricatures can entirely con-

ceal. But all this is far from filling up our idea of a proper national spirit, which should pervade and animate the literature of a nation, in order to render it deserving of the title." A great change for the better has taken place since these words first appeared in the *Dublin Review*. Moore's Irish Melodies, the poets, historians, and essayists of '48; the antiquarian researches and Celtic studies of O'Donovan and O'Carey; the successful labors of the Royal Irish Academy, have done much to create and inspire a strong, bold, and healthy spirit of nationality in Ireland. Foremost among the living writers whose patriotic labors have increased the treasures of Irish literature is the gifted lady whose Irish and Catholic spirit is destined to exercise an ennobling influence upon future candidates for literary honors in Ireland. The Nun of Kenmare, I believe, is the author of forty volumes on different subjects. Though some of these books are not very large, they must have cost her much time and labor. Three of her larger works are entitled to special prominence—her *Illustrated History of Ireland*, the *Life of St. Patrick*, and the *Life of O'Connell*. The *Illustrated History* is one of the most successful literary productions of the age. She has popularized the study of Irish history, a task which so many scholars and patriots failed to accomplish. This, indeed, is a signal triumph—a triumph which would amply repay the labors of a long life. No person can fully appreciate this victory without thoroughly knowing the difficulties which made a popular history of Ireland almost a moral impossibility for more than two centuries. English policy and tyranny punished with heavy penalties the students of Irish history.

Even when the odious penalties were repealed, it was still a forbidden subject in Ireland. To this day the study of Irish history is prohibited

in the national schools. The eloquent critics of the British press would fain make Irishmen believe that the history of their country is a disgusting record of domestic feuds and civil wars, of rapine and slaughter, of bigotry and superstition—that it has no interest for enlightened nations, and that every attempt to make it an instructive study in educational institutions is vain. This plausible misrepresentation deceived foreigners, and deluded, to a deplorable extent, the native population. The study of Irish history was not obligatory in any Irish college or high school, down to a very recent period. St. Jarlath's College, under the fostering care of Archbishop MacHale, formed the only exception to this disgraceful state of things. I am not aware that even yet Irish history is necessary for the entrance examination of our highest seats of Catholic learning. The Irish student who wishes to know the history of his country, must make that history a private study.

I speak from experience,—I wish I could have a different story to tell,—but the disgraceful neglect, the shameful indifference of many who could remedy the evil, deserves the sternest reprobation. An Irish youth, a few years ago, who without a moment's pause could tell you the date of the battle of Hastings, had no conception of the time when the battle of the Boyne, or the battle of Aughrim was fought. His tutors excused his ignorance on the plea that there was no school history of Ireland which could be conscientiously recommended to the young. The most anti-Irish instructors can no longer urge this plea as a reasonable excuse for ignorance of Irish history. Thanks to the patriotic labors of Miss Cusack, the humblest student has access to her *Illustrated History*. She has made the story of her country as interesting as a fairy tale to her young countrymen.

Her skilful and lucid arrangement

of facts, and her pleasing, graceful, and graphic style won the praise of John Mitchel, who may be justly called one of the most vigorous prose writers of whom Ireland can boast, and whose continuation of the Abbé MacGeoghegan's history is an invaluable contribution to Irish literature. Thanks to the patriotic efforts of Sister Mary Cusack, John Mitchel, D'Arcy McGee, M. Haverty, and A. M. Sullivan, the accomplished editor of the *Dublin Nation*, Irish history is widely read at present. Authors can no longer reasonably complain of the stupid indifference that prevailed on the subject—an indifference which has inflicted many evils upon Ireland. It is only reasonable to expect that true Irishmen at home, and abroad, should be anxious to have a thorough knowledge of the history of their heroic and martyred ancestors, who, in defence of country and religion,

"Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old."

That they should manifest a deep interest in patronizing Irish literature, is no cause of wonder to those who have studied the Irish character, and who have acquired even a moderate knowledge of the warm, generous, and patriotic feelings—the religious spirit and strong faith of the Irish people. But the study of Irish history should not be confined to the Irish race, it should possess a deep interest for every Christian nation in the old and new world. The history of the Irish Church contains many instructive lessons for the apostate nations of Europe.

A knowledge of the sufferings and triumphs of that glorious Church, is well calculated to inspire those who are persecuted for their faith, in other countries, with new courage to bear their trials heroically until the dawn of a happier era, and to teach tyrants lessons of justice and toleration. If the history of any national Church in Christendom can convince

our modern Bismarcks that brute force can never destroy the religion of a faithful and devoted people, that noble record is the history of the Irish Church.

To the faith of Ireland, the patriotic nun has rendered, by her *Life of St. Patrick*, a service for which Irish Catholics cannot be too grateful. A popular history of the life and missionary labors of the great national apostle, was a desideratum which she has most successfully supplied. She had at her command all the existing materials that could throw light on the subject, and she has succeeded in writing a biography which may be pronounced the best *Life of St. Patrick* ever published, either in Europe or America. Before the first appearance of this great work, a few Protestant memoirs of the Saint were industriously circulated by the Bible societies, in some parts of Ireland. One of these memoirs was written by the late Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, Dublin, who, though an accomplished scholar and a generous patron of Irish archæology, endeavored to maintain, in his introduction to the volume, that the Protestant establishment is the real representative of the church of St. Patrick—in fact, that the great apostle himself was a genuine Protestant. Dr. Todd only revived the calumnies and misrepresentations of Usher, the celebrated Irish antiquarian and Protestant bishop, who during the reign of James I, was an implacable persecutor of his Catholic countrymen. An intolerant bigot, he was the first Protestant writer who realized the fact that the Catholic faith could not be rooted out of Ireland by the sword. When a long and unenviable experience convinced him that brute force could not destroy the ancient religion of the people, he had recourse to calumny, a formidable weapon of anti-Irish scribes at all times. He addressed himself to the vain but wicked work of proving by an elaborate false-

hood that the religious doctrines of St. Patrick were similar in most respects to those professed by Protestants at the present day. If his object was proselytism, his failure was ignominious; if, as some writers say, it was his purpose to outrage the feelings of the people by maligning the religion of their forefathers, he was equally unsuccessful. The entire Catholic population laughed at his daring calumny, and continued to cherish the faith of St. Patrick with their wonted constancy and heroism. Dr. Todd's memoir failed to give a new celebrity to the specious but malicious arguments of Usher, and only lowered him in the estimation of those who honored him for his many good qualities.

How necessary was a Catholic Life of St. Patrick when Protestant scholars were bold enough to deny the testimony of more than forty generations of pious Catholics! Those who peruse the pages of Sister M. Cusack's valuable book will have no difficulty in refuting the modern calumniators of St. Patrick, or in believing that he preached the whole cycle of Catholic truth, as it was in the beginning—to borrow the words of Father Burke,—is now, and ever can be to the end of time.

Her *Life of O'Connell* is equal in value, as a literary effort, to her *Life of St. Patrick*. Already it ranks among our popular standard biographies. Written in pure and unaffected English, it gives a full and complete history of the greatest Christian statesman and orator of the modern world. O'Connell, who was one of the truest and purest of patriots, and one of the most enthusiastic lovers of his religion Ireland has ever seen, has certainly found in Sister M. Cusack, a biographer of kindred impulses and aspirations. She has given a new celebrity to the mighty orator whose eloquence was the wonder and admiration of two worlds, and supplied the rising generation on both sides of the Atlantic with a model worthy

of study and imitation. What more inspiring example could be presented to the minds of the young than that of O'Connell? What grander character, what nobler or more glorious life could be held up for their imitation? What more interesting biography could be written for the delight, entertainment, and instruction of countless generations of readers?

A feature which imparts special interest to Sister M. Cusack's labor of love, is the private correspondence of the Liberator with Archbishop MacHale. These letters are a treasure beyond price to every true son of Ireland. The private letters of Archbishop MacHale to O'Connell are of equal interest, for both were intellectual giants—both the pride and glory of their country.

The *Life of O'Connell* is a contribution to Irish biography for which the author is entitled to the gratitude of the Irish race. No country is in greater need of a school of Catholic writers than Ireland, for no country has suffered more from the bitter and merciless persecution of calumny. But now that the penal code no longer enforces ignorance and punishes knowledge with a penalty, now that the young mind of the nation is allowed to expand all its powers, develop all its faculties, spread its flash pinions in, like the young eagle, and gaze upon the sun, we can confidently hope for better days for Irish literature. Already Ireland shows signs of renewed intellectual life and activity. During the past half century she has produced Catholic poets, Catholic orators, Catholic historians, Catholic biographers, Catholic archæologists, Catholic novelists, Catholic journalists, Catholic philosophers, and Catholic theologians who would reflect honor upon the most literary nations of Europe. Already the convent and the monastery—as of old—are intellectual centres; temples of knowledge, shedding the light of science and of genius upon the whole island. Among the liter-

ary benefactors of their country many members of the different religious are the most eminent. The literary eminence of the Nun of Kenmare is an eloquent and triumphant refutation of the slanders of those who accuse female inmates of the cloister of ignorance and intellectual imbecility, and of the unblushing falsehoods of the scoffers, bigots, and infidels who vainly endeavor to persuade honest and intelligent men that the Catholic Church fetters the human mind. Among her best friends and most generous patrons must be numbered the bishops and priests of Ireland. That she may long be the benefactress of her coun-

try and religion—long the ornament of Irish literature—long vindicate with a pen of light the calumniated memories of martyred generations, is the prayer of every admirer of genius and every true son of the Green Isle. Catholic Celts, whether at home, or in other lands, should be deeply interested in her success—they should all feel proud of encouraging and patronizing her patriotic labors. The land of their forefathers must be dear to Irishmen wherever in the Old or New World their lot may be cast.

"One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels."

"AN OWER TRUE TALE."

I.

"I REALLY cannot see how I am ever to bear this disappointment!"

She was stately, and she was pretty, and she was robed "in silk attire;" and, just then, she was standing before a mirror, arranging some exceedingly rebellious golden curls, all the more beautiful because rebellious.

A quiet-looking person, sitting by the fire, watched her with a half-admiring, half-anxious gaze. This quiet-looking person was her governess, a lady of middle age, with a face indicative of great force of character and great depth of intellect, but bearing the shadow of some deep sorrow, which shadow was what made her be denominated quiet-looking. The lovely tangles of gold were impatiently twisted and twitched, and maltreated generally, in the vain effort to reduce them to subjection, and the mirror reflected clouds gathering ominously on the soft, rosy, blonde face.

"Come here, Maude, my dear," said the quiet-looking person, very quietly indeed, but the girl turned instantly and obeyed.

"Let me," she said, then, with a smile no young heart could resist, "let me arrange this sunny bundle of chaos," and she laid the lightest of touches, from a white and withering hand, on the pretty head; "and while I do so, tell me all about your disappointment?"

It would have been impossible for any feminine organization to resist the series of soothing touches and soft pattings and gentle coaxing out of tangles, with which this invitational was interlarded, so Maude laughed.

"I believe, Miss Alburn, I am like a cat! If you smooth me down the right way—the *right* way, mind—I forget all care forthwith. Don't—this is so perfectly delicious—don't ask me about my disappointment, it is so overpoweringly detestable. Rather let me"—stretching out her

slipped feet luxuriously—"let me sit forever, getting my hair manipulated thus!"

"A strange eternity to which to doom me!" laughed Miss Alburn. "Selfish Maude!"

"Well, now that you mention the unpleasant fact of selfishness, I wonder if my disappointment hasn't a few drops of that quality—mind, I will only admit a few drops, mixed with equal quantities of regret for my friend's feelings on the subject, and sorrow—yes, downright sorrow, Miss Alburn, that papa could so outrageously break his word!"

The pout that now crept up to the "rare, red lips," was something enchantingly capable of added effect to the speech, half pleasant, half indignant, and it induced Miss Alburn to say, coaxingly:

"Well, dear, tell me the disappointment, just as it stands, and I hope I can set it right for you."

"Oh! I'll tell it to you, of course; but you are so wise, and—and—"

"So far on the shady side of forty," put in Miss Alburn.

"No, no, but so much above merely worldly pleasure, I'm afraid you'll be inclined to laugh; but, I assure you," and she shook the golden head to the unmistakable peril of the now almost subdued curls, "it is something very bitter to me—not a thing to laugh at, nor yet to scorn."

"I will do neither, then, my dear. I promise not to be 'too wise,' nor ultra-celestial on the subject, either."

"Well, then, here it is. I was to have a party on Valentine's day, as you know. I have talked about it to all my friends, and they all expect it. Of course I must have it in first-class style, or not at all. And just imagine, papa refuses to have the rooms properly decorated."

"In what way?"

"By a florist, of course! No one has a party now without this! It is preposterous, Miss Alburn! I can't have the party at all—won't, in fact, and I've told him so!"

"He gave a reason for his refusal, I suppose." This quiet-looking person was evidently compelling herself to be *very* quiet in voice and manner now.

"Oh, stuff about panic and stocks being down, and all that, which is perfect Greek to me! I don't understand it at all!"

"Tell me, dear, how much would these decorations cost?"

"Only five hundred dollars, Miss Alburn, and what is that to papa, who spends thousands?"

"Yes, surely to *him*," this was said in a musing tone; "but some others would consider it a fortune—a matter of a life's happiness or woe!"

"Oh, Miss Alburn!"

"Yes, my dear."

"And I was thinking how hard it was of papa not to let me have the happiness it would give me when it would cost him so little!"

"You said something about him breaking a promise; did he promise you this?"

"The party—yes, long ago. Valentine's day is my birthday, you know."

"Yes, I know!" A pause, then. "But did he promise the decorations?"

"Not just the decorations; but he promised first-class style in everything; and it can't be first-class, you know, without them."

"Then it is only in the sense of their being included in the term first-class that he gave any promise about them?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I am glad."

Nothing said by her was said so quietly as this, and yet, both words and tone, held a thrill for the girl's heart.

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"I would not like him to be found guilty of breaking any promise, my dear, no matter how slight."

"Oh! is that all? I was afraid something was the matter with you. Something *is* the matter with you

to-day, Miss Alburn. I am annoying you."

"No, dear. Tell me, have you said you would not have the party at all?"

"Yes," and a sudden gust of girlish passion swept over her, "and oh! I had looked forward to it for a whole month! I don't care what any one says, it's awful—awful!"

Tears began to fall—sobs began to rise.

"I—I wish I had a mother! I'd soon have my party! It is dreadful for your mother to be dead!"

A knock at the door.

"Oh! I cannot see any one—I know it is my music-teacher—I cannot take a lesson," cried Maude, hurrying away, through an opposite door.

The visitor was a curious little figure—deformed by spinal disease, yet with a certain daintiness clinging about it, perhaps because a dainty soul dwelt within—a girl of twenty, or thereabouts, but no taller than one of ten. Her face would have been exquisite, only for the set and somewhat old expression inseparable from this affliction, for the features were perfect, and the eyes gloriously indicative of soul. A magnificent veil of shining, rippling brown hair fell about her poor misshapen shoulders, in beautiful concealment of their deformity, and the shabby little fur cap set above did not detract in the least from its wonderful wealth. Her dress was of cheap material, and showed many devices of poverty in make and trimming, and her tiny hands and feet were but poorly protected from the weather of a raw day in the raw month of February. Miss Alburn looked at the tiny creature with the great soul of an earnest woman shining royally out of those glorious eyes, not gray, not hazel, but both blended in rare union, and so capable of rare expression, and thought of certain hidden martyrs, whose lives are never written on the world's record. This frail girl, going about

in the cold and the sleet, working steadily and cheerfully to support an aged mother and two sisters too young to work, seemed to her one of them. She seated her at the glowing fire, in a cavern of crimson velvet—for such did the ordinary easy chair seem, with that little figure defined against it; she took off her poor hat and faded wraps, laying them away as if they were costly things; she put up her wet feet on a stool in front of the grate, and then, ungloving her mites of hands, held them in both of her own large and handsome ones, to get warmed.

"You do not look so well to-day, Effie," she said kindly, nay, tenderly. "What is the matter, my dear?"

They were evidently friends, for the little creature just laid down her cheek on Miss Alburn's hands, and said:

"I am not ill; only in trouble."

"Poor little girl! Not new trouble, I hope."

"Old—yet new! But," raising up her head with a patient sigh, "I must not stop to tell you now. I must give Maude her lesson. I will tell you some other time, though. You are the only person in the world to whom I *can* tell it—just as it really is!"

"Maude will not take her lesson to-day, and you shall rest and talk to me instead."

"Oh!" and the brown head laid itself against the velvet behind it, "what a blessed respite! I am very, very tired!"

She closed her eyes, and then Miss Alburn noticed that the face had a set expression of pain, and the white brow was contracted with evidently keen suffering. She laid her hand upon it, with instinctive desire to smooth away its mark, and gently passed it to and fro across the broad, low forehead, with her most soothing touch; but the stamp of pain remained unchanged.

"That feels delicious!" said Effie

dreamily, "and yet—I don't know but work is better—at least, to drown anguish of soul!"

"Ah! you are worn out, child. Any rest is good, in that case."

"I have been going, going all day—sometimes mechanically, sometimes with fierce energy—but still going. Once, I nearly fell in the street, and a woman, looking out of her door, brought me in, and gave me a drink of water. I thought of our dear Lord's words about 'a cup of cold water,' and do you know, the thought inspired me—"

"Hush, my dear," for she noticed the voice grow fainter and fainter, as the little creature went on; "you are too weak to speak any more, till I give you something to revive you. Stay quietly here till I come back."

She left the room, and came back in a few moments with a delicate china cup in her hand.

"There," she said, "drink that. You need not be afraid; it is a cordial made from an old French receipt, and is both soothing to the nerves and strengthening to a worn-out frame, like yours."

"Now," when it was eagerly swallowed, "rest a little while longer, and then talk your dear heart out to me, if you will find it any relief!"

The head was again laid back, and the white lids dropped over the glorious eyes.

"Oh!" in a loving, trusting murmur, "God sent me here! This is heaven to me, after such a day!"

"I am very glad, *very* glad, my dear, and I am sure God is with you wherever you go!"

"Oh, Miss Alburn, if I could only always take that thought to heart in time of trouble, it would change the whole world for me! God *is* with me then, surely, or, often I would sink under it; but I forget."

"Only for the moment, dear, I am sure."

"Ah! even for a moment, that should not be forgotten. But, listen, for I must not stay very long. You

heard of Mr. Metzin, the music-dealer, noticing my playing, and admiring my method of teaching. Well, about six months ago he came to me, and said he had a piece of work to offer me, which would be remunerative in the end, though, just then, it would bring nothing; he offered to give it to me, because he thought I ought to be helped. He knew my father, and considered him a genius, as a musician, and professed great interest for me on that account. I was deeply grateful, and I undertook the work, hoping the money I made by it would form the last payment on my mother's little cottage. You know, Miss Alburn, if that payment were not made we would lose the place, and it is all we have. I was very happy, though the work was very difficult, and took all my spare time. It was to transcribe certain pieces of music for the publisher, and at the same time arrange them for keys different from the original, correcting all mistakes in harmony, and they were many. I may truly say, Miss Alburn, I took no recreation of any kind for nearly six months, but I worked on, determined to gain the price; I had never since my dear father's death, three years ago now, had such a chance for making this payment, and the time was nearly up; we would lose not only the place, but all he had paid on it. I had, so far, only succeeded in making enough to enable us to live—"

"*Only!*" interrupted Miss Alburn. "Only! You marvellous little creature, how gigantic a task for you!"

"I don't know," said the little creature, looking up. "If God would only grant it, I would like to do more, not for myself, though. Well I finished my work; I earned by it one hundred and twenty dollars, just twenty dollars more than was needed for the payment! How delighted I was! How I thanked God as I went down yesterday to get the money! Can you imagine this?"

"Yes, dear, I can indeed."

"Then," and the brown head drooped, and the luminous eyes filled, and the earnest voice broke softly over a ripple of rising tears, "you can also imagine my supreme despair when Mr. Metzin coolly said:

"Miss Ten Eyck, your father owed me this amount; it is but just that you should let this work pay it!"

Then the brave little creature choked, and could say no more.

"This is beyond all comparison mean and cowardly," cried Miss Alburn, with an indignation in her soul that it seemed a mockery to strive to embody in words. And then she soothed and petted the now sobbing little creature as if she had been a child. Like a very child she ceased her weeping under the influence of this treatment, and went on with her simple tale of sorrow so homely, yet so keen.

"I could not speak at first, Miss Alburn, I was so overpowered. Then I said:

"Mr. Metzin, I did not know my father owed you this."

"But he owed it all the same," said he sarcastically; 'girls of your age never understand business.'

"Then he went and got a large book, and showed me where it was entered against my father, and made out a receipt for it, which he gave me. That is all I got for my work, and I hardly knew where I was going when I left the store. My father's debt, of course, was a sacred thing to me, but oh! what a blow to be deprived of the means to keep a roof over my mother. I suppose I must have looked my woful feelings, for as I opened the door he called after me: 'Only for panic times, Miss Ten Eyck, I would not be compelled to do this!'"

"Panic times!" echoed the woman, whose heart was aching at this recital. "How many acts of injustice and treachery are laid at that door. The wealthy Metzin speaks to *you*, struggling with your reduced class

and your lessened terms, of panic times. Poor, poor little creature! What did you do?"

"I walked all the way to St. Joseph's Church, a long and dreadful and mechanical walk, but I felt a terrible necessity for physical motion which drove me to it! I think if I had sat down anywhere with my seething brain, I would have become insane! I never noticed the crowd; I seemed to fly past them; I felt as if I could mount any height, or overcome any barrier to get before the altar. This is the time I did not think of God being with me in the darkness of my trial. I only saw the trial, and from my feelings then I can well imagine how people who never have God to turn to put an end to their own lives under the pressure of such!"

"Hurrying to the altar, and yet accuse yourself of forgetting God."

"Ah! well," with a patient sigh, "if I remembered Him really I would not have been so disturbed by anything that must pass away with time! I reached the altar at last; I knelt down on the marble steps under the sweet light of the sanctuary lamps, that always seems to me different from any other light we see, so soft, so steady, so like the heart of some rare gem held captive in the crystal cell with golden chains. I must confess I did not pray at first; I could not. It just seemed to me I cast down there my bruised and bleeding heart for God to look on it. He"—the sweet voice took a rapt and adoring tone—"He looked on it, dear Miss Alburn, and then it found strength to pray."

Now Miss Alburn was weeping silently; all this thrilled through every fibre of her heart as no words could have told, but her tears sufficed for the one that was pouring itself out to her in the touching story.

"I know," she went on, "every word you would say to me. God is very good to let any one feel for me so. I prayed a long time, and after

all that suffering the prayer was ecstasy. I rose at last, for the church was growing dim with the evening shadows, and I felt truly that God was going with me, and though my trouble was as great as ever, this raised me above it. I did not tell my mother when I got home; I could not. I slept none at all last night, striving to devise some way of replacing the money, even with suffering to myself. I owned nothing I could sell; I had no way of earning more; I knew of nothing I could do. At last it struck me to go and ask Mr. Metzin to let my father's debt stand for the present, in order to preserve our little home, and I would work for him to the same amount again!"

"My child!" broke from Miss Alburn's lips, "what an ordeal! You did not—you could not do it!"

"Yes!" and the light on the fair face was as that we are told breaks over martyrs' faces when their pain is most fierce, "I thought it would be an acceptable sacrifice in atonement for my want of patience when I first met my trial!"

"Want of patience—heavens!" This was said with extreme impatience.

"Well, no matter," and Miss Alburn envied her the peaceful smile that came with the words, "I went to this man who had tried me so, and humbled myself to ask the favor. I—I was refused!"

"On account of the pain!"

"Exactly. The pain of meeting this refusal, I think, was sharper than that of the first disappointment; but I had learned how to bear it, and when I knelt once more before the altar I could pray and could suffer cheerfully. Now that is all, but I could not tell my mother yet; that pain awaits me this evening."

"More pain? My dear child you are not fit for it this evening."

It was an indescribable expression broke, like the dawning of a new day, over the little creature's face,

as if some glimpse of heaven had been vouchsafed her in that moment.

"Better fitted than before," fell from her lips in a far-off tone. "I am learning the real way of the Cross, I think, Miss Alburn."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"There are two ways to meet pain—one, to bear it, and offer the bearing of it to God; the other, to embrace it as His gift!"

"And then?"

"The last is to find such union with Him on earth as is a foretaste of heaven!"

It was such a strange act, but her feelings were highly strange, and music was their natural vent; she went eagerly to the piano, threw back her head, and sent forth, in a rare and wonderful voice, a burst of triumphant song, embodying the words so dear to us all, from the cradle to the grave, "*Gloria Patri et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.*"

It flowed forth in a sort of rapt strain, that spoke ecstatic joy, mingled with perfect peace, that beatific union the soul finds in heaven alone. And it rose higher and higher, in a series of marvellously penetrating notes, till at the last the perfect voice hung quivering on the air in one miraculous trill, that, as it died away on the air, had a strange seeming of ascending out of mortal hearing into the grand Above. This was the "Amen" of the little creature's Gloria, and then, silence. Miss Alburn could not speak either her wonder or her delight, but seeing in a moment more that the brown head drooped till it touched the very keyboard, she went to her quickly, fearing the overwrought girl had fainted.

"No wonder," she whispered, gently raising her head. But the face that confronted hers was flushed with rose, and the eyes misty with the presence of sweet emotion.

"Do not mind," said she, slipping off the piano-stool; "that was

one of my moods, and I could not help it."

"What, dear?"

"Composing the 'Gloria.' I must go; dear Miss Alburn, I thank you for all the good you have done me."

"Good!" soliloquized the astonished, and touched, and altogether agitated Miss Alburn, when she found herself alone; "good *I* have done her! I cannot imagine myself capable of either such a sublimity of egotism, or such a depth of hypocrisy, as to suppose any glimmer of 'good' could come to such a soul from me. I—I will sit at her feet, to be taught for the future! The simple, simple story! And the heroic grandeur of faith in God! Oh! if Maude—"

Which stoppage was occasioned by the sudden and much dishevelled and tear-stained appearance of the young lady in question, who rushed into the room; who threw herself on her knees at the feet of her wondering teacher; who sobbed, and tried vainly to utter something, which, after much struggling and gulping down of hysterical gasps, proved to be,

"Maude *did* hear, and *has* learned the lesson, Miss Alburn! Forgive me, but I could not get out of the other room, and I heard every word, and I am ashamed of myself, and I intend to prove it, this very night. She's a genius and an angel."

So a great deal of embracing, such as women will exchange in crises of this kind, ensued. I do not know that it is necessary to describe it, for that reader of mine who has never seen it is so very exceptional a case, that it is hardly required of me to provide for such.

II.

OUT of reach of all this exciting performance, in his own particular *sanctum*, sat the "Papa," whose character had been so fiercely attacked. He was of the benevolent-looking order, with a dash of that

in his countenance, however, which told plainly he was not a person to be trifled with. He was just balancing in his mind, to a nicety, the predicament of "stocks" that day, when the door received a gentle tap, and Maude proceeded to "interview" him, as the newspapers would have it, as follows:

Papa. "Hum! Repentant, eh?"

Maude (humbly). "Yes, papa."

Papa. "Would like to have the party now, I suppose?"

Maude. "No, sir; but—but—" (a little sob, but very effective).

Papa. "Don't cry, child. You take it back, and you can have the party."

Maude. "I don't want the party at all, papa; but I want you to give me what it would cost."

Papa. "Hum! Getting mercenary! Come here, golden-head!"

Maude (with the golden head on his shoulder). "I don't want it for myself, papa."

Papa (quite overcome). "What is it, then, my dear?"

Maude (sitting up and stroking his iron-gray hair). "Oh! papa, I've a long story to tell you about it. Will you listen?"

Papa. "Of course, child. Let's have it."

Story pathetically and very excitedly told. Papa reduced to a perfect chaos of benevolent impulse. Check for \$200 handed over to Maude. Exit Maude.

Papa (soliloquizing). "The child's learned a lesson—found out the meaning of panic—ha! ha! Ten Eyck was a hidden genius, and his daughter must be looked after. It's a crying shame, this whole thing, and though generally a 'man of peace,' I'd take pleasure in shooting that Metzin."

III.

FROM which "interview," it will be inferred that tiny, heroic Effie made her payment. She was not thinking of valentines on the morn-

ing of the fourteenth, but thinking with pain, that could not be alleviated by any outward circumstances, that to-morrow the time would expire, and the cottage be taken from them.

"Oh ! Effie," cried her two little sisters, running together to her, "the letter-carrier has just left you a valentine."

"Nonsense ; it's a letter, pettie."

"No, look," and a pretty, rose-colored thing was handed to her. She opened it ; money fell out ; not a word, not a name affixed. She said nothing ; she only fell on her knees, and shook from head to foot. There was something terrible in her emotion ; no sorrow could have been half so pathetic as it was for the moment. So much for so little, poor, strained, and aching heart !

"Effie ! Effie !" cried the little ones, "you are so white ! What *will* we do ?"

"Kneel down, my darlings ;" and her voice was unnaturally quiet ; "and offer to God the thanks I am not so fit to offer as you."

And when they obeyed, the little creature bowed very low, they thought, but then that was because she prayed so fervently. They could hear her saying, "Dear Lord," two or three times, and then she grew so still, they stood up to try what ailed

her. She did not raise herself up, nor speak to them, so, in childish fright, they called their mother. The mother, feeble and aged, came up, lifted the dear, brown head, laid it back on her knee—a pallid face met her gaze ; sweet eyes, with light fled ; lips half parted, as if ready to utter something ; but on all, the stamp of peace unutterable. The cruel world could never chafe again that brave and beautiful spirit. It was singing its new "Gloria" in heaven.

I have called this "an ower true tale." It is, and in this wonderful Centennial year, when millions are being expended for show, our broad and prosperous country holds on her bosom actors in many of the same kind. No romance is needed to give force to these ; no poetry to touch them up with pathos. Their simplest recital owns all the force and pathos needed to move any heart capable of charity. May this touch some bent on the pursuit of the right !

Maude's father, from out his abundant wealth, provided for the helpless ones left destitute by this blow, and Maude herself found the climax to her painful lesson by acting out the truth, that "Life is real, life is earnest."

MEMORY.

How oft, in silence, secretly, alone,
 We wander back along the travelled road
 Of life which lies behind us ! There we strode
 With buoyant step ; and there, with many a groan,
 We picked a painful way from stone to stone,
 Which barred our path : one while a weary hill
 Defeated ardor ; then, again, a rill
 In brightness cheered us. All are past and gone,
 But not forgotten. Standing, as we seem,
 Beside the wall which hides futurity,
 The long-lost past behind us gives a hope
 And faithful promise of security,
 But none of ease ; or else there were no scope
 For trust in God, and life were but a dream.

MARY TUDOR AND THOMAS CRANMER.

SECOND PART.

THOMAS CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE lives of Mary Tudor and Thomas Cranmer stand as striking illustrations of the extremes that meet, when prejudice and partiality combined sit on the throne of judgment. In the same degree that she is unjustly vilified, he is unduly praised. As she is condemned to the lowest hell, he is exalted to the highest heavens. Although the wisest and most virtuous writers of the Established Church have repeatedly dissented from this judgment, still a large majority cling to the verdict of his partisans, who yet see in this man a Nemesis in death, as he was in life, over the woman he wronged through her holiest affections and dearest rights. The antecedents of Cranmer, prior to his introduction to Henry VIII, are rarely handled. But as his early life, as a student, contains salient points that predict the character of the man and embryo prelate, we propose to give a synopsis of his course from the beginning. There are many who yet indorse an old story regarding his birth as connected with some disgraceful court *liaison*; even Macaulay repeats it; but investigation and undeniable data prove this scandal to be utterly false.

Thomas was the second son of a family of six children, born at Aslacton, July 2d, 1484. His mother was a very pious woman, and anxious that both of her sons should be devoted to the priesthood. "Maister" Cranmer, however, had other views, and enforced them by training Thomas to field sports, in which he took great delight, soon excelling his father in the accomplishments of the chase. At the death of his father,

Thomas being in his 14th year, his mother accomplished her cherished wish, and sent him to Cambridge. Here he became a member of Jesus College, was an attentive student, and his conduct always within the bounds of strict propriety. Although his mother still continued to urge him to study for the priesthood, yet his taste and inclination were more for the reading of civil law.

There is no evidence in the letters of Cranmer and other contemporaries that he ever gained any special distinction as a scholar, although he was considered one of the best writers of "pure English" of his time. Enrolled as a fellow of Jesus College in 1510, he subscribed to the usual rules, which included the solemn vow of celibacy. But a temptation soon after arose, as a test of that vacillation of purpose which proved the bane of his life. A favorite resort of the alumni of the university was the Dolphin Tavern, and the inn-keeper thereof had a very pretty niece, whose charms proved too strong for the obligations of Cranmer's previous vows, although he was not at this time ordained a priest. Rumor, however, reached the authorities that something was wrong, and that the young student's ways were not in strict accordance with his oath. Summoned before the council, he "acknowledged that he had violated his vows, and was then a married man." As a matter of course he was expelled as a "bad man" from the college, and was the subject of the natural amount of sympathy from one side and condemnation from the other. His stolen joys were, however, of short duration, as

retribution followed in the first year by the death of "Joan, with the dark eyes and black hair," in child-birth.

This affliction left him sad and contemplative for some time; and the coldness of his friends, upon his return home, was not calculated to erase from his mind its hidden sorrow. Acting probably from the influence of his grief, he determined to devote his life to the priesthood, but, to redeem what he had lost, it was necessary that family influence and a "penitential petition" must be presented before he could be readmitted into Jesus College. Although (according to Strype) his conduct from this time was most exemplary, and elicited the respect of both authorities and students, yet his former precedents caused his ecclesiastical superiors to hesitate a long time before admitting him to holy orders. Subsequently he filled various offices in the university, but, according to his contemporaries, never attained any scholastic distinction, while in theological learning he was considered almost deficient. This judgment was confirmed subsequently, when forced into a discussion with Gardiner and Bonner, who also were fellow-students with him. Even Sir Thomas Moore, although but a laic, confuted and exposed his ignorance of canon law, when commanded by the king to discuss the question of legality, pending the contemplated divorce from Catherine.

Owing to the breaking out of the "sweating sickness" in 1518, Cranmer left Cambridge, in company with two young students who were under his charge, and took up his abode at their father's house in Waltham. The king, terrified at the ravages of the disease, had fled from "post to pillar," and was at that time settled at Lytynhanger, at a house belonging to the Abbot of St. Albans. A guilty conscience takes speedy alarm in the face of danger, so the fear of this scourge caused

Henry to drop the thought of divorce from Catherine, and once again assume the rôle of an affectionate and penitent husband. No sooner, however, did the pestilence abate, than with the assurance of safety, his passion for Anne Boleyn revived, and he again agitated a safe means of possessing her.

At that time Dr. Stephen Gardiner was Secretary of State, and Dr. Edward Fox the Lord High Almoner. In some of his visits at the houses of the gentry Cranmer had met these dignitaries, and been an interested listener to the discussions upon the king's pending divorce. Some time after, it appears, that either Fox or Gardiner must have quoted some opinion of Cranmer to the king, for, discerning the sagacity of the remark, he at once exclaimed: "Who is this Dr. Cranmer? Is he still at Waltham? Marry, I will speak to him; let him be sent for out of hand. This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear." (Dean Hook.)

So sudden an elevation from obscurity to the notice of royalty produced a powerful influence upon one so malleable. The king was sagacious enough to read all the weak points of his new advocate; but, when demanding him to write out his argument in full, for the settlement of the long-vexed question, he also charged him, upon his conscience, to adhere to the authority of Scripture and the councils of the Fathers of the Church. Truly a yielding conscience was essential to such work.

When we consider the subservency of the flesh to the spirit, excuse may be urged for Cranmer at this period. Translated from the gloomy rooms and penitential fare of the college to the elegant apartments and sumptuous appurtenances in the house of the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the prospective queen, was surely temptation strong enough to sharpen his wits, and deaden any trouble-

some suggestions of conscience. This alacrity in a bad cause may have prompted the remark that Henry soon after made: "With Thomas Cranmer at my elbow, I could overcome every difficulty." (Dean Hook.) Honors thenceforth crowded rapidly upon him. From the forum of a poor tutor he stepped into the pulpit of a royal chaplain with large emoluments, whilst every degree of affectionate attentions were bestowed upon him by the friends of the prospective queen.

The complicity of Gardiner and Bonner at this time will ever remain a deep stain upon their names, for they were both too well distinguished for their knowledge of canon law to stoop to the sophistry, which alone could have rendered their argument upon the marriage question acceptable to the king. Their subsequent repentance and suffering in the cause of religion under Edward must plead for the earlier errors of succumbing to the temptation of royal patronage.

In the subsequent embassy to Rome, by which Henry hoped to shake the conscience of the Pope, Cranmer seems to have been the sole member who kept his temper under the wing of policy; for Clement singled him out, by favor and compliment, as the only one of the commission who had behaved toward himself with respect and moderation.

The sincerity of this opinion he confirmed shortly after by conferring upon this wily prelate the high clerical dignity of Penitentiary-general of England; and yet Pope Clement was known to have frequently expressed a horror of "loose ecclesiastics."

Cranmer's subsequent protracted stay in the German provinces, ostensibly upon the "king's business," connected as it was with the indorsement of the divorce question by some of the universities, prove him to have been as eloquent in speech as he was liberal with the nation's gold. Many of the most distinguished of the Ger-

man reformers condemned the proposed divorce, and characterized it as a "heinous sin against justice and morality."

The downward path was now fully reached, and he not only lent his talents, but took the lead in arranging terms of coalition between the religious and carnal enemies of the Papacy. It is impossible, in such a limited space, to follow all the phases of a subject so momentous. The assumption of Henry VIII as supreme head of the Church, and the arrogant use made of the power, is known to all, together with the collusion between Cromwell and Cranmer, which compact finally decided the nullity of the marriage between Henry and Catherine. Let the reader only bear in mind the simulated sincerity at Dunstable, so as to judge correctly of his subsequent course, when self-interest again put him to the test.

Later developments showed that the "king's business" was not the only cause of his delay in Germany—the light of a pair of bright eyes once again lured him from his vows. Marguerite, the niece of his friend and fellow-apostate, Andrew Hageman (better known as Osiander by his writings), inspired a passionate love. Although she was but seventeen, and Cranmer forty-nine, yet all objections were set aside, and they were married. Bear in mind that this sacrilegious perjury was committed *before* the ban of ecclesiastical celibacy had been removed by the cidevant head of the Church, Henry VIII, and in the very face, too, of an assured prospect of the primacy of England upon his return. Even then the See was vacated by the death of the saintly Archbishop Wareham, and Cranmer knew that the mitre awaited him as a reward for his servility to Henry. Could degradation of all honor and virtuous principles reach a lower ebb? Not daring to risk the scandal of introducing a wife into the archiepiscopal

palace, after some months of hiding and evasion, in justifying her, the poor deluded girl was returned to her friends in Germany.

Although Cranmer knew in his own heart that he had disqualified himself for even the lowest offices in the Church by his perjury and broken vows, yet he lacked the moral courage to decline the king's gift of the primacy. One of the forms required an oath of obedience to the Pope. In order to avoid future complications (according to the Lambeth MSS. and the testimony of Todd), Cranmer protested, before a notary and four witnesses, that it was but a form; that he should not prejudice the "rights of the king, or prohibit such reforms as he might judge useful to the Church of England." With the same reservations he received the insignia of the Grand Penitentiary, thus perjuring himself twice in one day by oaths that he intended deliberately to break.

How thoroughly anticipated was the mock council at Dunstable is proved by Anne Boleyn's triumphant entry into London eight days thereafter as the king's wife, although the actual time of the marriage ceremony remains a mystery to this day. Hume says that Cranmer *ratified* the marriage four days *after* the divorce. Judging, however, from the figure of Anne Boleyn on that day, and the birth of Elizabeth three months later, there is but one conclusion to come to, particularly when the character of such a voluptuary as Henry VIII is considered. A career so remarkable as Anne Boleyn's is worthy of some consideration. In many respects she was a gifted woman, and not naturally bad-hearted. She was led by the seductions of a royal court and the voluptuous habits of the age to sacrifice to ambition her inviolable obligations to purity and faith. In view of the tremendous sacrifices, and the momentous events that moved the whole Christian world for the possession of this mod-

ern Helen, it is not to be wondered that she felt her power to be as permanent as it was exceptional. For her the Oracles were dumb, as the Fates clipped in silent darkness the golden thread of these joys, and the bright shield of her triumph, with its worshippers and jewelled crown, hid the reverse side of the lonely woman surrounded by the axe, the block, and the pall. The voices of the little children, as they greeted her with songs and flowers, may have touched her heart with the memory of her own innocent days, but no shadow of the sorrow-stricken woman, whose life she had wrecked and robbed even of her only child, darkened the march of triumph, of which she was the sole and undisputed goddess, for her royal lover purposely absented himself in order, as he said, "that his darling should be the sole object of homage and love that day."

A few short years, and the scene changes; the gorgeous panorama of the past gives place to the avenging sword. In lieu of the crowd of worshippers and the jubilant songs of the children, there comes but one little child, like the angel to Dorothea, who, pushing his way through the crowd to the lonely woman's side, touchingly said: "Here, good queen, are some flowers for you; don't cry, because you are going to heaven, where good little children go." And he who through love and pride had left her alone in glory, where was this ardent lover now, when in anguish and terror she walked desolate to lay the same lovely head crownless upon the block? Monster!

We have seen then that as soon as the king's *conscience* was troubled by satiety, his faithful and facile servant was able to find a panacea. As his former marriage had been found adulterous, under the inspiration of prayer, enforced by law and equity, so Cranmer now declared, with hands uplifted to heaven, that the marriage between Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn "was and always had been null

and void," at the same time invoking the name of the Holy Trinity, and calling upon the whole court of heaven as witness. (Pomeroy's Chronicle.)

Apart from the absolute crime of first conniving at adultery, and secondly at murder, Cranmer's relations with Anne Boleyn stamp him as base as Iago, and as treacherous as Judas. In the case of Catherine of Arragon, there was at least not the additional sin of perfidy in friendship. She was personally an entire stranger to him, although as his queen he owed her faithful allegiance. But his nature was not sufficiently sensitive to picture the grief of this noble, isolated woman in the outrage bestowed upon a princess of a mighty empire, and daughter of the renowned stock of Ferdinand and Isabella; a queen peerless in virtue; a Christian wife and mother thus cast from her legitimate high estate to stand pilloried before the world as a cast-off concubine, and her only child branded as a bastard! Even Mr. Froude, his apologist, condemns his want of heart thus: "It might be supposed that, engaged as he had been as a chief actor in a matter which, if he had done nothing else, had broken the heart of a high-born lady, whom he had once honored as his queen, he would have been either silent about his exploits, or if he had spoken of them would not have spoken without some show of emotion. We look for a symptom of feeling, but we do not find it. When the coronation festivities were over, the Archbishop wrote to his friends an account of what had been done by himself and others in a light gossiping tone of commonplace relation. We have been disappointed."* If Cranmer deserves such condemnation for this callousness, what can be said regarding his conduct toward Anne Boleyn? He knew her intimately; he had been a guest for months in her father's house; was

her confidential adviser, and some even say her confessor. Yet before these claims, no sooner had the cold and haughty beauty of Jane Seymour lured the king from her quondam friend, than Cranmer threw off the mask, and stepped boldly on the side where the new light was beaming. Even on the very day that Anne Boleyn was executed this model prelate signed the dispensation and other ecclesiastical forms essential to the marriage of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour. And yet the Protestants of that day claimed Anne Boleyn as a patroness of the Reformation, a neophyte of the man who aided in sending her to the block!

Anomalous as was every phase of Cranmer's character, what judgment should be meted to those "first peers of the realm," blood relations and old friends, who condemned, without a shadow of legal proof, that unfortunate woman to death. To gain the favor of royalty, and avenge some personal pique, Lady Rochester swore away her own husband's life, the brother of Anne Boleyn, upon a charge too horribly unnatural to repeat; one, however, which has found its counterpart in Mrs. Stowe's story of Lady Byron's wrongs. Her own father, the infamous Earl of Wiltshire, sat among her judges, and before her blood was cold he was doing the bidding of the king as Lord High Steward of the projected household of Jane Seymour. Her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, pronounced the fearful sentence that condemned Anne to be "burned to death at the stake," which was, however, commuted by "royal clemency" to the sword.

How low must have fallen the inherent principles of those men who surrounded and ministered to the lawless passions, the leonine cruelty of Henry, when feeding the scaffold with the women who had inspired love, and shared his moments alike of pain and joy. Yet these are the

* Froude's England, vol. 2, p. 458.

examples that Mr. Froude holds up for the world's admiration as "*unblemished nobles*." Were he less stolidly grim, as a rule, one might suppose that he only therein sought a correspondence or comparison with the *Messieurs les Assassins* of the French humorist, Alphonse Kare.

It is painful to be thus forced, from weight of testimony, to adhere alone to the side of prosecution; but even admitting the amiable side of the Archbishop's character, as claimed by his friends, yet we must confess that when the foundation is proved to be so totally devoid of principle, and morally oblique, that we cannot set a few agreeable personal qualities against the crumbling weakness of the chief corner-stone. Doctor Littledale, a distinguished clergyman of the Anglican Church, in his *Lectures on the Characters of the First English Reformers*, thus handles Cranmer: "I have ever held that courage in a man ranks with purity in a woman, and tested by any such comparison Cranmer must take his stand with liars and messalina, nay, with the nameless depravities which we associate with Faustina and Sappho. Every crime which tempted him he committed; every crime which any one in power wished to commit, he assisted or condoned."* Then after drawing the comparison between characters in the Old Testament, wherein David, Elijah, Daniel, and John the Baptist might have perverted their mission, he concludes: "And yet each of them, had he stopped short there, would have been incomparably less guilty than Thomas Cranmer, whose whole life was a tissue of like acts." We must omit here his complicity in the divorce of Anne of Cleves. At the time of Henry's death Cranmer was an old man. Had there been any remorse for his past course he might have redeemed many errors through his influence with the boy-king, Ed-

ward, but instead of repentance, he seemed precipitated into sins of a deeper dye. The quasi Catholic prelate now became the open apostate; the wily courtier, who had hidden his demoniacal counsels in the walls of the king's privy closet, now became the open champion of the severest persecutions against all who differed from his *fiat*. The penal statute which proclaimed "punishment of death and forfeiture of estate for those who denied the Christian religion," bear the seal, in effect, of his hand.

When the young king shrank from the enormities daily perpetrated, it was Cranmer who, as spiritual adviser, perverted his tender mind by the use of theological sophistries to win him to his purpose. In the case of Joan Bochee, "Maid of Kent," one of the reformed preachers, Cranmer and Latimer were among the inquisitors from whom she received condemnation of death for persistently maintaining her own views of the incarnation. Edward, however, refused to sign the warrant, in hope of her conversion, and reprieved her for one year, but Cranmer urged the example of Moses, who had condemned blasphemers to be stoned, and thus induced the king to let the law take its course.* When the jealousy of the Protector Somerset was turned against his brother, the Admiral Thomas Seymour, the widower of Catharine Parr, Cranmer, in conjunction with Somerset, signed the warrant for his execution, although he knew that "the canons prohibited to clergymen all participation in judgment of blood."†

Thus Unitarians, Anabaptists, and Catholics were doomed to death, whilst their murderer spent his leisure hours in compiling the book of *Common Prayer*, and *Homilies on the Way to Salvation*. However sincere the professors of the reformed religion may have subsequently become, at this time the zeal was not

* Men and Women of the Reformation, by S. H. Burke.

* Lingard.

† Ibid.

with the nobles and gentry, but with the poor and ignorant. The former doffed the new dress on Mary's accession, and donned it again at the advent of Elizabeth.

Cranmer's excuse for the part he took in the will of Edward, which disinherited both Mary and Elizabeth, that "he could not resist the intreaties of the king," only makes his weakness more apparent. Says Macaulay: "A holy prelate of 61 we would think might be better employed by the bedside of a dying child than committing crimes at the request of his disciple."* Had his treachery ended there we might find palliation, but he next becomes the accomplice of the unprincipled Dudley, in forcing an innocent young girl into usurpation, knowing that the hereditary title was solemnly vested in Mary.

And now at last the culminating hour arrives. All efforts to defeat justice have proved abortive, and the first prelate of the realm stands face to face with his Nemesis. Does she strike him with summary vengeance, as her father and sister would have done by such an enemy? No. Although he had been the author of all the woes of her life and by his malign influence poisoned every channel of possible happiness, by the repeated premeditated acts of treachery already detailed, yet, instead of resenting at once, when the opportunity offered, this series of injuries, she proved the native generosity of her heart by permitting him to perform the obsequies of her brother, with all the grandeur of his official position. For several months after her accession, he was left at perfect liberty to injure her, the only restraint put upon him being an order to confine himself to his palace of Lambeth. Seemingly bent, however, upon his own destruction, both clemency and warning were lost upon him, for he soon after published a coarse and violent attack upon the

queen's religion, well knowing that it was the most precious treasure of her crown, and guilty therein of blasphemies far more abhorrent than he had caused others to be burnt for during Henry's reign. Next came his arrest, not by Mary individually, but by the will and demand of Parliament. Two years, however, were still given him before the final trial which resulted in his condemnation, together with Ridley and Latimer (which was insisted upon by the council), for their complicity in Northumberland's rebellion, as Strype says, for "ensample's sake." Cranmer's firmness before the Oxford convocation, though defeated in his theology, might have been creditable to his consistency, were it not for the speedy termination of his assumed courage upon the execution of Ridley and Latimer. All but love of life abandoned him then, and he was ready to cringe before the up-lifted hand. Then it was that his hopes centred upon one of the many recantations,—seven in all, according to Strype and Fox. In that last desperate throw for life, he compares his own course as persecutor of the Church, to that of St. Paul, and prays that an opportunity may likewise be afforded him to rebuild what he has destroyed. Although he considers himself deserving of eternal punishment, yet, like the thief on the cross, he hopes that his cry for mercy may be heard. He also acknowledges the base use he made of his power, to the injury of religion, the queen, and hosts of innocent victims in these words: "That I exceedingly offended against King Henry VIII, and especially Queen Catherine, his wife, when I was the cause and author of the divorce, which fault was indeed the seminary of all the evils and calamities of this realm. Hence so many slaughters of good men; hence the schism of the whole kingdom; hence heresies, hence the destruction of so many souls and bodies sprang, that I can scarce comprehend

* Review of Hallam's Constitutional History.

with reason, but when these are so great beginnings of grief, I acknowledge I opened a great window to all heresies, whereof myself acted the chief doctor and leader."* No innocent man would thus deliberately condemn himself. Had he attested the sincerity of this recantation, and accepted death as the great retribution of his perjured life, of his insidious wiles in luring the young to bitter war and death,—of the blasphemous use he made of his sacred calling, perverting every moral and noble instinct of honor; had he cancelled the record thus, he might be yet glorified by his friends, and respected by his enemies, although he could never be crowned with the nimbus of the martyr, since his death was the result of a trial, more for state treason than for religious perversion. But false to the last, he has left with his own hand the base perfidy of his soul, even in presence of the pending judgment of his Maker. After properly signing the above document, to be read at the stake in the fatuous hope of a reprieve at the last moment, he basely prepared, secretly, a second paper, which in case pardon should not be extended, he intended to substitute, for the consolation of his friends, and the chagrin of his enemies. This deceit, was, as Macaulay says, "in strict accordance with the system on which he had constantly acted." Again, he says: "We do not blame him for not choosing to be burned alive. But surely, a man who liked the fire so little should have had some sympathy for others. A persecutor who inflicts nothing which he is not

ready to endure, deserves some respect."

Vacillating, perfidious, treacherous to the last, there is no redeeming evidence in his whole career, of warmth in affection or fidelity in friendship. Apparently devoted to Lord Cromwell,* hand in hand with him in every deed of treachery and blood, seemingly as much devoted to his person as to the influence of his position with Henry, yet when the tide of royal favor turned against him, without a heart-pang, or a qualm of conscience, he voted for his destruction, not even claiming for him the benefit of a trial. There is no trace of self-retrospect in any part of his life; no period when the nobler elements of character were warring with the baser instincts, unless, indeed, we except the sorrow over the loss of his first wife, which for a time influenced his return to the path of religious consistency and moral rectitude. Diverging again, there *could be no return, for "the last state of that man shall be worse than the first."* Thenceforth casting his lot with the worshippers of Mammon, he dropped the veil over conscience, and turned a deaf ear to the silent voices that might have awakened an emotion of remorseful regret. And this is the man upon whose manes Mary Tudor has been immolated for three hundred years. To "that remorseless right hand," she still owes the cruel injustice and false testimony that falls like a blight upon her name.

* "At the period that the Countess of Salisbury and other notables were condemned to death, Cranmer and Cromwell reigned without control in the king's councils."—(Burke.) Scarcely an execution took place at that time which might not have been condoned by the influence of either of these men.

• Spalding's History of the Reformation.

VAL-MAUD.

A LEGEND OF THE LIMOUSIN.

(Translated from the French.)

THERE is a little corner of France, traversed by fertile mountains, where the gray granite is mingled with the blooming heath, where for the traveller each step is a surprise, each crease of the soil conceals a new view, sometimes the hills basking in the light of the sun, sometimes the limpid stream, whose waterfall whitens with light waves the feet of the tall green poplars, and whose transparent shadows they bear on its bosom. This is the Limousin. In the cities alone is heard the noise of machinery, which in civilized countries aid the laborer to cultivate the farm, but here in these mountains the peasant is poor and ignorant, living upon nothing, believing in God, loving his fields, cultivating with weary arms and silent resignation a soil too picturesque to be productive. In one of these gorges at the foot of a hill, whose sides were covered with rocks and thorny shrubs, arose the gloomy and sombre walls of Val-Maud. Sad as its name (Cursed Vale) was the old chateau, with its gates closed, its courts deserted, its wide stairs cold and silent. Sadder still was the group of pines which extended their branches to meet the dark ivy that covered the turrets. Towards the west an immense park sloped down to the stream, and gave a little life to this cold, desolate abode. There were, however, neither golden fruits nor brilliant flowers; a long grass-plat unfolded itself on the left, and on the right was a lake with a hedge of reeds; all around were immense trees and clumps of thick foliage, intersected by broad, straight paths; no swans upon the lake, no hunters in the forest, no children on the lawn. Val-Maud was well named,

and the sorrow that weighed on this afflicted family seemed to have imparted to the landscape the same air of fixed sadness impressed upon the brow of the Comte de Solange.

A stranger was rarely admitted into the chateau, seldom permitted to witness the dejection of the Count, nor the heart-rending expression on the noble face of the Countess. They lived in complete seclusion, dwelling upon the past, and letting the years glide by without friends to console them, or acquaintances to divert them. What profound grief was thus buried in this desert? This man bending under the weight of life rather than years; this woman in the garments of woe, with pale lips and hungry eyes, had been young and beautiful, and life to them had once been bright and joyous as a summer's day. But "impartial fate, that knocks at the palace and the cottage gate," had visited them five times, and had left only in that stately home their last born, the only one they could have willingly spared; one whose soul was obscured, and for whom his twenty years of life have been one long period of childhood. This is why Val-Maud is a desert; this is why the Count groans perpetually from wounded pride, and the mother's days are spent in weeping.

Thirty years previous the chateau was called Val-des-Roses; the Count had just married, and the country around was rejoicing in the splendid fêtes given in honor. The young Count was handsome and haughty. Oh! so haughty, proud, and hard to the poor. He never had a kind word for them, never excused a fault; if rain or sun had destroyed their

crops he never pitied their misfortune; still they were loyal to their young lord, and warmly welcomed his noble Countess. The chateau for some months had been filled with many guests, and a variety of entertainments inaugurated for their amusement. One day a grand hunting party was formed. It was on a lovely day in September, a day when Nature forgets she will soon die, and decks herself in all her richest hues. The sun shone everywhere; it lighted up the outriders in the thicket; it gilded the horns of the garde-de-chasse; it tinged with golden shades every leaf in the forest. A wild boar was being pursued, and the danger only heightened the interest in the chase. All at once the horns simultaneously resounded, and the vociferous barking of the pack gave warning of the near proximity of the animal. The huntsmen advanced *en masse* towards la Croix du Loup, where the enraged boar was slaughtering dogs who so rabidly attacked him; the outriders vainly called them; no one dared approach him or fire upon him for fear of killing the dogs. The Count was furious, and cried out: "My dogs! They allow my dogs to be killed! even Dianne! my beautiful Dianne! Raymond, go take her away, I will not lose her!" "My lord it is impossible," replied Raymond, trembling. Raymond was a young outrider born upon the Count's estates, and accustomed to obey his slightest command. "I think you said it was impossible," said the young Count, with wrath in his eye, at the same time spurring his horse upon the young peasant, and cutting him with his whip. The boy hesitated no longer; with his knife in his hand he sprang upon the boar that was tearing the "beautiful Dianne" to pieces. There was a murmur of indignation, a shudder of fear among the party present. Raymond's knife glanced over the skin of the animal, who plunged his tusks into the breast of the peasant, then

with a bound leaped across the circle of hounds, and disappeared in the dense forest. They hastened towards the young peasant. He opened his eyes, and looking at the Count, faintly said: "I knew I would be killed," and fell to the ground, a corpse. The young Countess uttered a cry of terror, and another of despair replied to it, as an old woman with whitened face and wild eyes threw herself upon the body of the poor boy. "Dead! he is dead! He has killed all the joy I have in the world! all I had to love! He has killed him! He was the master, and the child had to obey his orders. It is infamous! I will die too of grief and despair. He is dead, my child is dead! Curses upon him who sent my child to be killed," and raising herself she called out to the Count with a voice that rang through the forest: "Thou hast killed my child. I curse thee and thy children; I curse thy family and thy house! Go now and leave me with my dead!" and she fell upon her knees, raising in her arms and pressing to her heart the lifeless form of her boy, so overwhelmed by grief as to be totally oblivious to all that was transpiring around her. The Countess was carried off fainting, and early the next day the guests all left the chateau. The painful impression of this tragic scene was soon effaced; the fatal prediction utterly forgotten in the joy, festivity, and happiness which returned to the chateau with the birth of son and heir to the noble house of Solange. But one day the old peasant, whom they had never seen since, reappeared in the neighborhood, accompanied by her goats. One night in the gloaming she entered the court-yard of the chateau, and walked into the kitchen, seating herself without uttering a word. The servants hastened to inform their master, who came without delay. The old creature arose, and looking at him fixedly, said, "Thy son is ill," and shaking her head knowingly, left as quietly as she had entered. During

the night the child was attacked with the croup, and died. Four other children were born, and four times did the silent old woman return to the chateau, and they all pined and faded away. The chateau from that period was called Val-Maud; desolation spread around it; friends and neighbors withdrew from it. A sixth child was born, but he had been afflicted from his birth, and it seemed as if he were spared them because his life would cause his parents more sorrow than his death. Twenty years passed, and the woman and her goats had disappeared. The Count, buried in his grief as much as in the depths of his forest, had become gloomier day by day; he seemed absorbed in the one thought, that the de Solanges, so proud of their old name, had in their ancient chateau only an old man and an idiot.

Not far from the castle, on the other side of the park, in the midst of vines and wheat, arose like a charming, fragrant bouquet a little villa painted pink, with green shutters. The walls were concealed under the drapery of creeping vines and plants. On all sides were trees, tufted box, cedars, lovely flowers, and nestling branches. It was a lovely spot, and was called Moss-Rose Villa. A young girl often appeared at the windows, surrounded by the fragrant blossoms and rosebuds, looking fresher than the flowers themselves; her hair more golden than the wheat; her eyes more blue than the forget-me-nots; and her voice as joyous as her birds. "Good-morning, grandmother dear! did you sleep well?" was her usual salutation. The old lady's face was very sweet; her white hair fell in soft curls over her smooth forehead; her mouth small and expressive; her gentle, sad eyes seemed to have wept so much that they were still veiled in tears; it was only when her little Blanche appeared that a flush of their old brightness shone through their mist. Blanche was six-

teen, an orphan from her birth; her mother had closed her eyes as hers opened in this world, and her father sank to rest six months after on the field of Austerlitz. She had grown up in her dear old grandmother's cottage, and those dear old eyes had rested upon her night and day, lavishing upon that golden head a wealth of love and tender devotion in the isolation of her old age. For Blanche and the old lady the universe was bounded by their garden gate; the ripple of their uneventful lives was only disturbed by an occasional visit from a neighbor; their joys consisted in cultivating flowers and the creeping plants which adorned their tiny villa, and sharing with the poor the delicious fruits of their orchard; their sorrows—they had none. One childish regret, however, had remained indelibly impressed upon Blanche's memory, when at ten years of age she parted from Henri Brugère, her companion, who passed every morning on his way to school; Henri, so gay, so kind, who fished with her in the limpid streams, who climbed the trees so nimbly and brought her tiny birds and eggs; Henri, who called her his little wife. His father sent him to college. Blanche wept very bitterly when he came to say "adieu." Only twice did he return during his vacations, and then only for a few brief days. Mons. Brugère took him to his aunt at Paris, and Blanche saw no more of him. Four years had passed since his visit, and she heard that he had completed his studies. When Mons. Brugère was questioned concerning his son, he replied gayly, rubbing his hands with glee: "He is a fine fellow; will advance rapidly in his profession, and will marry well. I took good care to prevent him from making a foolish match, and destroying his future prospects." Blanche was too young to understand these manœuvres, and had long since become accustomed to his absence. One day Blanche was terrified to find that she

could not awaken her grandmother. God had bestowed on her eternal rest. She realized the great calamity which had befallen her through the tears and lamentations of their old servant, and the poor child nearly died of grief and anguish. When her dear old grandmother had been laid to rest, and she beheld her vacant chair, and wandered through their little nook *alone*, she was desolate and broken-hearted, asking herself what was to become of her. She could see no refuge, no strong arm to lean upon, no consolation, nothing but solitude, grief, and isolation. The poor child wept bitterly, and yearned "for the touch of a vanished hand."

The curé came to see her and soothed her by his gentle teachings; a few days after Mons. Brugère, the lawyer, called and explained to the orphan the exact state of her affairs. A life interest, which had supported them, ceased at her grandmother's death; her only inheritance was Moss-Rose Villa and surroundings, but that of course could not support her, besides she could not live alone in an isolated house. "I will work," said the poor girl proudly. "Poor child, what will you do? you are too refined to do menial work, too young to teach; what will you do?" Blanche's head, which had been raised so defiantly, was lowered, and she wept passionately. "Come," said the lawyer, apparently in a benevolent mood, "take courage, little Blanche, I am your friend. I will not leave you comfortless. I pledge myself to find you a home. Who knows, a great blessing may be in store for you. You are very pretty, I may be the good fairy; we cannot tell—perhaps," and he departed, leaving Blanche surprised, anxious and sadder than before he came. As he withdrew, he murmured to himself, "She is devilishly handsome; I was right to keep Henri out of the way." Mons. Brugère, the lawyer, was a short stout man, with small

sharp black eyes, a prominent nose, and a large mouth. He was as shrewd as he was active, always jovial, rarely scrupulous, knowing the strength and weakness of every family in the neighborhood.

One beautiful morning in April he called at the chateau. Count de Solange was reading Voltaire, by the fireside; the Countess was quietly telling her beads; her son was at her feet embroidering; from time to time he raised his eyes from the canvass and looked at his mother, who returned the look by one of the warmest affection and tenderness. The servant announced Mons. Brugère. "Alfred," said the Countess, "let us retire." She disliked the lawyer. "Remain," said the Count, in a curt tone. She seated herself again, her son nestled closely, and looking curiously at the lawyer, held his mother's hand nervously during the interview. Mons. Brugère bowed first to one, then to the other, looked embarrassed, turned on his chair, coughed, until the Count impatiently said, "Well, Mons. Brugère!" "Well, Count, it is as I told you, the child has no resources; she is sixteen, and beautiful; you know, Count, how deeply I am interested in her, so if the proposal I have made meets with your approval, I will inform her of the brilliant destiny which awaits her here." "A marriage with Alfred is in question," said the Count, turning to his wife, explaining to her, in his usual frigid tones, the advantages to be derived from such a union. "Marry Alfred!" exclaimed the Countess, rising with surprise and terror. The Count was immovable. The little lawyer visibly agitated. The poor mother, startled by this idea, which had never presented itself to her, repeated in a low mournful tone, "Marry Alfred!" and her eyes, filled with tears, rested on her idiot child. Alfred de Solange was twenty-five years of age; he was thin and pale, his hair light, his eyes blue, with a vague but rather sweet expres-

sion. His mother alone could cause a smile to hover over his thin lips; he was afraid of his father; was afraid of everything loud and harsh, and was attracted to everything in nature which was gentle and weak like himself. "As to your fee, Mons. Brugère, you will name it yourself;" and he added, in a tone that he tried to render flippant, "you will inform her that I will settle upon her 200,000 francs. Did you not say she was pretty? So much the better, I may yet live to see a worthy heir to the name of Solange." He rose and directed his course towards the door. One could see in the change of his voice and his nervous gestures, how revolting to his sense of honor and nobility, how crushing to his pride, this desire of seeing his name perpetuated at *any* price. "To whom do you wish to marry him?" asked the Countess. "Madame de Solange," replied the lawyer, "she is the granddaughter of—" The Count cut him short by saying, "She is named Blanche," and left the room abruptly with the lawyer. A week after, Blanche was installed at the chateau, and preparations for the marriage had begun. Frightened at the hasty change in her existence, not quite understanding what was required of her, forced by her lonely situation to accept the refuge offered her, the bewildered child only knew one thing, that her dear grandmother was dead, her only support gone, the only one who loved her and whom she loved had been taken away from her, that she had been snatched from all that was dear and familiar, and had been brought to a new home. She was gentle and young, had never had a will of her own, so she submitted now, sadly, it is true, to the new life marked out for her. Accustomed to obey her lord and master implicitly, the Countess yielded to his decree, ordered preparations for this marriage, which seemed to her a sacrifice, she so pitied the young desolate girl whose future destiny was dis-

posed of without even consulting her, or preparing her for the sacrifice. She asked herself if Blanche would not abhor Alfred, if she would not be afraid of him and perhaps kill him through her disdain and hatred of him. Her usual sorrow, silent and resigned, gave way to a terrible and restless anxiety. She had exacted a delay of three months, in order to console the young girl and to accustom her to the society of her son. Blanche was allowed to go out at all times; she wandered around the silent chateau at will, but soon lost her light step and joyous tones, and wept constantly whilst walking through the sombre avenues. Her favorite spot was a little summer house near the lake; she spent whole days there, thinking on her happy past. The Countess had given Blanche a pretty room hung with azure blue drapery, situated in the west turret. Every morning she came there to embrace her and bring her some token—sometimes a pretty bird in a golden cage—sometimes rare flowers, then again a lovely picture. Little by little Blanche learned to love this tall pale lady with eyes so sad and voice so tender. She told her her new sorrows, her fears; she dwelt on her happy days at the villa, and her dear old parent; the arms of the sad mother opened to receive her, and she impressed upon her brow a kiss that seemed the birth of a new love, a new sensation for her, the sorrow-stricken mother. "Blanche," said she, "do you wish to be my daughter? Will you love Alfred? If you only knew how gentle and good he is!" "Madame," replied the poor child, "I would like to, but" the Countess closed her lips with a kiss and hurried out of the room. Blanche went to the window and leaned out; her heart was troubled, tears were in her eyes, when she suddenly heard an unknown voice by her side, saying, "You are named Blanche?" She raised her head and met the surprised gaze of Alfred,

who looked at her as a child looks upon the picture of Murillo's Madonna. He seized the beautiful golden hair floating over her shoulders, and kissed it over and over. Blanche arose terrified at the act. "I entreat you," said the Countess approaching. Blanche turned tremblingly towards Alfred, and tendered him her hand.

One year passed since Blanche had become the wife of the afflicted man. Count de Solange had been carried to the tomb; the birth of a granddaughter had so disappointed him, that on being apprised of it he exclaimed, "Cursed! I am still cursed!" and fell dead upon the floor. Blanche felt a profound pity for her husband, mingled with fear and repulsion; she took great care of him, amused and humored him, but alas! love him she could not. He adored her in his weak way; everything interesting him formerly had yielded to his absorbing love for his wife. She was his universe, his all; his eyes were upon her always; if she smiled he clapped his hands like a child, and shouted for joy. One evening she approached the piano, which had not been opened for months; her fingers glided over the keys, and she played at random as if in a listless reverie. She was startled by an exclamation which seemed to proceed from the direction of the window. She was aroused, and turning abruptly saw a shadow disappear from the open window; she glanced around her and saw Alfred on his knees behind her, weeping and kissing the hem of her dress. "Play again, I beg you," said he in a suppliant tone. Blanche smiled bitterly as she looked at him; seating him near her, she played dancing airs, and soon lulled him to sleep. "I wonder who was at the window?" she murmured. The next morning she had entirely forgotten the previous night's occurrence, and took her husband and child to her usual

seat in the park. This was her favorite spot; she seated herself on a rustic bench which she had ordered to be placed near a cluster of pink laurel, not far from the iron railing of the park. With a carpet of moss at her feet, and the long branches of the arching trees above her, she sat in her pretty nest and placed the infant on the turf, whilst Alfred threw himself beside his child, and commenced cutting out playthings with his penknife. Blanche had given him the idea, having discovered that he was skilful with his hands and possessed considerable taste in fashioning his carvings. Blanche smiled upon her children at her feet, embroidered a little, then read, and was for some time absorbed in her book. When she raised her eyes she was surprised to see through the iron railings of the park just facing her, a young man seated on a hillock with a sketch-book and crayon in hand. From time to time he looked at her attentively, then lowering his eyes and running his pencil over the paper. She was convinced that the stranger was taking her portrait; she blushed at such audacity; her pride revolted at the liberty, and rising hurriedly she placed her infant in its little carriage, threw in the toys, signed to Alfred to follow, and without uttering a word, walked straight back to the chateau. The artist made a gesture which seemed to say, "What a pity!" leaned his forehead against the railing, followed her with his eyes as long as he could see her, put the portfolio under his arm, and withdrew, singing as loud as he could Schubert's Serenade. Blanche heard from afar this rich sonorous voice, and listened to it with emotion. The recollections of the shadow seen the evening previous, coupled with the incident of the day, gave rise to strange emotions; she said nothing however. What could she say? to whom? The Countess had not left her bed since the death of her husband; she seldom spoke to any one;

thus the young innocent Blanche was left entirely alone, and she was not yet nineteen. If Blanche had possessed more reason, had had more experience, she would have been terribly frightened at her lonely situation, but she was still the veriest child, feeling at times the great void in her life, without asking herself what was wanting; she was weary of her monotonous life and sighed for another without looking beyond the walls of Val-Maud. So, after the first moment of anger had passed, she thought more kindly of the stranger; she almost thanked him in her heart for the diversion which his presence had caused in the dull routine of her life. She tried to recall his features, and was sorry that she had fled so hastily, thought that she would like to know what he was sketching so intently, and promised herself to return to her favorite position on the morrow and display a little more curiosity. Accordingly the next day she started at an earlier hour. Upon arriving there she found the unknown awaiting her; she blushed violently, and knew not whether to remain; in her embarrassment she stood still, her eyes fixed upon the ground, standing between the child's carriage and Alfred, who alternately looked at his wife and the stranger.

The latter took off his hat and said, "Madame, pardon me, if—" At the first sound of his voice Blanche raised her eyes and stared at the stranger. "Henri!" she exclaimed, and rushed towards the iron gate; but, on reaching it, an intuitive feeling restrained her, and she mechanically withdrew her hand which she had passed through the bars.

"You recognize me; how happy I am, Madame; I dared not hope you would."

"Oh, yes! I recognize you," said Blanche with genuine joy, "and how glad I am to see you, so many things have happened since I met you last."

"Yes, you married young," said Henri.

Blanche involuntarily lowered her head and made no reply.

Little Madeleine commenced to cry. Blanche ran to her, and bringing her triumphantly in her arms, said: "Look, Henri; look at my daughter; is she not pretty?"

"Very pretty," said Henri; "will you permit me to paint her portrait?"

"Her portrait! Oh, what happiness!"

"Yesterday I began yours without your consent, but you left so suddenly."

"But I did not recognize you," she replied quickly. "Why did you not come to the chateau?"

"I have no right; I am only a poor artist, you are the Countess de Solange."

Blanche's eyes filled with tears, and she replied almost angrily: "Do you remember me so little that you dare utter such words? What matters it? I am still Blanche—the Blanche of other days. Have you become so wicked that, instead of allowing me to think that I have again found an old friend, you force me to undeceive myself?"

She had become quite anxious and animated whilst talking, and tears were flowing down her cheeks, which were flushed crimson with emotion. Alfred, who had followed her when she took her child to exhibit her to the stranger, looked at her sorrowfully, and cast angry glances upon Henri. "Let us go back," he said, pulling at her dress.

"How good and beautiful you are," continued Henri, in a low, persuasive voice. "How happy I feel to hear you speak thus. If you but knew how rejoiced I am to behold you again; but I will not visit you at the chateau; I could not go there, and then—"

"It is dull," said Blanche.

"That is not the reason; but I do not care to see you as the Countess, a great lady; I should be ill at ease. Whilst here in the park, in the midst of these trees and flowers, I see you

as you are still in my memory, the little Blanche of childhood's days, whom I have never ceased to remember."

"Why did you not return sooner?" said the young creature.

"Why?" replied the young man with bitterness. "My father would not permit me!"

"Ah! your father was very kind to me; it was he who brought me here, to Madame de Solange, when I was lonely and distressed."

Henri trembled with anger. "Do not speak of that!" he said.

"You have returned to remain altogether?" asked Blanche, earnestly.

"Yes, altogether; and Blanche, you will come to the railing every day; promise me?"

"Oh, I cannot say; it is impossible. Oh, no—"

"However," Henri ventured to say, "to paint the child's portrait?"

"Oh, Madeleine's portrait; will you be able to sketch her through the railing?"

"Sit down where you were yesterday and look at me."

Blanche smiled and seated herself between the laurel bushes, happy, and yet a little dissatisfied in her heart, fearing that she was doing wrong; yet the presence of Alfred reassured her, and then she thought that he was *outside* the railing, and anybody had a right to look through it and sketch off what pleased them; besides he was Henri, the companion of her childhood, and there was surely no harm in sitting to him. She seated Madeleine upon her knees, kissing her tenderly, smiled at Alfred (who did not cease staring at Henri in a very savage manner), soothed him with sweet childish words and caresses, as she was wont to bestow on her infant. When she saw him resume his usual occupation, cutting out cardboard and carving in wood, she turned her eyes towards the railing and looked stealthily at the one who was gazing upon her with his eyes and soul.

"How changed he is; I wonder that I knew him. He seems very happy."

He in the meantime sketched rapidly, and the hour sped; the child awoke and cried; her mother arose and prepared to return to the castle.

"To-morrow," she murmured, and, smiling, bade him adieu.

That night Alfred took a piece of paper and a pencil, seating himself to draw opposite Blanche. "Look at me!" he said.

She looked at him with surprise; but he exclaimed, in a supplicating tone, "Not like that! Look at me as you look at him."

Blanche could not sleep that night; the sudden appearance of Henri disturbed her. She was overjoyed to have seen him again. All the incidents connected with her childhood crowded upon her. She saw herself again at Moss-Rose Villa, roaming over the grounds with Henri, fishing in the running stream, robbing birds' nests, gathering nuts, swinging—always together. Then suddenly she saw him behind the park gates as she had seen him that day, and she was soon lost in a profound reverie. "Why did he decline to come to the castle?" He had urged her to come to the park gates every day; it seemed natural to obey him, yet she shrank from doing so. "Was it wrong, then? But who could censure her? she was mistress of the castle."

For the first time she felt a thrill of pride in saying this: "It is true I am a Countess," said she with a smile. "It is a fine thing to be a Countess;" but a painful thought kept intruding itself, "If it were Henri, instead of poor Alfred, who was the Count"—and she shuddered guiltily. "Poor Alfred!" she added, "I neglected him yesterday, and that was not kind." Rising, she wrapped a shawl around her, and stole softly, with slippered feet, to his couch. He slept peacefully; she gently kissed his forehead, looked at him

intently a long time, and murmured: "How pale he is! how unfortunate that—" She shuddered and quickly returned to her apartment. Early the next morning she left her chamber; she was restless after the sleepless night; she had need of bracing air to cool her feverish frame; she strolled mechanically towards the old lodge. Just as she reached it she saw the branches of the great oak shading the house suddenly part, and a young man spring down and alight at her feet. She was so surprised, so startled, that she had no strength to utter a cry. She attempted to flee hastily, but he did not give her time. He advanced rapidly, seized both hands, saying very tenderly: "Blanche, have no fear of me!" Blanche's heart beat violently, but she disengaged her hands, and threw herself upon the rustic seat under the laurels. Henri stood before her contemplating her in mute ecstasy. "Blanche, you are so kind to come to me; you guessed that I was waiting for you, did you not?" She observed a scratch on his temple as he bent his head. "Heavens, you are wounded!" she cried.

"Oh, it is nothing," said he. "I sprained my wrist the other night; I am learning the way now to get in."

"It was you, then, at the window the other evening, when I was playing and dreaming?"

"Yes, Blanche, it was I. I returned home a week ago, and have inquired from every one concerning you. Vague reports of your marriage reached me in Paris. When, however, I mentioned you in my letters, I received no answer whatever. It was from the peasants of the neighborhood I obtained satisfactory information; your grandmother's death; your sudden desolate situation; what my father did; but do not let me dwell on that!" he added, in an angry tone. "Well, I felt an inordinate desire to see you again, to know if you were really

happy and content. I longed to assure myself that you had not utterly forgotten me. I wandered around the park walls, hoping to catch a glimpse of you. One night I heard the sweetest, saddest music. I could resist no longer; I climbed the tree near the lodge, crept down from the roof, and entered the grounds. Concealed by the thick foliage beneath the windows, I listened to your sweet voice, and gazed on your familiar form once more."

"But to-day!" said Blanche reproachfully, but visibly moved.

"But to-day!" cried the young man, "I do more than see you at a distance; I press your hands and look into your eyes as of yore! Am I not the friend of your childhood? Do you not wish me to speak of those happy days?"

"Oh, yes, speak of them," said Blanche. "Do you not remember how you decked me with wreaths of daisies and wild flowers, and I personated the fairy queen of the villa? And how you would often hide yourself in the heaps of new-mown hay, and I would search for you everywhere?"

Recollections of their childhood crowded upon them; they both spoke at once; laughed from sheer remembrance of how merrily they had laughed in those days. They strolled together, mechanically clinging to each other, as they passed along a narrow path edged with honeysuckle and eglantine.

"Do you remember the last time I went to see you, during my long vacation, and you gave me a white rose which bloomed near your own window?"

"Yes, I remember it. I held a bouquet of them in my hands and was scattering the leaves around. You said: 'Give them to me and they will cheer me on my journey!'"

"And you gave me the choicest; here it is!" said Henri, taking from his pocket the dead flower, carefully encased in silk.

"You have it still?" said Blanche in a broken voice.

"I kept it, as I kept in the depths of my heart the remembrance and ardent hope of finding you still free!"

Blanche turned pale and trembled with emotion.

Before she could answer, they heard a voice calling her, and steps hurrying towards them. Henri plunged into the thicket; Blanche, terribly agitated, rushed to meet Alfred, who came towards her with anxiety and curiosity depicted on his countenance. As soon as he perceived her, he ran towards her and kissed her hands with delight; then casting a furtive glance around, said:

"He is not here! I do not want him to come here!"

Blanche, never having seen him so before, tried to calm him by her smiles and caresses, spoke to him of little Madeleine, and succeeded in leading him to the house. A world of new sensations was revealed to her heart; Henri's words were still lingering in her ears, thrilling her as nothing had ever done before; it was as though an immense joy annihilated her, stifled her, and could only be expressed by tears; she seemed to walk as one in a dream. It appeared to her that Alfred's eyes were ever on her; he seemed to observe her slightest movements, and she was ill at ease under his apparent scrutiny.

"He is my husband, I have sworn to love him, and I must be loyal to him;" she repeated this to herself ever and anon. "He is my husband. What I have done is wrong. I must see *him* alone no more. I will not listen to Henri, he troubles me; I neglect my two helpless children. I'll never go out without Alfred and Madeleine."

For a week Blanche did not frequent the park, but she kept asking herself constantly: "What must Henri think of this? How disappointed he has been this long week during my prolonged absence. It

is cruel of me not to have uttered one word of adieu." She fancied she caught glimpses of him watching for her in the avenues; she dreaded he might commit some rash act. The least noise startled her in her fever of excitement. Finally, one evening, she could stand it no longer, and about twilight she stole down to the lodge. She espied Henri seated on the rustic bench, his head bent down dejectedly. As her steps grew near, he raised his eyes and uttered a cry of joy.

"At last!" said he, drawing her towards him. "Eight weary, interminable days have passed since I last saw you. I dared not approach the chateau and could not stay away; I have been here day by day, with the hope of seeing you!"

She replied, speaking rapidly, with a choked voice: "Henri, do not come here; it is wrong; I must not see you; it annoys poor Alfred, besides it is so wrong, I am sure of it. I came to-night expressly to say this to you, and to bid you adieu; yes, adieu, it must be so; adieu!" Her voice grew weak, her tears interrupted her.

He listened in silence, shook his head, put on a desperate look and said: "No, Blanche, my beloved, we must not say farewell; it is a word too sad for such warm young hearts and lips as ours to utter. I love you too much, Blanche; how can I then say adieu?"

He had fallen on his knees at her feet—she struggling between her duty to God and her husband and the new love dawning in her heart—but her pure, innocent, and religious nature soon repulsed the wicked passion, and she rose to flee from him as from a fiend, saying, "Begone! you bring me only trouble and evil! You would not tempt me if you really loved me! I am a wife!—a mother! My Blessed Mother and guardian angel will protect me from your wicked words and snares."

Before Henri had time to reply a

lurid light shone out through the trees, and in another instant a loud clap of thunder followed, and a sudden violent noise as of the breaking of branches was heard.

Blanche, already pale with excitement and emotion, and trembling with fear, turned to flee to a place of safety, but as she did so, a terrible sight met her view,—Henri, pale, motionless, dead, lay at her feet, stricken by the thunder-bolt.

Blanche remained fixed as a statue—unable to move, unable at first to utter a cry—then fixing her eyes on the lifeless figure at her feet, gave a piercing shriek, and fell in a dead swoon at Henri's side.

The servants, attracted by the screams, hastened to the spot; saw the dead man, the unconscious Blanche. In terror and dismay they carried her to the castle and restored her to life slowly and with difficulty. She opened her eyes, raised herself,

and looked around her, shuddered, and uttered a long loud laugh, then fell upon her couch muttering, "God does not love me!" She was a maniac. Without a mother's care, and without a nurse, poor little Madeleine faded away. Shortly after her demented husband and the dowager Countess followed her. The winter came; the closed doors of the deserted castle were a prey to the storms. The winds shattered the panes of glass, and whistled through the corridors. Rain poured through the roof, snow covered the vines. The tall trees bent and moaned under the violence of the winter storms. Death reaped the park as it had reaped the family; and of the superb castle nothing remained but a terrible remembrance, a gloomy name—"Val-Maud."

"'Tis not the whole of life to live—
Nor all of death to die."

FRIENDSHIP'S REQUIEM.

REST, strong slumberer, rest,
Thy labors all are done,
Heats of the day and test
Of sorrow's fiery sun.
Pleasant the calm at last,
Safe the haven of death,
Where sadness all is past,
And hatred's star is set.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, brave slumberer, rest,
The strife and fray are stayed
With the bravest and best
In snowy robes arrayed.
Doubt has vanished and fled,
Sin finds no further place,
The scales of faith are shed,
Opened thy eyes to grace.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, worn slumberer, rest,
Thy arms are weak and faint,
Earth has no longer zest,
Heaven knows no complaint.
Joy of the happy band !
The smile of gracious God,
The mercy throne, where stand
Angels waiting His nod.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, still slumberer, rest,
Night on thy day is come ;
Pure thoughts locked in thy breast,
Thy lips sealed, white and dumb.
Life's passion storms are o'er,
Its hopes and fears are gone,
For thee pain is no more,
Thy battle's fought and won.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, cold slumberer, rest,
The warmth of love is dead ;
The joyous word and jest
And light of life are sped.
Hear not the doleful sigh,
See not the bitter tear,
Nor woe of mother's eye
Fixed on thy silent bier.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, pale slumberer, rest,
Death's pall is on thy brow,
Hangs o'er thee his dark crest,
His own he claims thee now.
Bright's the lot of the brave,
Tranquil the end of the just,
He fills an honored grave,
His ashes are sacred dust.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

LIFE DUTIES.

IN a late number of the *New York Tribune* appeared an editorial on Carlyle, in which the writer spoke of the spiritualizing effects of the eccentric "word-wielder's" works. That writer must have been nodding over his editorial. The doctrine of hero-worship and might-worship—and the belief that success alone is the test of merit—are anything but spiritualizing. Yet these are Carlyle's cardinal ideas. The undertone of advice running through his works may be summed up in these words: Work. Do something; complete it. You will then know your power and find yourself a different man. Now, the great fault to be found with this piece of advice is that it meets not the whole solution of life's problem. It says not enough. Man is more than a working machine. Longfellow improved upon the motto when he told us to work and wait. "Therefore," he says, "should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion." This is good advice. It was the Count Joseph de Maistre who said that the secret of all success consists in waiting—in abiding one's time. But does this solve all life's problem? We think not. There is a piece of advice which comes nearer to the solution, and which is much more conducive to individual perfection. By all means let us work and wait; but let us do more; let us pray. To labor and pray—*laborare et orare*—sums up the duties of life. From the beginning man has known and felt the necessity of both labor and prayer. It is for a Tyndal and the like to discover that prayer is an un-

necessary factor in life. But humanity is wiser than the atheist. In these days too great stress cannot be laid on the religious side of man's duties. J. Thomas Scharf has, in his *Chronicles of Baltimore*, proved himself a hard worker. He has given some excellent advice on the duties of life, to young men, in an unpublished address to the graduates of Rock Hill College, a portion of which is given below. We think the readers of the RECORD will be pleased with its spirit and tone.—[*Ed. Catholic Record.*]

. . . . Here you are, flushed with academical distinction, buoyant with hope, confident of success, eager to enter the lists with men, and grasping, in anticipation, the laurel wreath of victory. The education you have acquired is, with the most of you, the capital with which you venture forth into the commerce of life. But who can foretell your destiny? Who can say how many of you may become ornaments and benefactors of society, and descend to the tomb "full of years and full of honor;" and how many, diverted like Atalanta, from the race before them, may become the victims of alluring vice, and be hurried prematurely to dishonored graves? From these peaceful and secluded halls, you see nothing but the "calm surface of a summer's sea," inviting you to spread your sails, and take the auspicious flood that leads on to fortune. You see nothing but bright suns and unclouded skies, verdant hills and luxuriant fields, friends to assist and admirers to applaud, fortune throwing her treasures in your laps, and fame, with her richest garlands in her hands, ready to crown your victorious brows! Little dream you of the dangerous rocks which that smiling sea conceals beneath its bosom,

or of the sudden and desolating tempests that may overwhelm you in a moment. Little know you of the fearful rapidity with which the clearest sky may be overcast with clouds, or of the keen and cutting frosts by which the fairest flower may be withered. Far be it from me, however, to repress the ardor of aspiring youth. Far be it from me to inspire you with suspicion, or chill you with fear. I say nothing, therefore, of the fickleness of friendship, or the uncertainty of fortune; nothing of the smiles of hypocrisy, or the low intrigues of political duplicity; nothing of the toils and sacrifices by which popular favor is acquired, or of the pitiful trifles, and not less frequently meritorious actions, by which it may be lost.

But I feel that I would not properly discharge the office so kindly conferred upon me, if I did not warn you, that in blooming flowers, adders and scorpions often lie concealed; that the sweetest melody may be a Siren's song to lure you to your ruin; that the most luscious fruits are often those that turn to ashes in the taste; and, in one word, that the voyage of life may well be likened to the fabled passage between Scylla and Charybdis, which he alone can navigate successfully, who has the requisite skill to avoid rocks upon the one side, and whirlpools on the other.

It is by no means my intention, however, to lecture you upon the advantages of industry, or the utility of virtue. That office has been spared me by the wise and good men, to whom were confided the cultivation of your intellects, and the moral regulation of your hearts. There is no field of science they have not taught you to explore; there is no principle of rectitude they have not nurtured in your bosoms.

But the mere possession of high and estimable principles signifies but little, unless they are developed for your own improvement and the advantage of society. In vain have

you been taught to discipline your minds, if you relax, henceforward, in the pursuit of knowledge. In vain has a foundation been laid for your future eminence and usefulness, if no generous ambition prompt you to erect the superstructure. It is not sufficient to possess good principles, or merely to refrain from the perpetration of ignoble deeds. No dormant quality can constitute an element of human greatness. Man is an active animal. He is not only an individual, but a member of society. He was not formed to dream away his life, however pure or innocent it may be, but to devote the energies of his mind, and the virtues of his heart, to the discovery and advancement of the public good. The whole institution of civil society is but a system of reciprocal dependencies. Individuals depend upon society for protection and security; and society depends on its component parts for its own stability and welfare. Every man, therefore, owes to himself and society duties that absorb his energies; and precisely to the extent to which he performs them, is he virtuous and commendable as a man, or useful and patriotic as a citizen.

The great fundamental principle of our institutions, which declares the people to be the source of power, at the same time opens wide to all the avenues to distinction and office. Poverty and humble birth are no obstacles in the way of worth and talents. As in Rome, Cincinnatus was called from his plough to the supreme power, so in America the humblest citizen may be elevated to the highest station. In the great contests of life, a very large proportion of our most eminent men have risen to distinction from the lower walks of life. Truth, manliness, uprightness, and energy are the great qualities which make themselves felt in our institutions. It is a beautiful illustration of their power to stimulate exertion and encourage merit, to see

one who owes nothing to birth rising from his humble position to the highest trusts of the republic, asserting his claims to distinction without the aid of heraldry, and by his own great qualities vindicating his right to the honors of his country. We confer neither stars, nor garters, nor ribbons; but we do confer the noblest earthly reward which can be realized, next to our own consciousness of having done well, in giving to those who have served their country faithfully the unbought thanks of millions of freemen.

If we needed any encouragement to make these efforts to distinction, we might find it in every page of our country's history. Nowhere do we meet with examples more numerous and more brilliant, of men who have risen above poverty and obscurity to usefulness and an honorable name. Our whole vast continent was added to the geography of the world by the persevering efforts of an humble mariner—the great Columbus, the son of a Genoese pilot, who at one time of his melancholy career was reduced to beg his bread at the doors of the convents in Spain. The story of the poor boy, Franklin, cannot be too often repeated. General Greene left his blacksmith furnace to command an army in the Revolution. He was the chosen friend of Washington, and next to him, perhaps, the military leader who stood highest in the confidence of his country. West, the famous painter, was too poor at the beginning of his career to purchase canvas and colors; and he rose eventually to be the president of the Royal Academy at London. Secretary Knox, the friend and companion of Washington, was a bookbinder. Roger Sherman, one of our soundest statesmen and most eloquent orators, and one of the most distinguished five to whom was intrusted the high honor of preparing the Declaration of Independence, was a shoemaker. Nor is it true that devotion to busi-

ness—I care not what it may be—with a spirit subordinate to the claims of man's higher destinies, disqualifies for mental exertions. All experience is against the conclusion. Many a man, who has become greatly eminent for intellectual excellence, has been thus laboriously employed to the end of his life. Solon was a merchant; and became a great poet, a great orator, and a great law-giver. Gesner, the Swiss, was a poet, a painter, an engraver, and a bookseller. Richardson was a printer, and wrote *Pamela*, which first gave him fame, after he was fifty years of age. George Lillo was a jeweller, in London. De Foe was alternately a horse-factor and maker of bricks. Robert Burns was a farm laborer. Ben Jonson was a brick-layer.

Therefore, I repeat, that devotion to business does not necessarily disqualify for mental exertions, any more than mental cultivation necessarily disqualifies for business. And if this is true of employment in the more humble branches of human industry, it is especially true of employment in the more elevated and dignified occupations of life. How often has the world been instructed and delighted by the literary labors of men who, for this purpose, have stolen their leisure from the bustle of the camp, or the perplexities of political or professional employments? Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries* on his battle-fields. Cicero was constantly overwhelmed with political and professional business, and was nevertheless a voluminous writer. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, spent the greater portion of his life in the camp, and still his writings fill twenty-five volumes. Sully, too, was a soldier and an author. Milton devoted more time to politics than to poetry. Bacon, and Clarendon, and Selden, and Hale, found time for the composition of the most valuable works.

I believe it will not be transgress-

ing the limits of sober truth to say that the chief contributors in every department of learning have been those who were actively and laboriously engaged in business occupations. And this leads me to another remark, on which I would lay stress. If it is true, that he who has passed through his collegiate course with distinction and honor, has only laid the foundation on which to build a superstructure, and has yet no claim to be considered a learned man, I shall be excused for insisting on what I conceive to be the only practical mode of his succeeding. It is this: *He must be an habitual and faithful schoolmaster to himself.* In this way only is it that man is to be distinguished from man—that our country is to be distinguished among the nations—for great acquisitions in learning, and for corresponding and successful efforts in science, literature, and the arts.

Be encouraged, then, my young friends, to persevere in the path of honorable action. Perseverance is, in truth, the grand hinge on which the affairs of the world will be found to turn. However great your natural abilities, but little can be done without constant assiduity and determined resolution—and with it, by the blessing of God, everything needful may be accomplished. It is related of the renowned Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden, that he was encouraged never to despair in any enterprise, by witnessing one day, when driven to take shelter in a shed from the violence of a storm, the operations of a spider in conveying a beetle, or some insect larger than itself, up a beam to its web. He saw it ascend for the first time a little way, and fall. Again it ascended slightly further, and fell. A third time it ascended still further, and again fell backwards with its prey. His curiosity was excited to witness its operations. He counted its partial ascent, and as uniform fall, for sixty-nine times. The seventieth

time it succeeded in gaining, with its load, the mazy labyrinth. "Surely," said he, "if this insignificant creature, to satisfy the mere cravings of animal appetite, can thus labor, and toil, and strive, what ought not rational man to encounter for the sake of fame and immortality?" If one, whose chief immortality was worldly fame, could thus reason and thus act, what ought not you, gentlemen, in your day attempt, and what might you not succeed in accomplishing?

Let me, then, earnestly impress upon you, as a duty to yourselves, the continued cultivation of your minds. Recollect that your education is not only not completed, but may in truth be said to be just begun. An excellent foundation has, indeed, been laid, upon which, with adequate exertion, you may erect the edifice of your future fame: but as no foundation, however excellent in itself, can be of any actual utility unless the superstructure be added, so all the instruction you have here received, important as it may be, when considered as the substratum of a more elevated scheme to be carried on hereafter, will not only be of no practical advantage to yourselves or to society, but will literally be lost and forgotten, and in a shorter period, too, than was necessary to obtain it, unless it be made the groundwork of future and more extensive acquisitions, and you determine from this day to be more systematic and sedulous than ever in the pursuit of knowledge. Neglect nothing, then, that you have been taught in college. Learning was not imparted here, to be thrown away hereafter. He who is content with obscurity, may disdain to labor; but he who would be an eminent and useful citizen—loved of God and praised of men—must always be industrious. There is no limit to knowledge; none to intellectual improvement; and consequently none to the labor of study.

Follow up, then, every branch of science, and every department of elegant literature. The mind, like the body, requires not only strength for usefulness, but decoration for effect. The massive pillars of a temple, however efficient without adornment, become objects of admiration to the tasteful eye, when they display the richness of Corinthian capitals, or are beautifully fluted with Ionic art.

The duty of putting forth your whole intellectual strength is especially incumbent upon you in these days of skepticism, when your most precious inheritance is attacked by the atheist and the infidel. You have not only to practice the dictates of your religion; you must also account for the faith that is in you. Of all the enemies of the human race, he is the greatest who, in a country like ours, would disseminate the poison of infidelity, and destroy at once the happiness of individuals and the very foundation of our government. Christianity is the rock on which they stand, and without which there would be no hope for either. Extinguish that, and as the extinction of the sun would produce universal desolation, so the moral world would be wrapped in darkness. Abolish that, and the vail of our political temple would be rent, man's most sacred right would be desecrated, and the people would be driven into despotism as the only refuge from their own excesses. Disdain the idea that religion is an evidence of mental imbecility. That cannot be weakness which proceeds from the fountain of infinite wisdom. That cannot be weakness which is the basis of strength, to which we are indebted for the purest system of morality, the most sacred principles of justice, and for the conservation of all that is precious in the family and society.

Go, then, gentlemen, into the untried world that lies before you. I have already shown that it is not a field in which you will have only to recline by gurgling streams, or muse in shady groves, or regale your senses with fruits and flowers; but that it is a theatre for action, in which the prize of honor can only be attained by a rare combination of thought and study, of industry and virtue. Put on the armor, then, that is best adapted for the conflict. How honorable will it be to yourselves, to attain distinction as the just reward of superior merit! How gratifying will it be to your revered preceptors, and all your relatives, to witness your career, as you pass from one point of elevation to another, and to know that each ascending step is the evidence and the effect of a corresponding growth, on your part, in all the elements that enter into the composition of human greatness!

Go, then, gentlemen, and fear not. The principles I have endeavored to delineate are germinating in your bosom. It is the earnest hope of all here present that you make them bring forth fruit. Go, and bear in your memories and cherish in your hearts these my parting words to you: Let not the new-fangled theories that infest the age taint your better feelings. Yours is a more precious inheritance. Hold to the true science and sound doctrine that have been handed down to you, and with which you leave your *Alma Mater*. Break not the fragile vessels in which they are contained. You are the children and heirs of the God-man, whom your enemies call the Galilean. Glory in the fact, and, strong in your title and in his promise to be with you in the hour of need, flinch not before the self-constituted apostles of Atheism and infidelity.

CHARLES EMANUEL IV, KING OF SARDINIA.

THE present King of Italy is not an upstart. His royalty and his nobility are not creations of this century. The Dukes of Savoy were known at Jerusalem, and the white cross, which is emblazoned on the royal shield and banner of to-day, was the terror of the Paynim usurper of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the insolent Turk at Cyprus. The names of Amadeus and Philibert, and Charles Emanuel, and Charles Felix, aye, and of Charles Albert, the immediate predecessor of the present King of Italy, are names that are held in benediction by all, by the Church, by the State, by the rich and poor. They were soldiers to the core, statesmen of no contemptible capacities, scholars of great attainments, and Christians. Among the female members of the illustrious house of Savoy piety was an heirloom, transmitted from one generation to another, so that in latter years, before *Morganatic* marriages were known, it came to be said among the Savoyards, "the Queen of Savoy must be a saint." Not to go further back than our own day, who is there who has stood at the tomb of the late consort of Victor Emanuel, and not felt as if he were at a shrine? while the Church is even now about to place the aureola of recognized sanctity over the heads of Maria Christina of Savoy, and Clotilda, the worthy and saintly consort of Charles Emanuel IV, the subject of this sketch. We have consulted no documents, public or private, relating to him, but what we say of him, we give it as we received it from a venerable old man, who lived with him during the last four years of his life, in that sublime fellowship which is characterized so beautifully in the Psalms, "*Ecce quam dulce et jucundum habitare fra-*

tres in unum"—Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Charles Emanuel IV was the son of Amadeus III, King of Sardinia, and Marie Antoinette, daughter of Philip V of Spain. He was born in Turin, on the 24th of May, 1757. Being the first born, and heir-apparent to the throne of Sardinia, his father, with true Christian wisdom, began to educate him in his infancy. His secular and religious education went hand in hand, and both were intrusted to the learned Father Sigismund Gerdil, afterwards the illustrious Cardinal, of whom it was said by his colleagues that he honored the purple by taking it. He remained under the instruction of the Cardinal until he was a young man. The Cardinal made a Christian of him, a profound scholar, and a model king. He was scarcely nineteen years of age when he married Maria Clotilda, sister of Louis XVI, King of France. The ceremony was performed in the old church, attached to the castle of Chambery, one of the principal cities of Savoy. Chambery still remembers the innocent merry-making on the occasion; how the great garden of the palace was converted into a tournament ground; how the villagers came from the mountains in their pretty costumes, and danced on the green in front of the balcony which was occupied by the royal spouses; how the mountaineers from Chamounix played the echo music on their long Alpine horns; how every little girl in the city was dressed in white, and a hundred little maidens, of from seven to ten years of age, wore long white satin dresses and powdered wigs, and how these were attended by a hundred little cavaliers, booted and spurred after the fashion of the sev-

enteenth century. After his marriage the young prince continued to live with his father, the king, and devoted himself as assiduously to his studies as before. He was naturally pious, but the example of his saintly wife, while exercising a holy influence upon the whole court at Turin, drew him more closely to God than he thought possible outside of the religious state. Indeed, they were true religious in all but the solemn vows. They communicated together daily, recited the office of the Church in common, read spiritual books, made a meditation every morning, and visited the churches of Turin in the afternoon.

King Amadeus died at Montcalien in 1796, attended in his last hours by his children. In the midst of so many good influences, especially of the holy Clotilda, his death could not but be happy. Charles Emanuel IV was crowned king after, and began his reign just as the horizon of Europe began to be darkened by one of the greatest and most upheaving storms the world ever witnessed. Nothing daunted, he took the reins of government, and when the new Republic sprang up in France on the ruins of the monarchy, with consummate tact he at once entered into a very liberal treaty with the new government. But good faith was not an element in the revolutionists, and they betrayed him. He might have held his own by adopting the policy of equivocation, so common nowadays, but he was a Christian monarch, who was taught to believe that to lie was unjust; and he chose rather to descend from his throne an innocent and righteous man, than occupy it a guilty and perjured monarch. Turin was occupied by the French troops on December the 9th, 1798. The royal palace was hemmed in on all sides by a wall of bayonets and cannon. The French General Giobert sent an insolent message to the king, ordering him to quit Turin

within fifteen hours. His good sense showed him that resistance was useless, and he resolved to leave the city alone. He shrank from the idea of making his queen undertake a perilous voyage in midwinter, and to make matters worse, he knew not where to fly. Committing her to the care of his brother, Charles Felix, he retired into his private chapel for a few moments, and then repaired to his own room to make a few hasty preparations. When he was ready, he went to her room to take leave of her. She was not there. "She is in the chapel," thought he, "and it is as well; the leave-taking will only sadden her." He walked down the great stairway, and as he was about to pass out into the courtyard, where he knew the carriage was in waiting which would convey him across the frontiers, a woman, dressed for a journey, approached him, and falling upon her knees, said:

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

It was Queen Clotilda. He raised her up, and kissed her, saying:

"Where thou art there is no exile, for God is with thee."

They entered the carriage in silence. It was immediately surrounded by a detachment of French cavalry, and the king knew he was a prisoner. It was growing dark as they drove out of the city, and the snow began to fall in heavy flakes. All that night they journeyed on through the storm, passing Crescentino, Alessandria, and Casale. They were not allowed to halt until they reached Stradella, on the evening of the next day. There the guard left them. An Italian village in those days offered very few accommodations to travellers, and the illustrious exiles were fain to sleep in a miserable room in a garret, where the snow entered freely between the tiles and through the broken windows. In her diary the queen has left a touching description of the

hardships of that long journey from Turin to Florence. Speaking of Stradella, she says that the king tried hard to make a curtain for the window of his cloak, pinning it to the sash with a pocket-knife and a fork. At Parma they put up at the monastery of the Benedictines, where the monks treated them very kindly. At Modena the queen was obliged to stand in the streets, while he went about looking for lodgings, and the rabble insulted her in the rudest manner. Between Bologna and Florence the carriage stuck in the snow, and they were forced to get out and walk several miles, before they met a single habitation. They put up in the house of a peasant, but he had nothing to offer them but chestnut bread, some oil, and water. They entered Florence on foot. But before proceeding to the Palace of the Grand Duke, where they knew a warm welcome would be given them, they went into the Duomo, "to visit our truest friend," so the queen wrote. The Grand Duke Ferdinand received them with every mark of sympathy and respect, and at once gave them the magnificent villa of Poggio Imperiale as a dwelling place. While in Florence the illustrious exiles might be seen every day visiting the churches. The queen was especially fond of praying in the Church of Santa Maria Maddalena de Pazzi. They also paid a visit to Pius VII, who was then an invalid and an exile at Certosa. The king speaks of the event in these words:

"We presented ourselves before his Holiness, who came to meet us at the door, supported by two prelates. We both prostrated ourselves, as was our duty, and we kissed his feet, and in the act of prostrating herself, the queen said, 'Holy Father, the consolation which I feel in being presented to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the visible Head of our holy Church, is a most ample compensation for all my misfortunes.' The Holy Father raised us up lov-

ingly, and with paternal kindness made us sit down beside him, and in all charity entertained us for about a quarter of an hour."

They remained in Florence until the end of February, 1799, when they sailed from Leghorn for Cagliari. On their arrival there the king published a solemn and vigorous protestation against the violent occupation of his territory. In the following September his brother, Charles Felix, was proclaimed Viceroy of Sardinia, but he was not permitted to return. He never again saw his capital. From Cagliari they went back to Florence, thence to Rome. But Rome, at that time, was in a most abnormal condition. The Pope was in exile, and the city being in the hands of the French, the exiles were forced to fly to Naples. The king gave them an apartment in the royal castle of Caserta. As the queen entered the portals she said, as if prophesying:

"Hic requies mea, hic habitabo— here is my rest, here shall I abide."

There, in truth, they did abide, and for nearly three years they led that quiet life of mutual sanctification, which made their happiness at Turin. In the meantime, his rights as King of Sardinia had been re-established, but the precarious state of the queen's health would not permit of their return. The hardships through which she passed had broken her constitution, and she began to sink daily. During her long illness he watched by her bedside assiduously. They often spoke of their misfortunes, and talked about the long journey from Turin to Florence. The queen recalled many an incident of what she termed their "pilgrimage," and used to laugh pleasantly at the unstudied costume of the king, in his hasty flight. In his hurry, he had pulled on but one boot, and never discovered his mistake until the foot, which was encased in the silk stocking and court slipper, began to ache with the

cold. And then he would recount how she took off one of her shawls, and insisted on tucking it around his feet.

"It was a happy flight, after all," he used to say, "for it taught me that I carried more than my kingdom with me, in my heroic queen."

Then they would go back to Chambery, and to those bright days in September when they were married.

"We will go back there this autumn, won't we, mamma?" said the king hopefully.

She raised her eyes to the crucifix which stood upon a table opposite, and a flush, half of joy, half of sorrow, mantled upon her face. Turning then to him, she said:

"*No, Tu mi hai sempre chiamato Mamma; ed io saro sempre tale per te; e dove io vado, voglische tu venga*"—No, thou hast always called me mamma, and I shall be such to thee forever; and whither I go, I wish that thou come too.

She never spoke again, but passed hence, leaving a record of sanctity so glorious and luminous, as to induce the Church to institute a process for her canonization. She is now known as the Venerable Servant of God, Clotilda, Queen of Sardinia. The bereaved king shed no tears as he knelt beside the lifeless form of his consort. He only held the unresisting hand between his own, repeating at intervals, "Mamma, preg a pel tuo figlio abbandonato"—Mamma, pray for thy lonely son. This happened in the March of 1802. The event wrought a great change within him, and the world ceased to be attractive. Abdicating in favor of Victor Emanuel I, Duke of Aosta, he retired to Rome, and in the obscurity of private life, gave himself entirely to the performance of good works. He rarely went abroad, and received no visitors, with the exception of a few holy priests, with whom he loved to converse. His favorite walk was to the

Colosseum. He might be seen every Friday afternoon, kneeling in the arena. He seldom rode out, excepting when he visited some of the churches situated outside of the walls. The churches inside the gates, he said, were near enough to be visited on foot. On the 24th of May, 1814, Pius VII entered Rome, by the Porto del Popolo, in triumph. The whole population went out as far as the Milvian Bridge to meet him. When he arrived there, fifty young Roman nobles, dressed in a splendid uniform, designed for the occasion, unyoked the horses from the Pontifical carriage, and drew it to the Vatican, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the people. Among the many nobles and dignitaries, ecclesiastical and secular, who waited for the arrival of the Pope on the great stairway of the Vatican, stood an old man, whose quiet face and modest mien formed a contrast with the restless expectancy which was marked in the faces of the crowd about him. He only lifted up his eyes once, and that was when some one gave the false notification that the procession had entered the great square of St. Peter's. Then it was observed that his sight was poor. He moved towards one of the guards, and asked him if he would not do him the favor to point out His Holiness, "*perchè*," said the old man, "*non ho felice la vista*"—literally, because my sight is not happy. As the Pope mounted the stairs, supported by two Cardinals, the Swiss said to the old man, "Here he is." He knelt down, and raised his almost sightless eyes to the Pope, saying at the same time, "Thank God that my sight has lasted until I can behold your Holiness." Before he had ceased speaking, the Pontiff threw up his hands, exclaiming, "*Carlo Emanuele di Sardegna!*"—Charles Emanuel of Sardinia; and raising him up, he embraced him. One of the first acts of Pius VII, after his restoration, was the publication of a decree, re-

establishing the Jesuits as an order of the Church. A deputation of the Roman nobility waited upon His Holiness soon after, and in the name of all Italy expressed their gratitude for a consummation which was desired by all. Among those who had a personal interview with the Pope, on that happy day, was Charles Emanuel of Sardinia. He insisted upon kneeling while speaking to the Pope. Most of the conversation which passed between them could be heard by all. But when the old man bent over, and whispered something in the ear of the Pope, he looked surprised, and shook his head negatively. The old man continued insistently, and the features of the Pontiff began to relax. Finally he was heard to say, "Si," yes, and the postulant arose, apparently satisfied. In another week the mystery was explained. Charles Emanuel IV, King of Sardinia, entered the Jesuit Novitiate on the Quirinal.

The Viadel Quirinale is flanked on one side by the enormous mass of buildings known as the Quirinal Palace, formerly the residence of the Popes (now of Charles Emanuel's grand-nephew, Victor Emanuel), and on the other by the novitiate house of the Jesuits. It is a long, low building, extending nearly the whole length of the street, and terminating in Bernani's gem of architecture, the elliptic Church of St. Andrew *al Quirinale*. Into this retreat, wherein St. Aloysius and Blessed John Berchmanns had made their novitiate, and where the boy St. Stanislaus died in his probation, the former King of Sardinia retired. At the special request of the Pope, he did not put on the habit of the Jesuits, but wore the ordinary dress of a secular priest. Here he lived for four years in the happiest of a mission. He attended all the exercises of the young novices, his occupations, among whom was our informant, and performed every duty with a cheerfulness and docility which

edified every one. Though his superiors were disposed to make some concessions in his favor, relative to receiving visitors, he positively refused to see any one, excepting members of his own family. The Pope, who had returned to the Quirinal, paid him frequent visits. He always petitioned His Holiness that he might be allowed to wear the habit. The Pope, for especial reasons, refused, but used to say, laughingly, "You will die in the habit." It was distasteful to him to be spoken of about his life as king, and studiously avoided every occasion on which his royal rank would be noticed. On the contrary, he would speak eloquently on the instability of human things, and very often the master of novices used to omit his discourse on things temporal and their transitoriness, saying that the conversation of their experienced brother was far more eloquent and effective. He took his walk with the novices daily, either outside of the Nomentan Gate, in the direction of St. Agnes's Church, or to Villa Maçao, classically known as the Pretorian Camp. He had not been long in the novitiate when his strength began to fail him, and he felt himself growing feeble; not with age, for he was just sixty, and he was of a hardy constitution, but of general debility. "It must be the beginning of the end," he used to say, "and I must prepare." It were hard to tell how he could dispose himself for death more becoming a Christian, than by the life he had led; unswerving, sober, by a mortification more strict, if less wise, with God. But of that we cannot say, can bear testimony, save that he is extant, and in a state ready to receive his reward. Before he died he said, he aged much the same, and it was given him. One day when some of the young men were with him, he said, "I have never felt so comfortable and peaceful as now. I am old, and my body is weak, but my heart is strong, and I am at peace."

land to meditate on the sufferings of Christ! It is also illegal to possess or use a crucifix in church, or for the celebrant to communicate alone. All these are pronounced "Popish" practices. It does not signify that they are good, edifying, or ancient—all this is of no account. Catholics practice them, and that is sufficient for their condemnation. Prove that an ancient Christian usage is used by Catholics, and that is proof sufficient that it is wrong and illegal. Prove that antiquity, and good sense, and propriety, and edification are on the side of the Catholic usage, and so much the worse for antiquity, and good sense, and propriety, and edification! Perish everything but the principles and ideas of a few ill-instructed and bigoted people who lived three centuries ago.

It is surprising, indeed, that persons who should know better, like these Ritualists, should still cling to such a Church as that of England, and still refuse to see that as you cannot wash an Ethiop, so you cannot make the Protestant Church Catholic, do what you will.

THE progress of the Church in the United States is in some degree indicated by the formation of new dioceses. The last of these is created by the division of the See of Pittsburgh. This flourishing diocese, containing 160 priests and a large number of churches and religious institutions, has much increased under the Episcopal supervision of Bishop Domette, who, finding himself unequal to still further bear the burden, has been translated to the new See—that of Alleghany. This will comprise the counties of Blair, Butler, Lawrence, Armstrong, Indiana, and that part of Alleghany north of the Ohio River.

The Very Rev. John Tuigg, pastor of St. John's, Altoona, has been appointed Bishop of Pittsburgh. He is an Irishman by birth, and studied at All Hallows, Dublin, and St. Michael's Seminary, Pittsburgh. He was ordained by Bishop O'Connor, and has been pastor of St. John's for many years.

The State of Pennsylvania is now divided into six dioceses: The Archdiocese of Philadelphia, Diocese of Pittsburgh, Diocese of Erie, Diocese of Scranton, Diocese of Harrisburg, and Diocese of Alleghany, and has 416 churches, 515 priests, and a Catholic population of about 560,000. It is only sixty-five years since the first Bishop of the oldest See—Philadelphia—was consecrated.

THAT there is a very large and influential "Catholic party" in Italy, is very evident. This fact is shown by the constant arrival of Italian pilgrimages at the Vatican to pay their respects to His Holiness, by the increased contributions to Peter's pence, by

the activity of the Catholic Unions, and chiefly by the timidity of the government, which is manifestly afraid to go as far as Bismarck wishes, and imitate in Italy the Falk Laws, not because it loves the Church more, but because it knows the ground better than the German statesman does.

We see that the *Sacra Penitentiaria*, a tribunal which decides as to cases of conscience, has decided to grant absolution to all Catholics who, whether as voters or as officials, take part in the Italian government and the administration of public affairs; the Catholics are also urged to become a constitutional party, and cease their petty strifes.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Ireland has inaugurated a movement which it is a great pity was not commenced many years ago. He is actively at work forming Catholic settlements in Minnesota, having secured the right of disposing of 75,000 acres of land on the line of the Pacific Railroad to actual settlers. He desires 2000 settlers at least to "go West," and promises that priests will be provided to attend to their spiritual wants.

The Coadjutor Bishop of St. Paul's desires to remove the Irish people from the squalid crowded cities, and to dot the great Northwest with flourishing Catholic settlements, where no rum will be sold, and where the young will grow up healthy, prosperous, and good. Success to him!

THE famous Geghan law has been repealed in Ohio, and the Gray Nuns act in New York. These are small matters, perhaps, but they indicate that the anti-Catholic agitation has produced some effect. As compared with the steady progress of the Church, however, these matters are like the effect produced by the famous Mrs. Partington, who endeavored so bravely to sweep away the Atlantic Ocean with her broomstick. A few prisoners or poor in work-houses in Ohio will be, to the disgrace of the legislature, deprived of religious instruction, and the services of a few first-class teachers in New York State will be dispensed with by the schools—that is all. To effect this, conventions have resolved, legislatures have divided, oceans of ink have been expended in writing elaborate editorials, and every exertion has been made by the anti-Catholic agitators.

In the city of New York there is church property estimated at \$45,000,000, the taxable value of it is \$26,000,000, and the tax-rate this year 2.94. Thus it would yield, if taxed, about \$800,000. It is very probable that in case such a law ever passed that many

of the small and weak Protestant churches would be taxed out of existence, as it is very well known that there are a great deal too many of them. In some country towns, there are three or four which, together, do not possess sufficient membership to form even one decent-sized congregation.

ECCLESIASTICAL and political affairs are very lively in the Dominion of Canada at the present time. The Protestant Defence Alliance of Montreal and Quebec has sent a petition to the Dominion Government, which prays for the repeal of the act providing for a religious school system in the Northwest territories; also for the disallowance of the act passed by the same government respecting interments in Roman Catholic cemeteries, and for a great many other objects.

Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, has issued a letter to his clergy prohibiting them from taking part for or against political candidates, except when it is necessary for the defence of Catholic rights.

A CATHOLIC priest of Lawrence, Mass., not long ago, said that his people in the past year had paid thousands of dollars for funeral carriages, when many of them did not know the persons buried, and some of them depended on charity for bread; and he gave them notice that such senseless action must and should be stopped.

Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, only lately vigorously opposed the same extravagance, and several prelates have positively forbidden more than a certain number of carriages to be employed at funerals.

RIGHT REV. BERNARD J. MCQUAID, Bishop of Rochester, lectured in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the Public School Question as understood by a Catholic American Citizen, on Sunday, February 13th.

The lecture is admitted to have been an able and forcible appeal to the justice of the American people, and was listened to by a very large and intelligent audience.

It completely covered the ground, and will form an arsenal from which to draw controversial arguments in the future.

THE approach of St. Patrick's day has given rise to the usual discussions as to its celebration. We note that the parades will not be so numerous this year, and that the favorite method will be that of attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, has, it appears, very properly issued a regulation prohibiting societies not sanctioned or approved as being truly Catholic from entering the church wearing their regalias or badges.

HISTORY repeats itself. We are irresistibly reminded of this fact when we read that Dr. Falk, the Minister of Public Worship in Germany, has prohibited any layman from conducting divine service (by reading the gospel or leading in prayer) in parishes deprived of their priests by the operation of the Falk Laws, and has forbidden prayers to be used for the Church or for the Pope. These two decrees are similar to those made by Queen Elizabeth of England three centuries ago. Does the world progress?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MANUAL OF UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY.

By the Rev. Dr. John Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and last German edition. By F. J. Pabisch, Doctor of Theology, of Canon and of Civil Law, President of the Provincial Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, Ohio; and Rev. Thomas S. Bryne, Professor at Mount St. Mary's Seminary. In three volumes. With three Chronological Tables, and three Ecclesiastico-Geographical Maps. Volume II. Royal 8vo, pp. 1093. Cincinnati, O.: Robert Clarke & Co. 1876.

About a year ago we noticed in the RECORD the first volume of this excellent work. The

translation and preparation for the press of the second volume, with its valuable addenda, within that space of time, by the learned and reverend gentlemen who have had the work in hand, evince no slight amount of industry and labor on their part. The style of the translation is excellent. It is pure, idiomatic English, and reads like an original composition, rather than a translation. This second volume comprehends that portion of the history of the Church which is most interesting to general readers, and an acquaintance with which is to them of the greatest practical importance. To the theological student, and to those whose duty it is to engage, or to be prepared to engage, in controversies with Protestant sectarians in regard to questions of doctrine,

and of the foundation and the government of the Church in early ages, the first volume embraces subjects of primary importance; but the public generally are less interested in these topics than they are in those which are comprehended in the history of the action and progress of the Church during the Middle Ages. Those ages were the formative period of all the present systems of government among civilized nations, the formative period, indeed, of all existing European peoples. Whatever is valuable in modern literature and art, in modern philosophy, in international, and national, and municipal law, in judicial processes and trials, in modern educational institutions, and in the relations of different classes of society to each other and to the state, has its roots in those ages. During the last three or four hundred years society has built upon, modified, and changed (not by any means always for the better) what was accomplished during those ages. Even our modern inventions are little more than practical applications of what was discovered or suggested, with greater or less clearness, during the Middle Ages. And during that period the Church stands forth prominently as the most powerful agent and factor in all the spheres of action we have indicated. No one can claim to have an intelligent understanding of law as a science, of art, of modern literature, of the principles that underlie modern political and municipal institutions, unless he has a clear apprehension of the true character of the Middle Ages and of the work accomplished by the Church during that period. It was the period, in brief, which witnessed the passing away or total transformation of ancient Pagan civilization, there construction of society, and the laying of the foundations, and to a great extent, the erection of the superstructure, of our present civilization.

The second volume of the work we are noticing covers this period. Its treatment of the subject is lucid, able, and scholarly. It is impossible for us to even enumerate, in the space to which we must confine ourselves, the many important topics of which it treats. Suffice it to say that it is the most compendious yet clear exhibit of that period with which we are acquainted. It will be exceedingly useful to the theological student as a text-book, and to the clergy as a book of reference.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETTO; or, An Examination of the Historical Evidence of its Miraculous Translation. By the Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis. New Edition. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey, 1316 Chestnut St. 1876.

This old and favorably known work of

the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, written, we believe, while he was yet pastor of St. Mary's Church in this city, is deservedly considered as the standard authority on the subject in the English language. We are delighted to know that so old and well-known a publishing house should show some signs of renewing its youthful vigor, and should commence its resurrection by issuing so valuable a work, which, though it may be comparatively light, is not to be judged by its size. It may, however, be very favorably judged by its beautiful external appearance, though we are at a loss to know why publishers should go to the expense of marring an otherwise meritorious work by inserting such grotesque caricatures of our Blessed Lady as the woodcut which is inserted before the opening chapter. We are sure that the venerable author will be gladdened with this Centennial edition of a work produced in the prime of his own days.

LECTURES UPON THE DEVOTION TO THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS CHRIST. Delivered in St. Ann's Church, New York, on the Sunday evenings of Advent, 1873. By the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. S., Pastor of St. Ann's Church. Second Edition. New York: Robert Coddington, 241 Fourth Avenue. 1874.

The great reputation of Father Preston as a pulpit orator is the best recommendation of his work. These four sermons were stenographically reported on delivery, and at the request of many of his auditors are given to the public in order that the rich literary treat and spiritual feast might be enjoyed with both pleasure and profit by a more extended circle than that confined to the limits of St. Ann's.

We have received from P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, two pamphlets: Mr. Clark's admirable paper on "MR. GLADSTONE AND MARYLAND TOLERATION," reprinted from the *Catholic World*, a splendid refutation of Mr. Gladstone's attempt to overthrow Lord Baltimore's time-honored claim of being the founder of religious toleration in the American colonies; and the great address of Chief Justice Dunn, of Arizona, on the School Question, regarded as the finest exposition of this vexed question which has yet been presented to the American public; so telling, in fact, against the enemies of the Church, that they have revenged themselves by making its author a victim for conscience's sake. To all who have not read this celebrated document, we would urge its immediate perusal.

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IRELAND AND THE CENTENNIAL.

HAS Ireland any just claims to grateful recognition at the Centennial of American independence? Have her services to the United States been so important and eminent as to entitle her to a distinct place among the nations which will be represented at the Philadelphia Exhibition? I am inclined to believe that educated and unprejudiced men, without distinction of nationality or creed, must answer these questions in the affirmative. Ireland is yet a nation, not a province; the vice-royalty is a reality, not a mockery. Otherwise, the well-known official phrase—"Queen of Great Britain and Ireland"—would not be the usual signature of Queen Victoria.

This distinction, however, is always ignored when the interests of Great Britain are to be advanced and promoted at the cost of Ireland. England has graciously condescended to allow Canada, Australia, and India to have separate places on the Centennial grounds; but Ireland is refused this privilege, because it might give her a dangerous impor-

tance at the Centennial exhibition. British gold, however, and British intrigue, can never prevent the great American people from according to Ireland the honor to which she is entitled, and the generous sympathy which she well deserves. Among the victims of English prejudice and English influence must be numbered many persons born in the States, but these admirers of England and opponents of Ireland are not Americans of the legitimate stamp. It may safely be affirmed that Ireland deserves well of this mighty republic. She has played a great and conspicuous part in founding it, and nobly and generously assisted its statesmen and patriots in developing its resources, extending its boundaries, maintaining its independence, defending its honor, and upholding its dignity. Within its boundaries there is no field of exertion, physical, moral, or intellectual, on which Irishmen have not set their mark. This is an historical fact which it would be vain to doubt and foolish to deny. It is no violation of truth to assert that at the period of

the Revolution Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen were numerous enough to leave their mark on the battle-field of freedom and on the Declaration of Independence. Nine of the fifty-six heroic men by whom this immortal Declaration of human rights—this new charter of human freedom was signed, and six of the thirty-six delegates by whom the Constitution of the United States was promulgated in 1787, were Irish by birth or descent. Charles Thomson, who was appointed secretary to the first Congress in 1774, and Colonel John Nixon, who first read the Declaration of Independence for the people from the central window of the hall in which Congress met, were both Irishmen. Charles Carroll of Carrollton—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—the wealthiest of the signers, was the grandson of Irish parents, and to the close of his patriotic and eventful career was always proud of his Irish blood and Irish lineage. Though his private fortune exceeded that of all the other signers collectively, and though the emissaries of England used every effort to tempt him from the path of patriotism, he preferred the freedom of his country to gold, and the happiness of his countrymen to the highest honor which the British government could confer upon him. When the courage of even brave men wavered, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, by voice and pen, boldly and fearlessly advocated the independence of the Colonies. He foresaw, from the commencement of the quarrel between England and America, that the final issue of the struggle would be decided by the sword. In the great work of preparing the minds of the people for the victories which they won on many a well-fought field, he used the pen with a power and an eloquence which Jefferson alone could rival.

His prudence, wisdom, integrity, decision of character, pure patriotism, administrative abilities, and

extensive learning made him the idol of his native State and the admiration of all the great men of the Revolution. The last survivor of the illustrious men who signed the Declaration of Independence, and enjoying every blessing that could accompany old age, "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," he died—as he had lived—a true, conscientious, and practical Catholic, leaving behind him a name the most honored and cherished in the history of Catholic statesmen and patriots in the United States. How blest is the lot of the true patriot! The eternal gratitude of his countrymen hallows his name, the admiration of each succeeding age consecrates his memory, time, which destroys so many other things, only increases his fame, and the genius of freedom sentinels his tomb, and guards his grave as a sacred spot—as a perpetual object of interest, of love, and inspiration for unborn generations. And such was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, for the gold of the British empire could not purchase him in times that tried men's souls, or induce him to abandon for a moment the cause which he pleaded with such signal success—the cause of his country—the cause of freedom. The bigots and fanatics who sneer at Catholics as strangers in this country, and denounce them as enemies of republican liberty, might read with profit the noble record of the Carroll family—the glory of Maryland. Daniel Carroll, who was one of the delegates by whom the Constitution of the United States was definitely fixed and adopted, and who gave Washington the farm on which the Federal capital is built, was the son of Daniel Carroll, an Irish Catholic, and a brother of Archbishop Carroll. How few of our boasted orators who denounce Rome and papal aggression (!) know that the site of the city of Washington was the gift of the worthy son of an Irish Catholic emigrant! Thomas Fitzsimmons, who

signed the Federal Constitution, and who was long the pride of the Catholic community of Philadelphia, was born in Ireland; and Aedanus Burke, who served as a volunteer in the patriot army, and became successively judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina and senator of the United States, was a native of Galway, the birthplace of many eminent Irishmen. Judge Burke, who was educated for the priesthood at St. Omer's, was a vigorous political writer, a brilliant wit, and an uncompromising advocate of republican liberty.

The first judge of probate after the Revolution in New Hampshire, was Matthew Patten, an Irishman; and George Bryan, the first governor of Pennsylvania after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, was a native of Dublin. General John Sullivan, who won the praise of the most skilful American commanders in the struggle for independence, and who after the war was appointed judge of the Federal Court, and James Sullivan, his brother, who was elected governor of Massachusetts in 1807, were the sons of humble but honest Irish parents. One of the most honored names in the history of the State of New York is the venerated name of Clinton, and Ireland can justly claim the glory of giving to America the illustrious family of the Clintons. General George Clinton, who was as skilled in civil as in military affairs, who was governor of the State of New York for eighteen years, and who was Vice-president of the United States when his death brought sorrow to every home in the land, and his brother, General James Clinton, who rendered great services to his country on the battlefield, and who, after the evacuation of New York by the British, was appointed delegate to the convention for adopting the Federal Constitution, were the sons of Charles Clinton, who emigrated from Ireland to this country in 1729. General James Clinton was the father of De Witt Clinton, who, after

having enjoyed the highest honors which the State of New York could confer upon him, and after having patronized and encouraged every movement, charitable, educational, commercial, that was calculated to increase the prosperity of his country and promote the happiness of his countrymen, died in 1828, universally mourned as one of the greatest benefactors of the republic. Richard Montgomery, who was one of the first martyrs of American liberty, and whose name will live forever in the annals of his adopted country, was as brave an Irishman as ever fought for freedom. General Stephen Maylan, a true Christian knight, a soldier without fear and without reproach, whose famous dragoons were the terror of the British army, was the brother of Dr. Maylin, the Catholic bishop of Cork, who raised the great Bishop England to the dignity of the priesthood. Commodore John Barry, whose naval exploits won for him the public thanks of Washington, and who was the first upon whom the title by which he is popularly known was conferred by the American government, was a true Catholic son of gallant Wexford. The organization of the infant navy of the United States was chiefly his work.

Such was his fidelity to the nation for whose freedom he fought with the generous enthusiasm characteristic of his race, that when Lord Howe tempted him with the offer of a high command in the British navy, he promptly replied in these bold words, "I have devoted myself to the cause of my country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet can seduce me from it." Commodore Barry has been justly called the father of the American navy. The heroic exploits of the brave Irishmen who fought for American independence would supply materials for a most interesting book. Of those immortal soldiers of freedom it may be truly said that "the remembrance of

their virtues will be cherished while liberty is dear to the American heart." Though space limits me to a few great names, there are many others equally entitled to all the praise which an Irishman can bestow upon them. If Irishmen fought for American liberty, they also spoke and wrote for it. In the British Parliament the great Edmund Burke and Richard Brinsley Sheridan hurled the thunders of their eloquence against the despotic ministers who employed brute force to enslave the champions of freedom. In Ireland, the illustrious Henry Grattan advocated the cause of the Colonies, with that wonderful eloquence which inspired the proud spirit that marshalled the glorious army of the volunteers, and won for a brief period the legislative independence of his country. In truth, Ireland sympathized profoundly with the colonists in their heroic efforts to shake off the yoke of England. The Catholics of Ireland were heart and soul with the Americans. Their sympathy did not exhaust itself in fearless professions of friendship and goodwill; their timely and important assistance in the hour of danger has been acknowledged by men whose impartiality cannot be questioned, whose judgment was not biassed by national or religious prejudice. Those who, from prejudice or ignorance, deny that Ireland played a conspicuous part in the accomplishment of the American Revolution, or that she manifested deep sympathy for the American patriots in their heroic struggle for the freedom of their country, will scarcely have the courage to question the authenticity, or underrate the importance of the following testimony, which I consider too valuable and precious to be omitted. When General Washington was raised to the presidency, he received an address of congratulation from the Catholics of the United States. The address was signed by Archbishop Carroll in

behalf of the clergy, and by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch in behalf of the Catholic laity. It is a remarkable fact that these five names are all Irish, and that Ireland is the only European nation represented in the address. It would seem that even then more than three-fourths of the Catholics of the United States were Irish by birth or descent. Let not Irishmen forget that Charles Carroll of Carrollton—as I have already stated—was the grandson of Irish parents, that the father of Archbishop Carroll and Daniel Carroll was an Irishman, and that Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch were born and educated in Ireland. In his reply to the address presented by those five representatives of the Catholic population of the young Republic, Washington used the memorable words: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of their government; or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

Of the ninety-three Philadelphia merchants who in 1780 established a bank to furnish the American army with an adequate supply of provisions, twenty of Irish origin subscribed nearly half a million of dollars. These twenty self-sacrificing men were members of the patriotic society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, whose devotion to the cause of American independence was gratefully acknowledged by the mighty leader whom countless generations will revere as the Father of his country. In 1781 Washington was elected a member of this society, and gave expression to his gratitude for the honor conferred upon him in these words: "I accept with singular

pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, in this city (Philadelphia), a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked."

The ranks of the famous Pennsylvania Line were chiefly filled with Irishmen, and the regiments composing this division of the army were on several trying occasions the chosen troops of Washington. The loyalty of these brave soldiers was tried by every test; by the terrors of the battlefield, by hunger, by the cold neglect of those whose cause they had espoused, by the tempting offers of the English General, Lord Howe; but it was proof against everything that was calculated to shake constancy and weaken fidelity to a noble cause. Matthew Carey, whose name is inseparably associated with the history of Philadelphia, thus speaks of the Irish heroes who formed the majority of the Pennsylvania Line: "During the American Revolution a band of Irishmen were embodied in the defence of the country of their adoption against the country of their birth; they formed the major part of the celebrated Pennsylvania Line; they bravely fought and bled for the United States; many of these sealed their attachment with their lives; their adopted country neglected them somewhat, the wealthy, luxurious, and the independent, for whom they fought, were now rioting in the superfluities of life, while the defenders were literally half-starved, half-naked; their shoeless feet marked with blood their tracks upon the highways. They long bore their grievances patiently; they had long murmured; they remonstrated, imploring the necessities of life, but in vain; a deaf ear was turned to their complaints; they felt indignant at the cold neglect and ingratitude of the country for which thousands of their companions in arms had expired on the crimson field of battle;

they held arms in their hands, and they mutinied." But, though they mutinied, though the English General, Lord Howe, exerted every nerve to seduce them from the cause of the country of their adoption, and though gold was held out to them as a reward for returning to British allegiance, still they remained faithful to the American flag, still they scorned the gifts of the tools of despotism, and punished the miserable wretches who had endeavored to encourage treason among them. "We prate," says Mr. Carey, "about old Roman and Grecian patriotism. One-half of it is false, and in the other half there is nothing that excels these noble traits in our army, which are worthy of the pencil of a West or a Trumbull." One of the most eminent American statesmen America has ever seen was the late William H. Seward, the friend and admirer of the great Archbishop Hughes. The services which Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, rendered to the Union will not be soon forgotten, and his testimony in favor of Ireland will be always read with pride by the descendants of those Irishmen who fought for American freedom.

"Ireland," says Mr. Seward, "not only sympathized profoundly with the transatlantic colonists in their complaint of usurpation, under which she suffered more sorely than they; but, with inherent benevolence and ardor, she yielded at once to the sway of the great American idea of universal emancipation. The bitter memory of a stream of ages lifted up her thoughts, and she was ready to follow to the war for the rights of human nature the propitious God who seemed to lead the way."

George Washington Parke Custis, who was the adopted son of the great George Washington, and who braved the terrors of death in defence of his country's rights, more than once bore generous testimony to the services which Ireland rendered to America. During their

struggle for Catholic emancipation, Irish Catholics appealed for sympathy to America, and one of the true and patriotic Americans who promptly, and with enthusiasm, responded to their appeal, was the adopted son of Washington. His words are worthy of being written in golden letters. "And why," said Mr. Custis, "this imposing appeal made to our sympathies? It is an appeal from that very Ireland whose generous sons alike in the days of our gloom and of our glory shared in our misfortunes and joined in our success; who, with undaunted courage, breasted the storm which once, threatening to overwhelm us, howled with fearful and desolating fury through this now happy land; who, with aspirations deep and fervent for our cause, whether under the walls of the castle of Dublin, in the shock of our liberty's battles, or in the feeble and expiring accents of famine and misery, amidst the horrors of the prison-ship, cried from their hearts: God save America! Tell me not of the aid which we received from another European nation in the struggle for independence; that aid was most, nay, all-essential to our ultimate success; but, remember, years of the conflict had rolled away. Of the operatives in war—I mean the soldiers—up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished in the ratio of one hundred for one of any foreign nation whatever.

"Then honored be the old good service of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence. Let the sham-rock be entwined with the laurels of the Revolution; and truth and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance eternal gratitude to Irishmen! Americans, recall to your minds the recollections of the heroic time when Irishmen were our friends, and when in the whole world we had not a friend besides. Look to the period that tried men's souls, and you will find that the sons of Erin

rushed to our ranks, and, amid the clash of steel, on many a memorable day, many a John Byrne was not idle."

The story of John Byrne may be told again. Though brief, it will be always read with fresh delight by the soldiers of American liberty. John Byrne was an Irishman who fought in the ranks of the American army, and who, when taken prisoner by the English, was placed on board a prison-ship, and subjected to all the brutal treatment which the wicked ingenuity of his cruel captors could devise. The calm courage with which he bore his sufferings astonished the English commander, who offered him life, liberty, and money, if he would only consent to fight under the British flag. The humble but heroic Irish soldier was not to be seduced from the cause of liberty by bribes, threats, or promises; he raised his hands, and cried out: "Hurrah for America!"

Such heroism is worthy of a Regulus. Arthur Lee, who was an eloquent advocate of the cause of the American people, and who, in conjunction with Franklin and Deane, negotiated a treaty with the French in 1777, uses, in a letter to Washington, the following words: "The resources of our enemy, that is to say, England, are almost annihilated in Germany, and their last resort is to the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and they have already experienced their unwillingness to go, every man of a regiment raised there last year having obliged them to ship him off tied and bound. And most certainly the Irish Catholics will desert more than any other troops whatsoever." These words of the American patriot are confirmed by those of two eminent Englishmen. "Attempts have been made," said the Duke of Richmond, "in the House of Lords, in 1775, to enlist the Irish Roman Catholics, but the minister knows well that these attempts have been proved unsuccessful." When the

war had commenced, Lord Howe, the English commander, in a letter to the British ministry, made use of these remarkable and significant words: "Send me out German troops; I dislike and cannot depend upon Irish Catholic soldiers."

What more convincing proof of Ireland's sympathy for America in her gallant resistance to tyranny can be supplied than those memorable words of the English general? "One of the offences charged upon the Irish," said Dr. MacNevin, "in 1809, and amongst the many pretexts for refusing redress to the Catholics of Ireland, was that sixteen thousand of them fought on the side of America. But many more thousands are ready to maintain the Declaration of Independence, and that will be their second offence." It is scarcely necessary to remind the Irish reader that Dr. MacNevin was one of the most distinguished of the brave men who endeavored to free their country from misgovernment in 1798, that for nearly half a century he was numbered among the most enlightened and honored citizens of New York, and that he sleeps his last sleep with his countryman and gifted friend, William Sampson, a few miles distant from the empire City, in a small graveyard, overlooking the waters of the Sound.

Though the testimony already adduced in proof of Ireland's services to America during the Revolutionary War is sufficiently conclusive, a brief extract from a speech delivered by the eminent American scholar and author, Gulian C. Verplanck, in 1829, may be read with interest in Ireland and the United States. When the joyous tidings first reached America that the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed in the British Parliament, the event was celebrated in New York by a banquet, at which Mr. Verplanck proposed the following toast: "The Penal Laws—requiescat in pace—may they rest in peace." "And yet," said the dis-

tinguished speaker, "I have a good word to say for them. In the glorious struggle for our independence, and in our more recent contest for national rights, those laws gave the American flag the support of hundreds and thousands of brave hearts and strong arms, at the same time contributing an equal portion of *intellectual and moral powers*." This is certainly a noble tribute to Catholic Ireland.

The imperial testimony of the Marquis de Chastellux is equally worthy of lasting record. The Marquis de Chastellux was a brave soldier, an accomplished scholar, and an enthusiastic lover of freedom. His services in the Revolutionary War won for him the friendship of Washington, and his interesting work, *Voyages dans l'Amérique Septentrionale*, published in 1786, made him very popular among American readers. These are his words: "An Irishman, the instant he sets his foot on American soil, becomes *ipso facto* an American. While Englishmen and Scotchmen were treated with jealousy and distrust, even with the best recommendations of zeal and attachment to the cause, *the native of Ireland stood in need of no other certificate than his dialect*."

"Indeed," says the French author and general, "the conduct of the Irish in the late war amply justified the favorable opinion entertained of them; for, while the Irish emigrant was fighting the battles of America, by sea and land, the Irish merchants, principally of Charleston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, labored with indefatigable zeal at all hazards to promote the spirit of enterprise, and increase the wealth and maintain the credit of the country. Their purses were always opened, and their persons devoted to the country's cause, and on more than one imminent occasion Congress itself, and the very existence of America, probably, owed its preservation to the fidelity and firmness of the Irish."

The authorities quoted—unless I greatly deceive myself—are numerous, high, and respectable enough to silence the London scribes, who are perpetually underrating the services of Ireland to America, and calumniating Irish emigrants, for the wicked purpose of lowering them in the estimation of honest and genuine Americans.

Irish services, however, during the Revolutionary War, are not Ireland's sole claim to American gratitude and sympathy. If Irishmen fought bravely for national independence, they also fought with the enthusiasm of crusaders for the preservation of the Union. In the war of 1812 they nobly proved on land and sea their loyalty to the American flag. Though a proclamation signed by the Prince Regent (George IV) announced to the world, on the 26th of October, 1812, that all Irishmen in the United States, who might have the courage to humble the pride of England, would be treated as rebels, still the unconquerable exiles, scorning the threats and cruelty of a despotic government, fought like heroes for the flag that protected, and the Constitution that shielded them from oppression and persecution. The war was carried on by land and sea, and both in the navy and the army Ireland was well represented.

Andrew Jackson, the victor of New Orleans, the decisive battle of the war, was the son of poor Irish parents; and among the gallant seamen of Irish birth and parentage, whose heroic deeds shed undying lustre upon the American navy, Captain Boyle, Captain Blakely, and Commodores Shaw, McDonough, and Stewart, are entitled to the grateful recollection of the American people.

In the Mexican war Irishmen were equally true to the Union. The fact that they fought against Catholics did not weaken their loyalty to the flag of the Republic. The intoler-

ance of General Taylor, who, on his march to the Mexican frontier, endeavored to compel a few Irish regiments to attend Protestant worship, could not cool their enthusiasm. The insulted Catholic soldiers demanded redress from the American government, and President Polk—let his memory be honored—acceded to their wishes by appointing two Catholic chaplains to minister to their religious wants amid the perils of war. Among the Catholic Irishmen in command in this third great war of the Union, the most distinguished were Major O'Brien, Major McReynolds, and General James Shields. At the battle of Buena Vista Major O'Brien extorted, by his bravery, the admiration and applause of the leading American officers. His treatise on military jurisprudence, which has been adopted by the American government for the use of courts-martial, gained for him honors as enduring as those which he won by the sword. The most brilliant deed of heroism achieved on the field of Churubusco was the daring charge of Major McReynolds's dragoons, whose fearless courage struck terror into the hearts of the bravest warriors in the Mexican army. General Shields, who was as distinguished for personal courage as for eminent dexterity in strategy, was breveted major-general for his gallant conduct at the battle of Cerro Gordo. It was the opinion of military men that he was a greater tactician than Taylor or Scott, and that, had he been appointed commander-in-chief of the American troops when hostilities commenced, the flag of the Union would have been seen much sooner waving in triumph over the capital of Mexico. In the late civil war, he was the only Union general who defeated Stonewall Jackson. The battle of Winchester alone would be sufficient to make the name of Shields immortal. And who, during the terrible conflict that deluged the Republic with

blood, were more devoted to the cause of the Union than the faithful and chivalrous sons of Erin? Who, either in command or in the ranks, fought more bravely for the integrity of the Republic? Was not Meagher, whose personal courage hostile factions never questioned, and whose electric eloquence kindled that fire of patriotism which sent armed legions to the battlefield to defend and uphold the honor and independence of a great nation, an Irishman? Was not General Corcoran, the bravest of the brave, the intrepid hero who always wished to be foremost in the charge, born in Connaught, the most Celtic province of Ireland? Is not the gallant General Sheridan the son of Irish parents? The number of the brave Irish soldiers who suffered and died for the Union in the late war can never be known till the last trumpet sounds.

Irishmen shared the dangers of the conflict, but others carried off the rich prizes. Selfish knaves often appropriate the rewards of the brave. Base ingratitude is frequently the only recompense of Irish valor. But, despite selfishness, despite ingratitude, despite cold neglect and frequent persecution, the Irishman is always faithful to the cause of truth and justice; always true, as the needle to the pole, to the cause of freedom.

If Irish valor has done much to found and preserve the Union, Irish labor has done more to increase its wealth and extend its commerce. America wanted labor, and Ireland supplied it.

Cultivation is necessary to make land productive. The Indians once possessed the entire continent, but it afforded them only a precarious and miserable existence. Its wealth was hidden in the bowels of the earth, and its teeming harvests were reserved for the brave emigrants, who, armed with the implements of labor, made the wilderness blossom as the rose. America required men with stalwart arms to dig her canals,

construct her railroads, build her cities, clear her marshes, reclaim her neglected fields from barrenness, work her mines, and increase the fertility and varied produce of her soil. Ireland supplied this want by sending annually to the United States armies of laborers, more numerous than the hosts of mailed warriors sent by Europe to the crusades. Let not ignorance, then, or ingratitude, sneer at the humble Irish laborer. He was as necessary to the wealth and prosperity of the Union as the soldiers who fought under Washington, Jackson, and Grant, were to its existence and preservation.

Irish emigration, however, did not entirely consist of the hardy sons of toil. The thousands of humble emigrants were sometimes accompanied by scholars, orators, poets, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, engineers, architects, and glorious missionaries, whose miracles of zeal, self-denial, and labor renewed the days of the apostles. It may be safely affirmed that there are few colleges or universities in the United States in which some of the principal chairs are not filled by Irishmen. From the very foundation of the Republic down to the present time, Ireland has been well represented in the highest seats of learning in several States. One of the first offsprings of American Independence was Pennsylvania College, and its first president was an Irishman, the celebrated Dr. Allison, the great master of many of the heroes of the Revolution. His pupil and countryman, Charles Thomson, won celebrity by his version of the Septuagint, and his generous patronage of learning and learned men. The trade and commerce of the nation have been wonderfully increased and promoted by her canals and steamboats. Those who acknowledge how much these agencies of national wealth have contributed to the greatness and prosperity of the Republic, ought to gratefully remember that an Irish-

man, Christopher Colles, was the principal projector of the canals, and that the son of poor Irish parents, Robert Fulton, launched the first boat ever propelled by steam-power.

Irish services to education, to letters and science in the United States would be a theme worthy of the graphic pen of a Chateaubriand or a Montalembert. I can only mention the subject in this article with the hope of devoting more time to it on some future occasion.

The greatest service, however, which Ireland has rendered to the Union, is the propagation of the Catholic faith—the firm establishment of the Catholic Church within its boundaries. Bigots and fanatics may grow pale when the name of Pio Nono, or of St. Patrick, is mentioned in their presence; but no matter what pharisaical divines or political knaves may say to the contrary, truth is the most durable foundation of freedom, and the Catholic Church is the pillar and the ground of truth. Labor is profitable, valor is powerful, genius is glorious, education is one of the mightiest influences that affect or control the destinies of mankind, but truth is greater than any of these characteristics of a free and flourishing nation. Religion ennobles labor, consecrates valor, gives its noblest inspirations to genius, and hallows and purifies education. Such is the miraculous power of the Catholic religion, and this religion is Ireland's greatest gift to the United States. True, the Catholic Church in the republic is not the work of the Irish alone, but I am bold to say that the faithful sons of St. Patrick have done more in making that Church what it is than all other nations collectively. The majestic temples of worship which they have erected, the magnificent charitable asylums which they have founded, the convents, colleges, and schools which they have built to foster piety and diffuse the blessings of education, are the wonder and admiration of

the American people. Such are the miracles of Celtic piety and self-sacrifice, that Protestants use the words Irish and Catholic as synonymous terms. Catholics of Irish birth and descent, in the United States, ought to number over seven millions. Ireland has the glory of giving America her first Cardinal, for Cardinal McCloskey is the son of Irish parents who cherished the faith of their forefathers.

The first priest raised to the Episcopal dignity in the United States, was, as I have already stated, the son of a true Catholic Celt. Archbishop Carroll will be ever honored as the founder of the American hierarchy. The primatial See of the Republic is called after the small but historic town of Baltimore in South Munster—that Baltimore which the stirring muse of Davis has made as immortal as the shamrock on the green hills of Ireland. In the bright catalogue of illustrious Irish prelates who have ruled the Church in the United States, there are three names stamped with imperishable renown: Bishop England, Archbishop Hughes, and the late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. Who among our American missionaries rivalled Bishop England in eloquence, Archbishop Kenrick in learning, and Archbishop Hughes in courage? Future generations will honor these great prelates as the fathers and legislators of the infant Church of the Republic.

The Irish heroes and heroines who in the different religious orders consecrate their lives to the noble work of charity and education, are the glory of the nation. One of the most popular religious orders in the United States is the renowned Order of the Christian Brothers. Of the seven hundred Brothers in the Union, five hundred are Irish by birth or parentage. The presidents of their seven leading colleges are Irishmen. Brother Paulian, the Provincial of New York, and Brother Justin, the Provincial of San Francisco, are both

true sons of Ireland. Brother Patrick, the Superior of the Order in America, is an Irishman whose name as an educator will be as eminently historical as that of Archbishop Hughes or Archbishop Kenrick. The services which the Christian Brothers have rendered to the United States would be sufficient to entitle Ireland to the gratitude of the American people. In truth, no nation upon the face of the globe has such strong claims to grateful recognition at the Centennial as Ireland. England has been always the enemy, and Ireland always the friend of

America; yet Ireland will not be numbered among the nations at the Philadelphia Exhibition. Her claims, however, to justice cannot be always ignored. Her cause commands the sympathy of Christendom. She is still the victim of British intolerance, but the number of her friends is constantly increasing. England may triumph for the present, but it is not necessary to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, to predict that Ireland will be duly honored at the next Centennial Celebration of American Independence.

MORENO, THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR.

"Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by God approved,
Praised, wept, and honored, by the land he loved."
FORE (altered).

GABRIEL GARCIA MORENO, the late martyred President of the Republic of Ecuador, was indeed a statesman "ennobled by himself and approved by God." He was, without exaggeration, the model ruler of the nineteenth century. Unlike the so-called rulers of his day, he recognized the fact that no man can be truly great without being truly good; that there is a Power before which the king and the subject are equal, and to which both owe the same obedience; that God is the great Ruler of the universe, and that he who would rule wisely must rule according to His laws. Thus did it come to pass that Garcia Moreno, in the brief space of six years, succeeded in lifting his country out of the darkness of semi-barbarism into the full light of Christian civilization—in giving it a new being, and in establishing among its mountain ranges a peaceful retreat for those two daughters of heaven,

Religion and Virtue. He succeeded in proving to the infidel world that a truly Catholic country can be prosperous, happy, and progressive. Moreover, that this prosperity, happiness, and progress can only be found under those governments which are religious in fact, and not in name, and which are devotedly attached to the Catholic Church and to her visible Head. The modern skeptic will scoff at the idea, but scoffs are not arguments, and we are prepared to prove our assertions with facts.

Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno, a native of Guayaquil, was descended from no line of kings; the only royalty he possessed was from God. His father, Don Gabriel Garcia, was a native of Spain, and his mother, Donna Rosario Moreno, was an aunt of His Eminence Cardinal Moreno (born at Guatemala, Central America, 1817). His early education was obtained at the College of Quito, where he so distinguished himself in his studies that he soon attracted the admiration of his professors and companions. They already saw the fu-

ture father of his country in the young Garcia. In after-life, when he emerged from the retirement he loved so well, and in answer to the call of his country, appeared in the national councils, his honest aims and honest actions commanded the admiration of the people. That love of lucre which is the bane of the public man of to-day, found no place in the heart of Garcia Moreno; God and his country were its only occupants. He could not be called a fanatic, as his enemies regarded him, because his temperament was devoid of that impulse and impetuosity which grow out of an unevenly balanced mind. Indeed, were it not for his progressiveness, which manifests itself throughout the length and breadth of Ecuador, he was more like a patriarch of old than like a ruler in this so-called glorious nineteenth century. He was a man who reflected honor on manhood. He did in a circumscribed sphere all that Plutarch claims for his greatest heroes, but, unlike them, he did it for the honor and glory of God. He possessed a true conception of greatness, and in the pursuit of his grand and sacred duty, raising himself continually, he dared attempt what in our infidel age seems impossible, and as we have already stated, *he succeeded*. In a wider field he would have been looked upon as a St. Louis or a Charlemagne. He neglected no means which could promote the rapid progress of civilization among his people. In the eyes of his enemies, even, he had but one fault—he was *too Catholic*; and infidelity, trembling for its own future, *murdered him*.

It can hardly be believed that the little Republic of Ecuador, hidden away among the mountains of South America, brought forth this prodigy, a man bold enough, and intelligent enough, to transform his people, who were like their brethren in the neighboring republics when he assumed control of them, into true and

faithful servants of God. It was under the rule of Garcia Moreno that Ecuador saw its golden age. Under his firm but beneficent rule it passed from darkness to light, from ignorance to learning, from religious indifference to practical Christianity. Its almost inaccessible mountain passes became not only safe from the attacks of robbers, but were transformed into excellent stage-roads, or resounded with the whistle of the locomotive. At his command an astronomical observatory revealed the mysteries of the heavenly bodies; hospitals sprang up everywhere, and Catholic charity opened her doors to the poor and afflicted. In every hamlet, from the banks of the Amazon's tributaries to the shores of the Pacific, primary schools for the *gratuitous* instruction of all classes have been established, and the poor Indian, oppressed for centuries, can now (or rather could under Garcia Moreno) enjoy the benefits of education and equal rights in common with his former conquerors. Moreno was a strong advocate of public schools, but he desired that in them little children be taught to reverence God and His laws, just as he desired that in the universities (founded by himself) God and His church should be treated with the profoundest respect.

Knowing the weakness of human nature, he erected, among other public buildings, a penitentiary for the detention of criminals, and it is to the honor of his country that out of a population of over a million of souls, the number incarcerated at the time of Moreno's death did not reach fifty. Let it be borne in mind, too, that crime was eagerly ferreted out and speedily punished, as we shall show hereafter.

To form a fair idea of what Garcia Moreno did during the six years of his administration, let us make a brief extract from his last annual message to the Constitutional Assembly of Ecuador, that masterly docu-

ment, which reads more like the pastoral of a patriarch than a message, and which was found upon his person after the cruel steel of the cowardly assassin had done its bloody work. We translate the following extract :

"To sum up, the Republic, at the end of these six years, has 300 kilometres of highways, with a large number of fine, solid, stone bridges; 44½ kilometres of railroad in running order, and 400 kilometres of good and new foot-roads. An imposing and spacious penitentiary; an astronomical observatory, which will be the greatest ornament to our capital; new colleges, schools, hospitals, new or improved barracks, orphanages, a foundling asylum and reformatory, and a conservatory of music and fine arts, have been built or acquired during the time. All this appears incredible to those who know the backwardness and poverty of the country, and who are ignorant of how much fecundity there is in confidence in God's goodness. If what has been accomplished appears great in comparison with other times, it is really very little if we take into consideration what the country still requires. But as we cannot expect to do all at once, I think we should confine ourselves for the next two years to the completion of unfinished roads, to the completion of buildings for schools in every parish, of colleges and hospitals in every province, of a normal school for teachers, and for the medical faculty in Quito; and to erecting, at the Santa Elena Salt Works, the wharf, railroad, and the depot, which are indispensable and of great advantage to the treasury, provided you deem these suggestions worthy of your approbation.

EDUCATION.

"But still more gratifying is the advancement made in public instruction in all its branches, which is religious and Catholic before everything else. In the primaries the number of schools has been increased by 93 new ones, during the last two years, and the number of pupils has gone up to 32,000, or 237 per cent. more than it was six years ago.

Number of pupils in 1867,	.	.	.	13,495
" " 1871,	.	.	.	14,731
" " 1873,	.	.	.	22,458
" " 1875,	.	.	.	32,000

"You will observe that the increase in four years was very small, but from the time that primary instruction was removed from the negligent direction of municipalities and academic councils, the advancement has been, and continues to be, satisfactory.

"But we must not be satisfied with this. . . . Let us continue to redouble our efforts, fully convinced that without the *Christian education* of the rising generation society will perish by degenerating into barbarism.

"In secondary educational institutions the progress is not what it ought to be, chiefly because of the scarcity of competent professors to carry it into the principal centres of our population, as the Government would desire it. I think that in order to overcome this evil, and for other reasons of manifest propriety, you should establish *freedom of education*, admitting, *without distinction*, to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, all who, after a course in any college during the time specified by law, pay the costs of matriculation and of the examination they must undergo, and are then approved after the trial, according to the programme laid down by the General Council of Public Instruction.

"Higher education in facultied universities, and especially in the Polytechnic School, continues yearly to give satisfactory results. The faculty of medicine, which has notably improved, will be permanently organized in a few days, and if you order the erection of an adequate building, without which its thorough arrangement is impossible, it will reach that degree of perfection which is expected of it by the present advanced state of science."

In this memorable and model message, the Christian President does not forget the indebtedness of the country to the saving influence of the Church. He acknowledges the good results of the labors of those religious communities that have contributed so vastly to the education of youth. Among these may be mentioned the Christian Brothers. When the Commune of Paris, during the revolution which followed the Franco-Prussian war, were about to exile these devoted Brothers, Garcia Moreno fitted out a ship at *his own expense* and sent it to France with an entreaty to the Superior-General of the Congregation to send him *twelve hundred* Brothers. These he pledged himself to support and maintain. But the Commune which banished the Brothers was not France; she never forgets the services of her faithful children, and the devotion of the Christian Brothers upon the

field of battle, as well as their labors in the halls of education, were too gratefully remembered by France to permit them to quit her soil forever. Of the twelve hundred Brothers expected by Moreno, France could spare but twelve, and these were received with open arms. An industrial school was in time established by them, on the plan of that flourishing institution, the Catholic Protector, at West Chester, U. S., and Brother Telio, the well-known Superior of the latter institution, visited Ecuador, to start the new enterprise. The Redemptorists, the Jesuits, and other orders found a most hearty welcome from Garcia Moreno, who gave them a broad field to work in.

The closing words of the message seem to indicate a presentiment of the sad end which awaited him. It sounds more like a farewell to the Assembly than like one of the annual addresses his official position demanded of him.

"Never forget, O legislators," said he, "that all our little advancements would have proved ephemeral and fruitless if we had not based the social order of our Republic upon that ever-attacked, but ever-victorious rock, the Catholic Church. Her divine teachings, which neither individuals nor nations can deny without destroying themselves, is the model of our institutions and the law of our laws. As obedient and faithful children of that venerable old man, the august and infallible Pontiff, who has been forsaken by those in power at the very moment that base and cowardly infidelity attacked him, we have continued monthly to send him the small pecuniary assistance which you voted him in 1873. And since our weakness compels us to be the passive witnesses of his slow martyrdom, let him, at least, behold in this humble offering a testimony of our tenderness and affection, and a token of our obedience and fidelity."

We have said that under Garcia Moreno crime was ferreted out and

punished with unerring certainty and untiring persistency. But Garcia Moreno was no tyrant, nor did he delight in punishment. He has been known to warn malefactors against his own judgment. He was implacable against conspirators and bandits, and he strove to rid his country of their presence. His own life he held as nothing; he maintained that it belonged to his country, and not to him. He never shrank from the performance of a duty, no matter how trying, nor how full of danger. Alone and single-handed, he quelled the sedition fomented at Guayaquil, by Urbina. On another occasion, hearing that a certain chieftain had revolutionized a certain town, Garcia Moreno, without saying a word to any one, mounted his horse, and unattended, rode to the town, entered the house of the disconcerted traitor, and surprised him with the terrible words: "Here I am; be off to prison!" Having restored order among the astonished people, he remounted his horse and returned to his capital alone.

So valiant a servant of God could not be without enemies. The powers of darkness dreaded lest a new Paradise spring up among the mountains of Ecuador. They dreaded to see so strong an argument against their ideas of progress. Perhaps the world would open its eyes to the fact that rationalism and materialism were not necessary to its existence, and that a Christian government could be just as progressive as a liberal one, and more so, because it alone contains the elements of true progress.

They feared all this, and they plotted the destruction of this ruler who was an honor to manhood.

Garcia Moreno was not ignorant of all this, for many passages in his private letters bear evidence of it. The *Orient* had promulgated the decree of his death, and its execution was not to be delayed. When implored to take precautions against

his enemies he would reply: "How can a man defend himself against people who reproach him with being a Christian? If I were to satisfy them, I should deserve death. From the moment they cease to fear death, they become the masters of my life; as for me, I do not desire to be God's master, I will not shrink from the path he has marked out for me." His last letter to the Holy Father, too, was so beautiful, so touching, so thoroughly imbued with a spirit of Christian heroism, that we reproduce it here. He here foretold the fate that was so soon to befall him: "In these days," said he, "when the lodges of our neighboring countries, instigated by Germany, are belching forth all sorts of atrocities and horrible slanders against me, whilst they are secretly planning means for my assassination, I am more than ever in need of Divine protection, that I may be able to live and die in defence of our holy religion and of this beloved Republic, over which God has called me to preside. Is it not a great happiness for me, Most Holy Father, to be despised and calumniated for loving our Divine Redeemer? And what a great happiness it would be for me if your blessing would obtain for me from Heaven the grace of shedding my blood for Him, who, being God, was willing to shed His own blood for us upon the cross?"

These brave words, embodying as they do, Christian faith and submission to the Vicar of Christ, are enough to immortalize the name of Garcia Moreno. They point him out as one entitled to universal admiration, as an example for every Catholic, and as a reproach to those *Liberal Catholics*, who, in their eagerness for worldly respect, would, Judas-like, sell their religion for thirty pieces of silver.

Garcia Moreno fell a martyr to his faith and to his duty. His cowardly assassination is thus described by Louis Venillot, the valiant editor of

that excellent and fearless Catholic daily, the *Paris Univers*:

"He kept on his straight but rugged path, which led to death in time, but to life in eternity; he repeated his favorite maxim: '*Dios no se muere*. God does not die.'

"The most honorable among his political enemies were converted to his system of government, to his person and to his God. He had performed before his country, and with his country, the most sublime and resplendent acts of faith. He was recently seen, as the President of the Republic, bearing a processional cross through the streets of Quito. He filled every position and gave every example that could be expected from the most ardent patriotism, from the most energetic soul, and from the most generous heart. He was Professor and Rector of the University; Dictator, Commander-in-chief, President. He was the first, and until now the only one, to unite the functions of President of the Republic with those of Director (not *honorary*, but active and *gratuitous*) of the Quito Hospital, remodelled and furnished at his own expense. He also added to his title of President of the Republic that of Member of the Congregation of the Poor, and he performed its duties. He everywhere showed himself strict on himself, sober, chaste, and did not *augment*, but *diminished*, his meagre personal resources. He was economical with the public money, lavish with its benefits, modest, great in everything that commands esteem, love, and general sympathy. He had just been unanimously elected for the third time, when the blade of the assassin laid him low. He had been stricken down by a worthless creature whom he had befriended and advanced, but whom he was afterwards obliged to dismiss for incompetency; just the man that the sectaries (Freemasons) often find for acts like these! This man struck him from behind with brutal ferocity, throwing himself like a madman, or like a wild beast, upon his noble victim, and then fled, but was crushed by the populace, and dragged to the public place of execution. He was from New Granada; on his person were found bills from the Bank of Peru, the hated of the Freemasons.

"It was on the 6th of August, the Feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord, that Garcia Moreno was coming out of a neighboring church, where he had gone to hear Mass, and was returning to his work in the Capitol. He was killed on the threshold, and carried back to the chapel of Nuestra Senora de los Siete Dolores, the object of his special devotion. He expired in a few moments. His last words were: '*Dios no se muere*, God does not die!'

"We venture to say that God owed him

this death. He was to be stricken down in his full strength, in his virtue, at his prayer at the feet of Our Lady of the Seven Dolores, a martyr to the people and to his faith, for which he had lived. Pius IX has publicly honored this son so worthy of himself. His people, plunged in the deepest mourning, weep for him as Israel of old wept over its heroes and its just men. Is there anything

wanting to complete his glory? He gave the world a singular example during the age in which he lived. He was the honor of his country. His death is another service, and perhaps the greatest. He showed the whole human race the kind of rulers that God could give them, and into the hands of what miserable creatures it resigns itself by its folly."

THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

THIS is the Vision that I see arise
Like heaven unveiled to my adoring eyes—
The spotless Virgin, poised in air serene,
With rapturous gaze and beatific mien;
The Infant God, with his sublimest charms,
Throned in the clasp of her maternal arms,
Uplift my ravished senses to the skies,
And bear me to the gates of Paradise !

And as, when erst on Thabor's holy sward,
To right, to left of earth's Transfigured Lord,
Wrapt in the effulgence of that Form revered,
There Moses, there Elias reappeared;
So here, in ether, 'mid the clouds are seen,
The glowing heaven's parted veil between,
In hoary age and blooming youth displayed,
The reverent Pontiff and the sinless Maid:
Sixtus disrowned, as though his hand had strown
Three crowns at once before the Great White Throne;
And Barbara, bending as the Virgin-Bride
Who waits the Bridegroom, with her lamp supplied.

Beneath, as though some casement in the sky
Were opened once for mortals ere they die,
Angelic types of those who do his will,
Lean forth entranced on the celestial sill.
Lost in the blaze that makes their splendors dim
Are cherub hosts and burning seraphim
In myriad myriads dwindling from the sight,
Drowned in the depths of the Primeval Light.

The matchless whole a revelation seems
Of art's divinest and serenest dreams.
The Godlike calm of that supernal brow,
The Babe's rayed curls th' Incarnate Word avow;
Gleams of the glory that the heavens declare
Stir in the radiant nimbus of his hair !

And she, the Maiden Mother, whose sweet face
Shines with the effluence of the Godhead's grace,
Who shall define the infinite beauty shown
In every line that marks her for his own?
Who shall describe the exquisite surprise,
Love, peace, and joy of her seraphic eyes?
The wondrous worlds of grief and rapture blent,
Consoled, assured in every lineament?
There, in the symbolled Eden of that glance,
In the rapt bliss of that one countenance,
The eye discerns, the elated heart can find
The loveliest, heavenliest attributes combined.
No term of praise adorns the Song of Songs
But to that rare angelic look belongs.
What phrase is in Loreto's Litany?
Look in that face—it claims the apostrophe!

"EVERY MEDAL HAS ITS REVERSE."

I.

It was after "Father Abraham" had called "three hundred thousand more," and Jeanie Martin sat industriously tearing bandages for the wounded, and soliloquizing after this fashion: "Now! surely Maurice Elbert will enlist! It is *so* strange—more than strange—he has kept back so long! Every one giving up home, employment, kindred, even—even"—her voice faltered just a thought, "even—love, for the grand cause! And he, whom I thought the embodiment of the noble, *he* lags at home! They say," here the bandages were dropped in a snowy heap on the floor at her feet, as with cheeks where glowed two lights in which the hearts of red roses were held panting, she stood up and clasped the hands, trembling too much now for work. "They say it is for *my* sake! A coward for *my* sake! An ingrate for *my* sake! If that be so, little he knows me. And yet—and yet—" the hands flew up to veil the panting hearts of those captive roses—"but for this—"

Here the soliloquy met an abrupt

finale in the entrance of a white-haired gentleman, with bent form, that told a story of the burden of eighty years at least. Yet from out its frame of white hair and beard of reverend length smiled a face fresh as any little child's, lit by blue eyes, the clearness and beauty of which time had failed to touch. You have seen such eyes and such faces in that charming type of old age, produced by a past of truth and purity, where the waning life only breathes to show the beauty of the soul it holds a little longer here, and where, already, a glimpse of immortality seems reflected in its tranquil depths.

"Ah! little Jeanie! how tall you look, standing like a figure of Mercy in the midst of your merciful work! There, child," as she tenderly placed him in a chair, and took his cane, and put a cushion under his feet, "don't make me so unmitigatedly comfortable. I—I declare it seems a sin of selfishness and laziness of the highest order to take my ease in such a style, when so many of our brave fellows are suffering all kinds

of privations for the sake of their country! Well—well!" and he leaned back against the softly cushioned easy chair, making of his silver head a very pleasing picture against its royal purple, "that is only for the young men!" A sigh stole softly through the lips, that with this utterance gave up coveted action and proud ambition.

"I wish all of them thought so!" ejaculated Jeanie, gathering up her bandages, and proceeding to roll them over and over her nimble fingers with an impatient air.

"How now! little patriot? What's the matter? That hard ring in some one's silver voice betokens some disturbance grandfather ought to know. Out with it!" Jeanie tossed her head. Jeanie's head was the perfection of grace, appropriately clothed in ripples, often broadening into waves of the softest brown, the shade where you cannot help fancying golden light lies sleeping, ready to shine forth at the slightest call. When she tossed it, this light peeped out a moment, but retreated suddenly, as the head bent to its work. But all this time not a word from Jeanie!

"I think," pursued grandfather, all unconscious of the storm gathering, "that any young man who does not feel so, ought to be considered unworthy not only of the love, but even of the notice, of every true woman!"

"You do, grandfather? *So do I!*" And it seemed to him a row—two rows—of very white teeth were set at the words.

"A hundred years ago, my dear," went on the old man, "American girls helped to equip brothers, fathers, lovers for the fight, which was to result in liberty. Further, no girl whose love was worth the seeking could be won by the coward who would refuse to give his life-blood for the cause!"

"And I, for one"—the red hearts of the roses began to pant again in

their prisons of light—"will not be won by such!" cried Jeanie, once more rising to her feet, and letting the roll so carefully made fall in a mass of white rings. "Could a man"—confronting her amazed listener, with aspect of a very Amazon—"could a man refuse to go now, and be anything but a coward? Would other noble qualities screen him from this charge? Am I to consider it love which keeps him beside me when he knows I am burning with patriotism, that every man I could influence I have induced to enlist, and that all my own spare time I spend in such work as this?"

"Softly, dearie," said the old man, gently, "come sit on this cushion at the feet where, motherless, you learned your first prayer, and tell me the whole story lying under these questions. Is my darling's happiness involved in the bravery of any one?" Now the brown head was bowed on his knee, and he was stroking the ripples and smoothing the waves with his withered hand, very much after the manner of a mother soothing a child in pain.

"I believe I can tell *you*, grandfather, though even to you it will be hard to speak it;" here Jeanie's voice fell into the softest of little quivers, which seemed to produce some stoppage to her power of speech, for she did not go on.

"Suppose, then, dearie, I reverse the order of things, and tell you," and the grandfather smiled quietly to himself over the unconscious ripples and waves, by the agency of which the fiercely panting hearts of the roses were hidden. "Maurice Elbert loves my little girl, and Maurice Elbert is worthy of her love in all respects save one, and of that there is some mystery; more people than my puzzled little girl are striving in vain to fathom."

"But grandfather—"

"No, dearie—hush! I did not say anybody loved Maurice Elbert; I only said he was worthy of some-

body's love! No harm done, therefore—no need for indignation. Now, remember, when I say Maurice Elbert is worthy of my darling's love, I say the very highest praise in the power of these old lips to bestow on any one!"

Whereupon uprose Jeanie, and literally smothered him, and set him to catching his breath in such a manner that it was some minutes before he could speak any more. Which time Jeanie utilized by taking up the neglected bandages, and suddenly becoming very busy over them.

"Hadn't you better come back here, my dear?" asked grandfather, not daring to smile.

"I have supper to get soon," said Jeanie, very demurely, "and I must put these out of the way first."

"Well, then," he went on, not attempting to watch the effect of his words on the face he loved best on earth—face, to him, the type of purity, and the threshold from which looked out a noble soul; "I was going to say, very few really see Maurice Elbert as he is. I think I do. I consider him a man of rare integrity, high courage, and chivalrous honor. He came here a stranger, and he has won the confidence and respect of all connected with him in business. He seldom goes into society, but when he does he wins 'golden opinions' from the intellectual and discerning. He would never have come here, as you know, but that I brought him, attracted by his rare conversational powers, and wishing to enjoy more of them than I could in our chance meetings at places of business. I know that, by the world at large, he is accused of two grave sins, parsimony and cowardice: parsimony, because, earning a good salary as cashier of the first bank in the city, he lives in the simplest style, and wears the plainest clothes; cowardice, because he has, so far, resisted every call to enlist in the Union

army, and has even been heard to aver that were he drafted he would pay for a substitute before he would go."

"Yes, grandfather," and once more the poor roll lay a confused mass of rings, "and the world goes farther! It points to me as the cause of his cowardice—because he comes to see *you*—"

"And sends *me* flowers, and meets *me* on my way from Mass, and if it be raining brings an umbrella for *me*, and happens to call at the church after choir rehearsals, and, being there by chance, sees *me* home with much care, etc., etc." He laughed with infinite *gusto* as Jeanie once more took refuge in the bandages. When she had grown quite absorbed in them:

"Now, my dear," he proceeded to say, "I don't want to plead for Maurice; not at all. I leave him to do that for himself, as a brave man should. And I am very glad to see my little girl so particular about the honor and courage of the man who shows so plainly that he seeks her love. But I would have her judge him, not according to the standard of that world, which, besides being inconsistent and unfair, is generally false in its estimate of any one not bowing at its shrine,—I would have her, on the contrary, judge him by the dictates of reason and religion. Reason says: 'A character stamped with qualities of the loftiest nature could scarcely own two attributes so mean as these imputed to him; let justice demand that, until he be proved guilty of them in some more certain way than the mere appearances against him now, he be considered on trial at least.' Religion says: 'When in doubt about so precious a treasure as a reputation, let charity's side be the one on which to lean.'"

"That is all true, grandfather, and I will abide by it."

It appeared to be very pleasant truth, too; for, as the roll grew into

completion under fingers no longer trembling, a sweet little burst of song flitted through the lips of the worker, and the old man gladly watched soft flashes of light come and go over the face so dear to him.

"I have a little story of nearly a hundred years ago, my dear. May I tell it to you?"

"Yes," and she laid aside the now finished roll, and tripped to her old place at his feet, "just here, grandfather, where the stories of my childhood were told to me."

"Ah, that is where I like you best to be, little one! 'Once upon a time,' the time when men's souls were stirred with the thirst for liberty, which caused the birth of a great nation, and not far from this spot, where we now live in the peace and plenty won by their sacrifice and heroic strife, there lived a maiden about your age—a maiden with ripples of brown hair like yours, and a face indicative of spirit like yours. Her name was Marie Devereaux. Her father had been a French soldier, which is but saying he was a brave and honorable man, and, indeed, it was bravery and honor brought him to these shores, for he came over with the heroic Lafayette to fight for our liberty. I need scarcely say Marie inherited his heroism of soul, for that a delicate maiden, accustomed to French luxury, and reared in the midst of French refinement, should accompany her father to so comfortless and dangerous a place as America then was, through a sense of filial duty alone, proves that without question. You know, my dear, the girls of to-day sit sheltered in homes hemmed in by abundance, where the girls of a hundred years ago faced poverty, hunger, cold—nay, were compelled to manual labor in the midst of these—labor to which, in many cases, they had never been accustomed before. Marie's was one of these cases. Reared in elegance, she came here with grand dreams of liberty in her heart,

to find that none but workers could live in the incipient republic. For the sake of her father's comfort she set herself to work; she learned to accomplish all a woman's hands can do; no household employment was too homely for her gentle hands. She kept their cottage smiling through all its bareness, and in her leisure hours, as was the custom with the women of that day, she spun, or wove, or knit the coarse stuffs necessary for the clothing of the soldiers. And many, many times had wearied men, on the march, to bless her for food, or rest, or timely gift of needed garment. She was often known to brighten arms, and fill cartridges, and even help to convert reaping-hooks into weapons of defence, when men to do such work were scarce. There was not much romance in those days, but far and near, even as if it were the age of chivalry, did knightly souls do homage to Marie Devereaux, and by these she was reverently named 'the angel of the army.' Of course, many loved her, and as such stories must run, of course she loved but one. He was of her own nation and her own rank in life, a young officer, Jean Delacroix by name. They were betrothed, and every one pronounced it a happy union, for he was as brave as she was fair, and she as high-souled as he was stainless in truth and honor.

"One day Jean, on whose countenance it had never before been her lot to see a sign of fear, appeared before her pale and trembling:

"'Marie,' said he, with quivering voice, quite unlike his own, which used to ring out clear and steady as a clarion note, 'I have to say adieu!' He wrung his hands. 'They will tell you I am a coward,' he added, with quiet despair in the tone that crushed her heart like some cruel iron weight; 'but do not believe them. *I am not a coward!*' He gave her a quick, loving embrace, and while her pale lips strove in vain to speak their faith in him,

he left her. For, Jeanie, she had faith in him, 'even unto death,' as you will see.

"She had been standing on the spot where he left her but a few minutes, and during these few minutes was quite incapable of speech or action, when her father entered.

"'It is terrible to tell you, my child,' said he, 'but Jean has proved himself a coward. I know you would prefer to hear he laid amongst the noble dead on the field of battle. I pity you—him I condemn even as the veriest worm crawling in the dust.'

"'I do not, my father,' she answered, with quiet conviction.

"'Then you do not believe the charge.'

"'I have not heard it specified; he has said he is not a coward, and his word will prevail with me, unless my own eyes see untruth in him!'

"He looked at her heroic aspect as she said this, and sighed. The fairest majesty of womanhood, that of love, put to the test, and found invulnerable, crowned her beautiful brow, and her face wore the impress of truth, which flung its proud challenge to the world, dauntless in its own innate strength.

"'Unworthy, most unworthy!' fell from his lips at the spectacle she formed.

"'At least tell me wherein, father,' she said, gently.

"'Alas, my child, that I must! But it is better I should tell it, than any one less tender of your feelings. Jean Delacroix, in the presence of many of his brother officers, has been called a liar and a coward, and refused to wipe out the stain by meeting his insulter in mortal combat.'

"'And his insulter?'

"'Is Jules Duvant, who would fain, as you know, hold his place in your affections.'

"'Yes,' and her eyes flashed indignation, 'and, doubtless, gave him the lie as to something concerning my name.'

"'It is even so,' answered he. 'The officers were drinking a toast to the "angel of the army," and her betrothed, and when Jean stood up to acknowledge the compliment, Jules Duvant cried out, "Hold, you are a liar, if you call yourself her accepted lover!" "Nevertheless," and I grieve to say, Jean's face blanched instantaneously, though his voice was steady, "I do call myself so." "Liar!" and before any one could interpose, Jules Duvant, heated by wine, sprang forward, and struck him across the face. The mark of his hand was livid for a moment, then grew purple—Jean Delacroix folded his arms, set his teeth fiercely together, but said nothing. "Coward!" then cried the other, apparently maddened by this amazing silence, "I challenge, you to fight!" "I will not fight!" answered Jean, and he turned on his heel and walked out of the room. "Coward!" then passed from lip to lip. He has lost caste, Marie. He can never raise his head amongst the officers of his regiment again.'

"'And yet,' spoke this noble heart, 'it may have been the highest type of courage which caused his refusal to fight. Coward! Father, I never could have loved a coward! I love him still, and he cannot be a coward!'

"But Jean appeared no more where he had been, and his name was bandied about from tongue to tongue as that of a poltroon. Marie said nothing at all, but 'He is not a coward!' She went about her work as usual; she was more than ever the 'angel of the army;' but her voice never rose in song, and the smiles on her sweet face lost half their light.

"It might have been about a year after all this that news was brought here of the storming of Fort H, one mile distant. It was a bloody battle, and hundreds lay on the field outside, wounded and dying. So our people sallied forth to alleviate their sufferings. The first tidings

that greeted them were of a common soldier, who, all the day before, had performed prodigies of valor, and won the commendation of his superior officers, even on the battleground. The British, who held the fort, had succeeded in repulsing the Americans, who rested for the night, but next morning renewed the attack with determined valor. Charge after charge of gallant men had to retire before the 'showers of iron hail' sent forth on them, and the tide of battle might have turned in favor of the besieged, but that the flagging spirits of the half-wearied besiegers were roused suddenly by an incident as touching as it was heroic. A common soldier sprang on to the fortifications, and held aloft the banner of the republic! A rousing cheer and an overpowering charge from the men behind was the result of the act. They succeeded in making a breach, they rushed through, bayonet in hand, every eye raised to the hero. A shot from the enemy shivered the arm that held the flag aloft. The arm fell powerless, and hung like a dead thing, but quick as thought the other grasped the staff, and proudly held the colors still aloft. Ah, it was but a moment! Another craven shot! another sharp report! the second arm of the noble soldier was shattered, and he, lying a motionless heap under the fallen banner! Lo! in a second, a light form had scaled the earth-works, the banner again floated to the breeze, and standing like a protecting spirit over the wounded hero, stood, with aspect of unutterable majesty and beauty, 'the angel of the army!'

"'For,'—it was a low, sweet tone, spoken to herself, or some angel near, yet it penetrated to every heart,—'this is *my* Jean, and *he* is *not* a coward!'

"The whole army rushed forward to rescue her. The fort was taken. The 'angel of the army' had won the day!"

Jeanie had been weeping silently, now her sobs grew loud and irrepressible, sole answer to the singular pathos of the tale. Grandfather turned aside a moment, furtively wiped his cheeks, went through a process of clearing the throat, strongly suggestive of inability to speak just then, and finally forced himself to go on:

"When they reached her, when victorious hands took the flag reverently from hers, it was to see her bend over him, raise his fallen head from the earth, and pillow it on her heart.

"'Jean!'

"As if the call brought life, the eyes opened, pierced through the shadow gathering in them, and settled in recognition upon her eager face. Then a smile stole over the half-parted lips—lips on which life fluttered like bird with broken wing, vainly striving to rise.

"'Jean!'

"'Present!' softly stole out of the soldier's smile in death, and the eyes which had recognized her closed themselves gently.

"'Oh! he is dying!' burst from her heart almost involuntarily.

"'At my post!' The hero spoke no more."

Even if the old man could have gone on, Jeanie's passion of weeping at this silenced him for a time. He sat stroking her head in his own way, and thinking his own thoughts about her emotion. When he spoke again it was with a sweet touch of sympathy in his voice.

"Yes, my dearie, the hero was dead! The ball which had shattered the second brave arm penetrated to his heart. They wrapped him in the colors he had so bravely held to the end, and buried him with the highest military honors. But the 'angel of the army' bore a widowed heart from the hour he died.

"From the moment she first heard of the private soldier who had performed such wonders of bravery she

thought of her lover, and determined to watch. Being near the scene of battle to aid the wounded, she saw and, through the rough disguise he had adopted, recognized him.

"Near his heart was found a note addressed to her. It said:

"'If I fall, tell my mother I kept my promise to her through a fiery ordeal. And, for the rest, know that in life, in death, and beyond death, I am *thine*.—JEAN.'

"Ah! when she told his mother, far away, it was to discover what that promise was. On condition that he made it solemnly, she had granted him permission to fulfil the dream of his youth, by entering into the service of a nation struggling for liberty. It was, never to accept a challenge to engage in a duel. His father had been killed in one when she was the bride of one short year, and from out the depths of a heart so early blighted she had determined to preserve this only child from a like fate. You see, therefore, that which appeared cowardice to the cruel world was the highest species of honor, combined with rare bravery to carry it out.

"Marie Devereaux devoted the life left desolate by her hero's death to deeds of charity and self-denial. She remained the 'angel of the army,' of the people, of the suffering, to the very last, and when, years after, her beautiful spirit fled to its native home, a weeping multitude laid her in the grave of her lover, whose memory they had tenderly kept green. You will find that grave, my dearie, amongst those of your kindred, for Marie Devereaux was my mother's only sister, and over and over have her lips given me the history of her gentle life's tragedy."

Jeanie was very silent now. Even her tears fell without a sob to mark their fall. The old man let her indulge it for awhile, and then said he—

"Does my little girl like this old, old story?"

"More than she can ever tell, dear grandfather," she answered; "you have written it on her heart."

"And what is she thinking that keeps her so very, very quiet?"

"I am thinking, dear grandfather—I am sure I need not mind telling you—that I could never love a coward."

Thereat she rose and went off in a great hurry to get supper—he supposed. And after supposing this, he said to himself slyly:

"And, *ergo*, as you love Maurice Elbert, *he* cannot be a coward. Proved satisfactorily!" Then he lit his pipe, and dreamed many dreams, all having a common ending—smoke.

II.

Now, this was rehearsal night, and Maurice Elbert "happened" (to quote from grandfather) "to be around at the church." Just as he entered, Jeanie's voice, than which no voice sweeter or clearer could have been found, was chanting, like a plaint from out of the depths of a heart where pain sat regnant, "*Dona nobis pacem*." He could hear it from below, where he waited till the singers would come down from the gallery, and it seemed to force him to kneel in prayer, that its evident cry might be regarded where peace has its home, and from where alone it can descend on earthly hearts. In this plaint, to which that rarely expressive voice converted the words, he seemed to read the story of the heart dearer to him than the whole world beside, and he determined to speak to it what lay in his own.

When the singers came down, a laughing crowd of young people, they gathered outside of the church-door for a little bit of the inevitable chat before parting for the night.

"Mr. Elbert," cried Belle Murdoch, one of those daring beauties who pride themselves on being able to "say anything," "what are you going to do now that the President

has called for 'three hundred thousand more?'"

Every eye turned itself upon Maurice Elbert, but he only sought one pair, from out of the clear gray depths of which looked a heart troubled but expressive of faith in him.

"That which I have been compelled to do from the first, Miss Murdoch," he replied, with quiet dignity, which said, "question no farther."

But people of Belle Murdoch's stripe are never deterred by such latent warnings.

"Ah!" she insisted, in a tone of careful politeness, which held all the more effectually the intended sting, "but it is said, every man not physically disabled will be compelled to go."

"Indeed!" he answered, without sign of emotion.

"And I do not see how any one can escape, without leaving the country."

"One, who wishes to escape," he answered slowly, "can leave the country. But, Miss Murdoch, one who has no thought of escape, can remain steadfastly at the work appointed by divine Providence, and abide His will as to any compulsion of serving in the army. As you have done me the honor to interest yourself in my action regarding this crisis, I explain that the latter is my case."

Then he went over to Jeanie, who stood the very picture of nervous excitement.

"Religion, a cloak for cowardice," Belle Murdoch was saying to her nearest neighbor, in a whisper loud enough to be heard by every one.

And her nearest neighbor replied in the same piercing tone, "Wonder if she'll let him see her home?"

"Jeanie," he had never called her so before, and it too was a whisper but for her ear, her heart, alone. "You hear the challenge; may I be your knight, or do you turn aside from the—reputed—coward?"

She placed her arm within his

for answer, and, in the face of the mocking crowd, walked away with him. Away from their gossiping comments which ensued, away from their rash judgments, away from their cruel and unjust surmises. And she knew it was not for the hour, but for all time, she had taken his part, and accepted him for her "knight." She knew by the quick decision of the tone, though spoken in a whisper, and the silent clasping of the little gloved hand with which she had answered him, a clasp preserved in silence as instinctive to both as it was sweet, till they found themselves in the little sitting-room, where they had spent numberless happy hours together, in which his love found being.

"Jeanie," he then said, "can you believe I am not a coward, without any explanation of the cause of my apparent cowardice?"

She looked up at him with faith that might weep with the pain of listening to what the world said of him, but could never swerve.

"I do believe it," she answered.

"Then, I may say what I would not while there was danger of your believing that which the world decided about me. Jeanie, I *love you*. Can you give me your love?"

"That I have faith in your bravery, on your own word," was the proud answer, spoken without blush or tremor, "is the result of the fact that my love is yours. I *could* not love a coward!"

But after the speech, the blushes surged up over her beautiful face in such overpowering abundance, that she was fain to hide them. Ah! well, a shelter was open for them, wherein it is not your business, nor yet mine, my reader, to pry.

III.

It was five years afterwards, and to-morrow was to be their wedding day.

"Now, Maurice," said grand-

father, as the three sat together, spending the evening in quiet happiness, "tell Jeanie the story you told me, when you asked me for my little girl."

"Yes," he answered, with unutterable pride and love in his tone, "she has waited well for it, and never did lover find such test of love so truly proved as I have found this, with which God blesses my life to-morrow. Dear, you thought I could not be a coward, yet, I once deserved the name, and it was but fitting that I should atone for it by being so reputed, when I was really brave."

Jeanie looked from grandfather to him defiantly.

"No," she said, "I do not believe a word of it!"

"But it is really so," said grandfather.

"It cannot be!" cried Jeanie.

"Yes," Maurice insisted, "I was, to all intents and purposes, a coward—that is, a person lacking the only true type of bravery, moral courage."

She sat puzzled for a moment, then cried joyfully:

"Yes, I see it all now; you mistook some act for bravery, and believing it to be such, carried it out. Ah! Maurice, you intended to be brave, and you were not a coward, I don't care what you did!"

Maurice did not see that grandfather's presence need prevent him from taking to the heart, inexpressibly touched by this belief in him, his gentle champion. And it was quite natural that with the brown ripples and waves resting against his broad shoulder and one little hand nestling in grandfather's, she should hear what confirmed all her proud faith in him, and rewarded all her steadfast love.

"Yes, dear," he said, "you have guessed it. I was young, and hot-

headed, and I thought it courage to resent an insult by fighting a duel. I fought the duel, I wounded my adversary, but through a mercy of God I did not deserve, his life was spared. He was a young man, having an aged mother to support, and had been my schoolmate from childhood up. The moment he fell my heart smote me. While he lay for days between life and death, and I was in hiding from the officials of the law, I suffered the hell of a murderer's remorse and a murderer's frightful dreams. When, at last, it was decided that he would live, but helpless as to work, I made a vow to the God who had lovingly averted from me the reality of being stained with the murder of my friend, that I would devote my own life to his support and that of his mother. I have kept that vow; my apparent parsimony was the result of giving all I could spare out of my salary to them, and my apparent cowardice the necessity of remaining at business to keep my vow. Now, dear, you know all. We could not be married sooner, because, until very lately, I was not able to support two households. Now I have ample means, through God's blessing on my exertions, and in the future my little wife will know and learn to love those helpless ones for whose sake I had to brave even the loss of her good opinion. But," and he touched reverently with his lips the brown head bent to hide silent tears, "as my darling was sure she could never love a coward, so was I sure I could never love one who could believe me such."

I do not know that it is necessary to recount what ensued. The intelligent reader will draw his own inferences; in fact, it would be an insult to his discernment not to leave him to do so.

GIACOMO, CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

ONE of the features of Rome before the year 1870, was the appearance in the streets of the splendid equipages of the Pope and Princes of the church. There was much to interest the American spectator especially. Unaccustomed to the demonstrations of royalty, the great, black horses, in gilded trappings, the red coach, the pompous driver, in the glory of patent leather pumps, white silk stockings, velvetens, rainbow coat, periwig, and three-cornered hat, with the unsubduable footmen behind in similar habiliments, formed a strange novelty in his democratic eyes. After a time, his interest centred, not in the equipages, but in the occupant, clothed in scarlet, a Cardinal Prince of the Roman Catholic Church. But there was one Cardinal, from whom the array of royalty could never divert the attention of the stranger, even on the first occasion of his witnessing the turnout just described. His gaze rested upon the face that was always looking out of the window, not at immediate objects, but at something distant. The stranger heeded not the red cap, nor the red mantle. He only saw the thin, pale face, the square, solid forehead, the black, piercing eyes, the prominent nose, the thin lips, slightly parted as if by mental excitement, and displaying a faultless array of white teeth, which gave, not so much a pleasant, as a strangely fascinating expression to the mouth. It is a face that would make a lasting impression even if seen amid multitudes. There are such faces. There is a light in every face which exercises an immediate influence upon us. But the influence is only momentary, and passes away. There are other faces, which not only have light in them, but they are also alive with an indefinable power

which we feel at once and never forget after. The face at the carriage window is one of these, and no wonder that the stranger should ask, "Who is that?" The answer only rouses his interest the more, and he tries to get another glimpse of the Cardinal, but he is around the corner, exercising the same influence upon other beholders, and they too ask who it is, and are answered with laconic mystery—"Antonelli!" He need not be introduced. He is known, the world over, as the Secretary of State of Pope Pius IX, as the man who has coped with the wily diplomats of Europe for the last seven-and-twenty years. He is an old man now, shaken by years and infirmities, but his face is ever the same, full of light and of life, and full of mystery, even to his most intimate friends. His whole life is a mystery to them. He appeared upon the stage of Europe in '49, and has sustained a difficult rôle ever since, never faltering, never embarrassed by the tempests of disapprobation which have burst upon him from all quarters, never jubilant in that success which his conscience tells him he has achieved, and which the present generation questions so vehemently. Posterity will take a more dispassionate view of him, and pronounce sentence accordingly. We do not purpose to give his biography. We could not if we would. But, premising a few necessary items of information regarding his birth, family, and education, we will submit some considerations, which may enable the reader to get a clearer view of the Cardinal in his public capacity. He is a Count by birth, and was born on the 1st of April, 1806, in Terracina, an ancient town on the southern confines of what was known, when might and intrigue were

not acknowledged to be the constituent elements of right, as the States of the Church. At the age of ten he was taken to Rome, and placed in the Pontifical Seminary of Sant Apollinare, that nursery which has given to the Church some of the brightest lights of modern times. It suffices to mention the name of one man, who cultivated in the Apollinare that intrepidity of ecclesiastical spirit, which makes him today the admiration of the world, Pius IX. Young Antonelli left a record in the Apollinare which corresponds to a nicety with the character which we associate with him today. Tradition speaks of him as having been "*svelto assai*"—very quick. He was not a hard student. He was never known to study hard save before the annual examinations, and then the amount of matter which he reviewed was amazing. During the rest of the scholastic year, he was immersed in contemporaneous history, and found nothing so interesting as the negotiations between the illustrious Cardinal Gonsalvi and the disingenuous Napoleon I. He saw the turn given to European affairs by the latter's conquests, was an intelligent witness of the beginnings of what is known now as the great Revolution of the nineteenth century; and the event has proved that he must have studied the monster profoundly, for he is still unvanquished. He left the Roman seminary without receiving major orders. But he loved the Church so dearly, that although he had a holy dread of receiving the sacred order of priesthood, he continued to wear the ecclesiastical habit and tonsure. From the days of Leo XII he was connected with the Vatican in the capacity of domestic prelate. The memory of Cardinal Gonsalvi, Secretary of State to Pius VII, was still fresh at the Vatican, and many of the old prelates there had been the friends of the great man. So, young Antonelli became as familiar with his life

and character as if he had known him. Add to this, that he was the personal friend of Cardinal Bernetti, Secretary of State, first to Leo XII, and afterwards to Gregory XVI. He was equally intimate with Cardinal Lambruschini, who was nominated Secretary of State on the death of Bernetti. Amid such associations, he advanced in age and experience. It is natural to suppose that one who took so warm an interest in current events, notwithstanding the restrictions of seminary life, would not remain indifferent when enjoying the friendship and confidence of those who represented the most important element in the events, the Holy See. He saw Mazzini in the infancy of his revolutionary career. He saw Garibaldi's first movements, and disagreed with many seers of the time, who said that the Nizzardo (Garibaldi) was a wild visionary, whose revolutionary ebullitions would subside when he grew older, or after he had made the acquaintance of confinement within the prison walls. He saw the forced abdication of Charles Albert in favor of Victor Emanuel, and later on beheld Victor Emanuel's *alter ego*, Cavour, rise up in the then insignificant parliament of Sardinia, and point towards Rome with a significance that few at the time could appreciate. He saw the spark thrown by Vincenzo Gioberti into the arena of Italy, in his book entitled the *Primacy of Italy*, and which became a very conflagration afterwards. The league of Italian youths, called *La Giovane Italia*—young Italy—need not be described. Gioberti's original purpose was sincere and praiseworthy. He advocated the unity of Italy, but placed as the foundation of her independence, and as the inseparable companion of her glory, the Catholic Church, with the Roman Pontiff as the natural and moral chief of all Italy. To the fervid imagination of the Italians, Italy became at once the queen of nations, she

marched before all the rest in the way of progress, recalled all to Christian civilization, and went forth to Christianize and civilize the rest of the globe. "A dream," said Antonelli, and the abortive birth of *La Giovane Italia* proved him a sage. He was a quiet witness of the mad outburst of enthusiasm which greeted Pius IX. when he mounted the pontifical throne, and remained quiet—very—when the patriotic pontiff, with his heart all aglow for liberal reforms, explained his views on Italian independence. With the wealth of all this experience, and great talent, coupled with a strong yet prudent love of the Church, he was just the man to be one of the new Pope's counsellors, and in the Consistory, June 7th, 1847, he was created a Cardinal Deacon. The Holy Father disabused him of his scruples about receiving orders, and ordained him deacon. Beyond that he would not go. We are not writing a panegyric of him, but we think it a no insignificant tribute to his integrity, that he consented to take upon himself the obligations of the priesthood, yet deprecated the honor. The Revolution broke out in Rome, Count Rossi was assassinated, and the Pope obliged to fly from the city. Cardinal Antonelli was one of the first to join His Holiness in his exile at Gaeta, and he remained with him until after the discomfiture of Garibaldi, at the gate of St. Pancratius, in Rome, and the consequent occupation of the city by the French troops. But before the return of His Holiness to his capital, and while he lived at Gaeta, with very little to hope for, he appointed Cardinal Antonelli as his Secretary of State. The office of Secretary of State to the Pope is at any time anything but an enviable sinecure. But in 1849 few men would have undertaken to discharge it. It is true that the interference of the French offered some hope of a lasting calm, but, in reality, it was only the sun struggling

behind mountains of stormy clouds. The calm was only apparent. The sectaries of Italy were roused; they had tasted the inebriating sweets of exaggerated liberty, and though quieted for the nonce, it was patent to the most unobserving that, at the first opportunity, they would rise again with more force than before. This were an evil great enough in itself to make the stoutest hearts quail. But add to this, the fact that the government of Sardinia entered into a league with the revolutionists against the Holy See, and the importance of the office just assigned to Cardinal Antonelli becomes most vital. He evinced no embarrassment, but set about his duties as if all went well, and to this day has he comported himself in the same manner. In connection with the Secretary of State of His Holiness, we deem a few considerations on public men in general necessary. All public men, it matters not how unimpeachable their integrity, are slandered. For all public men, in the present order of things, in which the people have much to say and do, have enemies. Can we believe all that is said derogatory to the honor of Bismarck, of Von Buest, of Gladstone, of Minghetti, of Victor Emanuel, of the Emperor of Austria, of the Emperor of Prussia, of the late unfortunate Emperor of the French? Certainly, not all. We would show ourselves but very indifferent judges of human nature if we did. Party spirit to-day is most unruly, most intemperate, most unfair, most injudicious. It is not content with attacking a man in his public capacity, with casting shadows upon his honor, his motives, and what not, but it enters sacrilegiously into the inviolable sanctity of his private life, and drags forth before the public notice, his vices and virtues indiscriminately, and to the eager and excitable world the one becomes the other, virtues grow black and hideous, while vices be-

come immaculate. When Pilate clothed Jesus Christ as a fool, crowned him with a mock crown of thorns, tied his hands behind him, and brought him out before the populace with the introduction, "*Ecce Homo!*" few men in that frenzied crowd believed him innocent. Few believed him to be other than what the foul-mouthed Scribes and Pharisees had represented him, an impostor "who seduceth the people." It is far from our intention to compare our Blessed Redeemer, who was faultlessness itself, with the public men of our day, or, indeed, of any time. We only wish to exemplify how easily and how unreasonably public opinion may be drawn into a destructive channel by the manner in which a subject is presented.

"What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in a slanderous tongue?"

To be practical, King Victor Emanuel, though he has taken the revolutionists to his bosom, has been slandered by them, actually slandered! It is but natural, too, that the party which he has outraged, should indulge in a certain amount of exaggeration, compatible with honest and just indignation. The wronged party in Italy can use its lungs very well, considering. Without appearing to digress, we would say, small consolation to them, for the world at large is deaf in their regard. That a great deal of truth may be narrated to the disparagement of the public men of Europe to-day, we are confident. Cardinal Antonelli, like all public men, is subject to slander, yet unjustly. First of all, that part of Europe and America which differs with him in religious and political matters, believe him to be an archfiend of duplicity and cunning, and that his ambition embraces the whole world. This ambition is generally characterized by the anti-Roman organs of Germany and England as "the exorbitancies of the

Vatican." The sectaries of Italy, or the liberals—they are one and the same—charge him with the same designs, but they go farther still, and attack him in his private life, for the public believe in the maxim, "*Bonum ex integra causa, malum ex quocunque defectu.*" Besides this adverse tide, Cardinal Antonelli has to bear the brunt of another storm, insignificant in itself, but, like the barking and snarling of contemptible curs, is very annoying. I speak of the habit of fault-finding which is proverbially attributed to the Romans, even the most kindly disposed of them. They are very aptly described by one of their own writers as *Pettegoli*, gossip-mongers. There are three or four ancient caf  s in Rome, wherein coffee is doled out per cup at the ante-Porta-Pian price of two sous. These caf  s are frequented by instalments of old fogies, whose contentment is at its acme when they are provided with a cup of coffee, a pinch of snuff, an indescribable handkerchief, for the reception of frequent nasal discharges, and just the least possible story to the discredit of somebody, the higher up this body stands on the stairway of life, the more intense their enjoyment. You will hear one old fellow say, "If Pio didn't have that insinuating fellow Antonelli at his elbow, he would have embraced the King four years ago. Pio is good, but Giacomo (Antonelli) is close and deep, and, mind what I say (hereat the old wiseacre lowers his voice to an asthmatic whisper), that Cardinal means mischief." And another old fellow, who is always talking about "*I Francesi*," growls because the Cardinal is rich; and another finds fault with his refusing to come out of the Vatican, so long as the Pope chooses to be a prisoner. In fact, these old fellows represent one phase of Pasquin. But Pasquin has never spared the Popes, much less the Secretaries of State. Perhaps no man ever fought more nobly with diplo-

matic weapons in defence of the rights of the Holy See, than that model churchman and hero, Cardinal Gonsalvi. He had a shrewd, powerful, yet unfair and ungenerous adversary in Napoleon I. The world to-day knows of Napoleon's meannesses, and while condemning them, and compassionating him, it is unanimous in its verdict that Cardinal Gonsalvi was a great and a good man. Yet the Pasquin of the first fifteen years of this century gave out in the cafés of Rome, and through several pun-gencies lettered on the base of the old statue, that Cardinal Gonsalvi was an incomprehensible subject, consequently bad. Cardinal Bernetti was another dangerous mystery, because he managed the state affairs of Leo XII, and Gregory XVI, without making Pasquin privy thereunto. Cardinal Lambruschini nearly drove Pasquin to desperation, for, what with inheriting the reticence of his predecessors, he was the possessor of a no small personal amount of that virtue. In short, the "*Nemo propheta in patria sua*" (No one is a prophet in his own country) is eminently applicable to the Romans. Cardinal Antonelli is not a prophet here. Pasquin won't have it now, nor would he hear of it from the beginning. And yet—strange inconsistency—when certain Piedmontese journals talk seriously of deifying Cavour, Pasquin arises in his wrath, and says, that there is no statesman like Antonelli. Pasquin has always said, "*Il Papa ci può tagliare la testa, mai non ci può levare la lingua*"—the Pope can cut our heads off, but he cannot take our tongues away. So they have maligned Antonelli, and continue to do so. Some charge him with having grown rich by his office, and of having enriched his relatives. Cardinal Antonelli was always rich, and his father was not "a count without a county." His brother Filippo, who was also governor of Rome, was for many years the president of the Ro-

man Bank. It is not for us to enter into details, nor to refute slanders. We will only say, regarding scandalous reports which have been circulated against him, that, if there was aught of truth in them, they would take a positive form, sooner or later, in some public fact which would be beyond question. It is not in the order of things that a man should be a reprobate, and keep the matter concealed through two or three generations. It is possible that one may be a hypocrite and a villain in his heart for a lifetime. But actions will speak in the end. There is but one argument with which we can meet these accusations, and it is that which Christ himself has left us, "*Perhibe testimonium de malo*"—give testimony of the evil. It is unquestionable that many of the Romans were jealous of the confidence placed in the Cardinal by His Holiness, and of the extent of his power. Besides, his brother Filippo was for many years governor of the city. This feeling of jealousy found expression in Pasquinade. When Pius IX was returning from his tour through the Pontifical States, some time after his return from Gaeta, the people gave him an ovation. The Flaminian Way, from the Porta del Popolo to the Milvian Bridge, was beautifully adorned with festoons, while at intervals were placed, facing each other, in pairs, statues of the apostles Peter and Paul, Philip and James, and so on. Pasquin became irreverent in giving expression to his envy. He came out with a caricature representing a poor peasant, kneeling down before the statue of St. Peter, on the Flaminian Way, and begging the saint to do him some favor or other. St. Peter answered him also in the name of St. Paul, "*Non vi possiamo fare niente noi altri, bisogna audare da Giacomo* (Cardinal Antonelli) *e Filippo*" (Governor Antonelli)—We can do nothing for you; you must go to James and Philip (Antonelli).

Perhaps no better tribute can be paid to the personal merits of Cardinal Antonelli than to say that he is the intimate friend of Pius IX. From the day of his appointment to the office of Secretary of State, down to the present, during these long years of trial and suffering, he has been the counsellor of the venerable Pope. Every morning, when His Holiness has said mass and taken his chocolate, he is closeted for an hour and more with Cardinal Antonelli, and no personage is received during the day, concerning whom His Holiness has not previously consulted the Cardinal as to how he shall be received, and what shall be said to him. The man whom Pius IX deigns to honor with his confidence and friendship, and to whose counsel he submits in matters of great importance, must needs be a man of great moral worth, and of no ordinary intellectual qualifications. For twenty-seven years Cardinal Antonelli has navigated with the Vicar of Christ in a stormy sea of troubles, such as never befell a pontiff before him. During all that time he has been in constant communication with men whose highest ambition is—to use a diplomatic term—to checkmate an adversary. What adversary more hated, aye, and more feared, too, than that represented by Cardinal Antonelli, the Holy See? He has negotiated with Napoleon III, with Von Beust, with Bismarck, with Cavour, yet not a single instance can be adduced in which he compromised the Holy See. All these conspired against the Holy See, and while attacking its interests in concert, each strove to make an individual conquest of his own. Against these powerful allies Cardinal Antonelli remained and is still master of his situation. The Holy See has been robbed of all by brute force, but its honor, even as a temporality, is still preserved, and this is the situation which Cardinal Antonelli has defended against great

odds. The Holy See has lost all, but saved its honor. The enemies and despoilers of the Holy See have gained all, but lost their honor. Of France, in our profound sympathy for her misfortunes, we shall say nothing—but this: Had her ill-fated Emperor practiced but a mite of that stern honesty which is the foundation-stone of Cardinal Antonelli's diplomatic tact, she would not probably have been reduced to the sorrowful extremity of that city over which Jeremias wept—paying tribute to an alien. Bismarck has achieved much, but where is his honor? Gone in the startling revelations which have been made within the past few years. What is La Marmora's book "*Un pò più di luce*"—A little more light,—and Arnini's correspondence, and his recent work, "*Pro nihilo*," and many other publications, but the hecatomb of Bismarck's honor? Truant papers and letters derogatory to the honor of Von Beust, and the power which he represented, have also come before the public. Regarding Cavour and his successors, it would seem as if they made it an honorable profession to be dishonorable. O, those tell-tale diplomatic documents! How they start from their security in all their naked meannesses, and lies, and equivocations, and quibbles, and subterfuges, such as we would only associate with the most contemptible and unconscionable pettifoggers! But no document has ever been seen disparaging to the honor of Cardinal Antonelli, or the cause which he represents. If such a document existed at all, it would have been published eagerly long ago by men who scrupled not to invent the vilest calumnies against the Holy See. The "pretensions of the Vatican" are the subjects of pamphlets and newspaper articles without number, but in none of these are accusations substantiated by documents. Cardinal Antonelli has often been tempted, for there was a time, and that not

long ago, when the proud potentates of the North thought it worth their while to make overtures to the Holy See. But in no instance has he yielded, and in this, too, he has shown uncommon acuteness. We have unwittingly fallen into a train of thought which we would have wished to avoid, for it is very uncomplimentary to the times we live in. We refer to the fact, that the greatest tribute that could be paid to a statesman nowadays, is to say that he has

not lost his honor. We advocate this much, and more, for Cardinal Antonelli. We advocate honor for him, and the silence of his enemies bears us out. But he is a model churchman, too, for knowledge of the Church made him love the Church, and loving the Church he has been her champion in a capacity which cannot be filled by an ecclesiastic, unless he have that justice which excludes fear.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

OFTEN in this winter firelight,
While the shrill-voiced crickets sing,
Slowly rise the quiet beechwoods,
And the world is glad with Spring.

Embers shine and shadows flutter,
But I see the violets grow ;
Underfoot the brown leaves lingering,
And the white anemones blow.

And my darling, in her coffin,
Loves me as in days of yore ;—
Thirty years have flowered and faded,
But a dead grief lives once more.

Wild-birds call and May-flowers beckon,
And my sweetheart, gone to rest,
Sits beneath the springing larches,
With the anemones in her breast.

Night-winds sigh and snow is falling ;
But with firelight, fancies flow
Back to how we loved and parted,
In the spring-time years ago.

VALOROUS WOMEN,

IN DIPLOMACY AND WAR.

"Clorinda on the corner-stone alone,
In silver arms, like rising Cynthia shone,
Her rattling quiver at her shoulder hung;
So fit to shoot, she singled forth among
Her foes, who first her quarry's strength shall feel;
So fit to shoot, Latona's daughter stood,
When Niobe she killed, and all her brood."

TASSO, *Jerusalem Delivered*.

A GENERAL impression prevails that the question of woman's equality with the lords of creation in mental gifts is one of many results of the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. But investigation proves that it is an old subject—a cause of contention and argument that has been manifested in every age; one, too, that has always adduced strong and living illustrations of woman's ability to contest and compete with men, even upon their own favored hereditary field of action. Bayle cites a work published in Italy as remote as 1552, wherein the author, Jerome Purcelli, gave the superiority of perfection in all things to woman, and claims Plutarch, Boccaccio, and other master minds, as advocates of this theory. Two other works, published in Paris in 1673 and 1679, assume likewise the ground of the equality of the sexes, and deprecate the injustice bestowed, as a rule, upon women. Prior to this work, a Mr. Jacques Guillaume published in Paris, in 1665, a book entitled *The Illustrious Ladies; wherein is proved, by good and strong reasons, that the Female Sex in all respects exceeds the Male*. Three or four other works followed, all contending for the same distinction for the weaker sex. So, it is evident that we are only elaborating in this, as in most other things, the initiative of our progenitors; while history proves beyond all cavil that in all branches of learning and art woman has attained distinction in numbers sufficiently large to certify that the gen-

eral failure of a quality in mental force is not to be so much attributed to the peculiar organization of sex as to individual taste or temperament. From the day Eve wrought her spell of enchantment over the calmer judgment of Adam to the hour when the battle-cry of Deborah pealed throughout the land, and the supplicating prayer of Esther won the ransom of her people, has woman, by her versatility of gifts, worked an influence in the destiny of nations akin to that exercised by the more subtle and logical brain of man.

Beauty, wit, tact, and an intuitive adjudication of cause and effect, bestow upon her the power that the clearer and more analytical judgment yield to the wise, comprehensive mind of man. Through her affections and antipathies, her moral perceptions, her interests, united to her tender humanity, her earnest hope and fervent faith, she grasps a truth, or solves a problem, while the stronger mind is weighing evidence, or balancing the policy or profit of the result.

When Ahab "turned his face to the wall," and wept, because of his avarice, over the loss of the fruitful vineyards of Naboth, the cunning craft of Jezebel, awakened by her conjugal love—the sole virtue of her dark soul—devised means to gratify the cupidity and comfort the grief of her lord.*

Again, the persevering importunity and ssembled love of Delilah were more potent agents in the destruction of Samson than the strategy of the warriors, or the machinations of the Philistines' councillors. When the wise and brave men of Sparta trembled at the approach of Pyrrhus, and assembled in council

* Kings, Book III, Chap. XXIII, verse v.

to devise ways and means of sending the women and children to a place of safety, it was the voice of Archidamia, as she entered the hall, sword in hand, crying, "Deliberate not whether we are to fly, but what we are to do!" that sent the first thrill of hope and confidence through their anxious hearts. Whilst the enemy slept upon their arms the delicate hands of the women were employed digging trenches, and they stood upon the battle-ground throughout the three desperate assaults of the united allies of Pyrrhus, thereby preserving through such valorous deeds their homes and children from destruction.

Another remarkable instance, wherein the forethought and tact of a woman obtained great results, is recorded in the case of Philotus, a poor slave girl of Rome, who, upon the demand of the Tiedenates (B.C. 381), that the wives and daughters of the city should be yielded to the army, as the only condition of peace, advised the senators to send the female slaves, disguised in the clothes of the matrons, offering to place herself at the head of the band. This *ruse* succeeded. When the Tiedenates were overcome by the effects of their night revels, Philotus gave a signal to her friends; they were attacked and conquered by the Romans, and the city and women saved from their impending fate.

That the native mental endowments of woman held an exalted niche in the theogony of the ancient Greeks and Romans is proved by the high trust and dignified position assigned her in their religious code. Had she been deemed incapable of fulfilling or ennobling that trust, would not those mighty arbiters have invested the sterner sex with those pure and exalted attributes idolized in the woman? Her precedence in poetry and song, her position as the exponent and preserver of the household virtues, or as the model of all grace and elegance in

art, provoke neither question nor surprise; for in these exalted characteristics she brings her diploma as she rises from the last finishing touch of the Great Artist's hand. But when we find her, as in Minerva, the exponent of wisdom; in Themis, as counsellor and judge to the mighty Jove; as seer and prophetess in Cassandra and the Sibyl; holding the shears of fate; hissing the venom of the Furies, and hurling the terrible strokes of Nemesis; together with the trust of cattle and of the fruits and flowers of the earth—we must conclude that the ancients held an estimate of her intuitive gifts which induced them to place her in equal rank with themselves.

When we weigh the disadvantages under which the women of the first era of the Greek and Roman empires lived, the need of the elevating influence of a sublime faith, and the degrading force of the sensuous element to which they were subjected, we are amazed at the depth of power, purity of life, and intellectual development so grandly apparent in the lives of many belonging to that period. Surely her progress under so many obstacles attests her inherent superiority in all that was good and true, merging into a wisdom which could govern, a force that could subdue, and a patriotism that could emulate and even surpass the fiercer and more martial spirit of the hero of an hour's conflict.

Compare the reign of Agrippina with the subsequent rule of her wicked son, Nero. In the depths of her maternal love lay the spring from whence flowed her lofty aspirations, her keen judgment, and that indomitable force of will and strength of purpose that controlled the Senate, and so thoroughly imbued that body with admiration for her transcendent qualities, as to impel them unanimously to invest her with the attributes of a god.

The same womanly instincts developed the skill that directed the

armies of the nation, and endowed her with the iron nerve that held the excitable populace subservient to her word and will. In the case also of Coriolanus, it was the *mother's* intuitions, the *woman's* tender feelings and eloquent patriotism, that dispelled the spirit of revenge evoked by his ungrateful countrymen, and soon that country's ransom.

Whilst opinion stands divided as to the moral purity of the private life of Aspasia, yet none can deny her force of character, or the power of an intellect which could entertain Socrates, charm into enthusiasm by her eloquence the loftiest minds of Athens, and hold for a series of years, in undiminished power, the love and respect of Pericles—the Princess Grazia of the age.

It was through the influence and advice of a woman, St. Catharine of Sienna (under divine direction), that the great papal schism was happily terminated by the return of Pope Gregory XI to Rome. Subsequently, also, she advised him most judiciously in the management of the government then under the anarchical rule of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions. Appreciating the wisdom and beneficial results of her counsel with Pope Gregory, Urban VI also consulted and acted upon her advice in his settlement of the complicated political and religious dissensions of the Florentines. But the instances wherein women have distinguished themselves in momentous questions, as the advisers of the stronger sex, might be multiplied *ad infinitum*; but a review of those varied fields in which she has earned pre-eminence does not come within the compass of this article. One plane of action, the most singular and unnatural—one which we must believe held no part as a portion of her destiny in the wisdom of her Creator, when he gave this last best gift to man, but which force of circumstances, political convulsions, aided by her own restless, impulsive

spirit, has driven her into. Sad, but true it is, that even the field of battle, with its torrents of blood, its wails of agony, and all those unearthly sounds and unimaginable horrors, that should appal the heart and blanch the cheek of the woman who retains the warm pressure of her Maker's hand—even such courage has found its aiders and patrons among the gentle hosts of woman-kind. To follow her through such fearful scenes is the task we now assume.

With the warlike qualities of the Amazons every reader of history is familiar; but even among them there were some who are especially distinguished in the annals of fame. Ancient records tell of Penthiselea, one of their queens, who fought bravely at the siege of Troy; and was killed by Achilles. Pliny attributes to her the invention of the battle-axe.

The Old Testament furnishes some of the earliest examples of this martial spirit in the deeds of Deborah and Judith, and profane history follows the record with innumerable instances. Although many of these may be either traditional or mythical, yet they stand as a type of the age from whence they sprung, or may be attributed as a proof of the valor a love of country can inspire.

Among the first on the list of female warriors stands Semiramis. Possessing scarcely a single womanly characteristic, yet she stamped her age by her pre-eminence in the strong, stern, masculine qualities, which were certainly at that period the most available and profitable. Through her influence and strategic skill her husband, Menones, became the conqueror of Bactria. This first taste of martial *elan* soon developed those talents which ranked her with the first generals of the age, and led her, at the head of her army, to the conquest of Ethiopia, and every province through which she passed, like a demon of destruction, on her

way to India. Here, however, the zest for conquest blinded her judgment, and she fell into an ambush devised by the enemy—quickly extricating herself, however, by great strategic skill.

A redeeming trait in the character of Semiramis, was her love for the beautiful, and her ambition for the honor and celebrity of her own land. To attain this distinction, she reared many of those glorious monuments of antiquity, that have proved more beneficial to her fame than the ephemeral plaudits that arose from her greed of conquest. To her also belongs the foundation of the glory and magnificence of the once mighty Babylon. Mountain and valley she made subservient to her taste and artistic skill, and barren deserts were transformed into plains of flowering verdure, which were kept perennially green through the irrigation that was conveyed by immense aqueducts to the barren soil.

The resignation of her power and honors, when she found them basely coveted by her son, attest a generous and magnanimous spirit, rarely found in the life of one whose career had been so fierce, and whose sway so powerful. Had her heart been utterly callous, maternal affection could not thus have triumphed over the interests of the woman and the ambition of the queen.

The invincible warrior, Cyrus, thought it no derogation of his imperial honor to take the field against a woman. It was at the hands of Tamyris, queen of the Scythians, that he met his death; and by a combination of wily manœuvres she succeeded in drawing his entire army into an ambush, thereby totally destroying his forces of 200,000 men. With her own hands Tamyris cut off the head of her captive, and throwing it into a vessel of human blood, exclaimed in demoniacal triumph: "*Satia te sanguine quem sitisti.*"*

* According to Rollins, Herodotus and Xenophon differ in their account of the death of Cyrus, as well as in other incidents of his life.

History records two queens of Candia, possessing the same name, and both distinguished for bravery in military affairs, and devoted conjugal love.

The first Artemisia was the friend and attendant of Xerxes, in his expedition against Greece, and provided him with five ships of war. In the council held before the battle of Salamis, she opposed the pending naval engagement,* the fatal results of which justified her opinion and advice. It was the bravery and prowess of this woman while in battle, that elicited the famous exclamation of Xerxes: "The men behave like women, and the women like men."

The second Artemisia, although overwhelmed by grief for the loss of her husband, Maniolus, and devoting so much time to the perpetuation of his memory, yet she did not allow her sorrow to interfere materially with the duties of her elevated position. She assumed command, and led her army in person in a war with the Rhodians, and evinced great skill and undaunted bravery. Her character presents a strange combination of fidelity in love, temerity in danger, and cruelty in conquest, but her treatment of the conquered Rhodians mars her other loftier and more feminine characteristics.

Maria, wife of Zenis, and governor of Etolia, also proved herself equal to the responsibilities of her position. Upon the death of her husband, she waited upon Pharnabazus, satrap of Persia, and entreated him to bestow upon her the command and power held by Zenis. Her petition being granted, she ably redeemed the trust, and acted on all occasions with great wisdom and courage. She defended the positions committed to her charge, commanded the troops in person, and promoted her army to the highest state of military discipline. To the envy and jealousy of

* "Not one," says Herodotus, "gave Xerxes such good advice and such wise counsel as this queen."—Rollins.

her son-in-law, Midias, she fell a victim. Qualities above his emulation he determined to destroy, and in cold blood murdered both Maria and her son.

Fulvia, wife of Marc Antony, must have been more than an ordinarily brave woman, even for that age, to be deemed by the great Octavius worthy of a challenge to battle. Nothing daunted, she prepared at once for the field, and armed and equipped like a man, she harangued her soldiers with the vehemence and eloquence of a Cicero. Some authors accuse Fulvia of venting her hatred upon that great statesman for his opposition to the political trickery of Marc Antony, by piercing his once eloquent tongue with a silver bodkin, after his decapitation; but as neither Herodotus nor Plutarch confirm the report, there may be question of its truth. The verdict of history, however, justifies Plutarch's estimate of her character: "She was a woman, not born for spinning or housewifery; not one that would be content with ruling a husband; but capable of advising a magistrate or ruling the general of an army."

We now bid adieu to the brave women of the heathen ages, and come to the year 60 of the Christian era, at which period Boadicea, queen of England, attempted, by force of arms, to recover her rights, and avenge the wrongs suffered by herself and daughters at the hands of the Romans. Few generals have made more thrilling appeals to the hearts and patriotism of their soldiers than did this noble woman, on the eve of the last desperate throes for her own and country's honor. "If you, Britons," she said, "will but consider the motives of this war, you will resolve to conquer or to die. Is it not better to fall honorably in defence of liberty than again be exposed to the outrages of the Romans? Such at least is my resolution; as for you, men, you may, if you please,

live and be slaves!" Unfortunately, the confidence inspired by this stirring appeal, and her own valor on the field, proved impotent against the numbers of the enemy, and the superior generalship of Paulinus. The test of inherent strength lies in patient submission to the decrees of Providence. Had Boadicea been truly great, she would bravely have endured her fate, instead of destroying her life, as she did, by poison.

Among all the women who have riveted the attention of the world, and made eloquent the pen of profane history, not one can surpass the wife of Odentes,—Zenobia, queen of Palmyra. She was the embodiment, in mental and physical gifts, of all that can make a woman admired and beloved. Devoted to literature and the culture of her own mind, under the classic tuition of the great philosopher, Longinus, she yet found time to share her husband's labors on the battlefield, and aid the business of the council hall. Upon the death of Odentes, she assumed the reins of government, and conducted with masculine power all the affairs of the nation. When the Roman Emperor Aurelian entered her dominion, she placed herself at the head of 700,000 men, and shared with the meanest soldier the hardships of the battlefield. She fought two pitched battles, and when driven by the superior cavalry tactics of Aurelian to retreat to her capital, she there made a most determined and spirited resistance. Aurelian, stung by the reproach of being kept so long at bay by a woman, wrote that memorable letter "to the Roman people," which alone should be sufficient testimony of Zenobia's military talents. He says: "They who speak with contempt of the war I am waging against a woman, are ignorant both of the character and power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stores, of arrows, and every species of missile weapons." Finding her conquest so difficult, the

emperor at length proposed advantageous terms, if she would surrender. But she resented the proposition as an insult, and replied in true Spartan spirit, "It is not by writing, but by arms, that the submission you require from me can be obtained. You have dared propose my surrender to your prowess. You forget that Cleopatra preferred death to servitude." But her brave spirit, after a long and fearless siege, was forced to yield, and her citadel fell into the hands of the enemy. Although she endeavored by flight to save herself from the humiliation of capture, she was, however, overtaken and brought to the camp of Aurelian. Her humiliation (to his disgrace) was made his greatest triumph. Apart from the loss of position and power, a mind so highly cultivated as was Zenobia's must have found ample resources as compensation for the empty honors she so heroically relinquished. Had the effulgent light of Christianity, which was then in its dawn, touched her soul, but little else could have been required for the perfection of her character. It seems strange that with her general learning, together with her acquaintance with the theological controversies of the period, that she could still have clung to the pantheistic philosophy of the day. This is the one blot that dims the lustre of her transcendent qualities.

The valorous intrepidity of Brunehaut, daughter of Athanagilda, king of the Visigoths, A.D. 565, when fighting against the nobles of Austrasia in behalf of her minor son, was subsequently marred by her cruel, vindictive, and irreligious conduct, toward both friend and foe.

More noble and admirable was the character of the Empress Matilda, the persecuted of Henry IV of Germany, and the friend and protégé of the great Pope Gregory VII. Although her life was one of constant inquietude, owing to the perpetual strife and petty warfare of her reign, which allowed but few opportunities

for the development of her gentler qualities, yet in the masculine position assigned her by Providence, she displayed rare powers of government. She sustained a number of sieges, disciplined and manœuvred her army, and gained victories that were equal in glory to those acquired by the forces of her masculine competitors. Although Matilda has been the subject of divided opinion, yet her fame seems now established (vide Hallam), and has won even the inspired praise of Dante, whose proximity to her reign is entitled to great weight in a correct estimate of her character.

There is a refreshing loveliness in the career of the poor peasant maiden, Bona Lombardi. Her bright intellect and rare personal charms won the love and admiration of her simple-minded companions. A mere accident, one of those flashing meteors in the horizon of destiny, brought her under the notice of Captain Bruners, a Milanese soldier and gentleman; and loving her at first sight, he thought it no derogation of his dignity to make her his wife. To please the man she loved, she learned from him the duties of a soldier, accompanied him in battle, and fought by his side regardless of her own life. In an attack upon the castle of Provoze in Brescia (fourteenth century) her husband was taken prisoner. Driven to desperation by her grief, Bona resolved to attempt his rescue. Accordingly she rallied the routed forces, inspired them by a few words with courage, led them herself to the assault, took the castle, and liberated her husband and the other prisoners. This is one of the few instances wherein a woman can be genuinely ennobled, by thus stepping outside of the province to which her Maker assigned her. Besides, in those days of predatory warfare, a wife could only minister to the comfort of her husband by following him in such expeditions.

It is on record that in Beauvais, France, there is an annual procession on the 10th of July, in which the women march at the head. This concession is in compliment to the valor of those women, who, with Jean Fouquet as their leader, made an assault upon the Burgundians, who besieged her native place in 1470. When they attempted to plant their colors upon the walls, Jean drove them back with her battle-axe, and captured their flag, which memento she subsequently deposited in the cathedral. Louis XI recompensed her handsomely for her bravery, and ever after her descendants were held exempt from taxation.

Early in the fourteenth century, the attention of Europe was drawn to the remarkable character of Margaret, third daughter of Waldeemar, king of Denmark. By a combination of political, legal, and commercial qualities, she made herself mistress of Sweden and Norway; and so successfully governed her kingdom, led her armies, and protected her castles and cities, that she won the title of Semiramis of the North, and thus verified the prediction made by her father when a child, that "nature had been deceived in forming her—instead of a woman she had made a hero."

During the fierce protracted strife between Guelph and Ghibelline, we find a parallel to Bona Lombardi in the person of Blanche de Rossi, wife of Battiste de la Porta of Padua. She accompanied her husband when sent to the defence of Bassana (1237), fought by his side, assisted in defending the walls of the city, and frequently relieved his aid-de-camp when exhausted by his arduous duties. When her brave husband was killed, she was tied with cords, and dragged before Ezzolino, the conqueror. Entranced by her beauty, he offered her liberty and wealth if she would accept his addresses. She indignantly resented the insult, and to escape the threatened fate, threw

herself from a window, hoping to be killed; but her life being preserved, and finding herself again in his power, she simulated acquiescence to his proposals, on condition of being allowed to see once more the dead body of her husband. The request being complied with, no sooner was the stone of his sepulchre removed than she jumped into the grave, and with her own hands caused the stone to fall and crush her to death.

Hedwige, a Hungarian princess, elected to the crown of Poland when only eighteen, distinguished her reign by numerous charities, in founding hospitals, schools, and monasteries, besides devoting a large portion of her time and means to the progress of general education. At one time while her husband, Jagellon, grand duke of Lithuania, was fighting in his own province, the Hungarians invaded Poland, and captured many towns. She at once assembled the nobles and barons, gathered an army, and led it in person to the frontier, where, to the amazement of her generals, "she displayed the military talent and bravery of an old warrior. She directed the sieges, organized the rallies and attacks, and gave battle on the open ground, while the entire army obeyed her enthusiastically, proud to serve under a woman-general. She conquered the enemy at every encounter, wrested from them the important stronghold of Leopold, took other cities, and not only repossessed herself of the Russian territories usurped by the Hungarians, but also added to the kingdom of Poland a vast tract of country, which voluntarily surrendered to her rule."

We meet the women of *la belle France* more frequently in council and war than their more northern cousins. As early as the tenth century, Gerberge, wife of Louis IV, took the field, and although subsequently followed by others, yet no one seems to have been specially dis-

tinguished until Blanche of Castile, the lovely and accomplished wife of the saintly Louis IX, during his absence in Palestine, espoused the cause of her vassal, Thibault, Count of Champagne, against the rebellious barons. She headed her troops, and marched to the count's succor. In addition to the vaunted impregnability of the post, a winter of unparalleled severity set in, many men and horses perishing from the intensity of the cold. Throughout all disasters and trials, Blanche bestowed every attention on her soldiers, offering as an incentive for the campfires to be kept up, rewards for supplies of wood. She shared every hardship with her men, even to sleeping by the bivouac fires at night, and encouraging them by her presence and kind words during the day. At length, after two successful assaults, which dismantled the great tower of this ancient Malakoff, the Britons, with their English auxiliaries, were forced to surrender.

Equally distinguished, a century later, ranks Jane of Flanders, Countess of Montfort. During her husband's imprisonment in Paris, she assembled the people of Rennes, and eloquently urged them to fly to arms in behalf of herself and infant son, against her arrogant enemy, Charles de Blois. The sympathies of her subjects being fully aroused, she determined to risk a siege in the fortress of Hennebonne, assuming herself the post of command. After a protracted and fearful struggle, during which the walls were breached, and her men terribly exhausted, she was prevailed upon by her barons to make terms of capitulation. While these measures were pending, in her despair she ascended a high tower overlooking the sea, with a last faint hope of seeing the ships so long looked for coming to her aid. As her anxious eyes scanned the horizon, she beheld in the distance a fleet of sail. In enthusiastic joy, she exclaimed: "Behold the succors!

the English succors! No surrender!" The garrison thus inspired by this opportune arrival of the English forces, under Sir Walter Maury, sallied forth, attacked the besiegers, and completely routed them. Not content, however, with the foregoing evidence of the prowess of Jane, Charles de Blois subsequently invested the fortress of Roche de Rien, only, however, to be again outgeneralled by her strategy and mastered by her skill, falling also at this time a prisoner in her hands.

The life of Joan of Arc has been for so many ages the theme of the historian, and the inspiration of poet and painter, and its supernatural halo and wild romance have so enthralled the mind, that to enter into any details here of her character, would only be a repetition of what is already a familiar subject with the general reader. Whatever may be the opinion of the masses as to the motives of her conduct, from the day that the ignorant peasant maiden of Domremy declared herself the chosen companion of the celestial hierarchy, and the recipient of their heaven-voiced counsel, to the hour when she became the leader of her country's armies and the saviour of her king, there certainly can be no doubt as to the force of those convictions on her own simple mind. Imagination, unaided by some natural or occult power, could never have wrought that miraculous change in her nature which carried her at one bound from the simplicity and ignorance of a cattle-driver, to be the deviser and executrix of a system that proved the only means of relief for a country so divided by strife and faction as to paralyze the subtlest intellect and render impotent the strongest arms and bravest hearts. Neither superstition nor enthusiasm could endow her with the courage that so promptly met the attacks and defeated the machinations of her enemies, nor could they inspire her with the military skill and impetuous

bravery that led to such momentous results. The closest investigation of her own and subsequent times have signally failed to solve the secret of her recognition of Charles VII as he stood among the gentlemen of his court, without any insignia to mark his rank as superior to their own; and the discovery of the miraculous sword (*vide* Lamartine) is still buried in a mystery as profound as is the source from whence she derived her knowledge of its hiding-place. Not one iota of selfish ambition or feminine vanity can be alleged to tarnish the lustre of her fame. The wisdom of a sage, the courage of a Spartan, and the exalted religious enthusiasm of a martyr, characterized her military career from its inception to its harrowing close; and so long as war must continue to be waged as the arbiter of nations will the name and heroism of this unlettered maiden stand emblazoned on the larbarum of history as the synonym of all that is grand in patriotism, generous in conquest, and noble and glorious in the hour of death.

A victim to the same bigoted spirit to which Joan was sacrificed, was Donna Maria Pancheco (1521), wife of Don John de Padilla, a Castilian nobleman and head of the confederacy called the Holy Junta. She materially aided her husband to defeat his enemies. After he was taken prisoner and condemned to death, she so ably fortified and defended the city of Toledo, as to hold it invulnerable against the skill of her foes. Indeed, so magical seemed her power and influence that some of her enemies within the city attributed her successes to an evil spirit in the person of an innocent negro servant who attended her. This suggestion, influencing the superstitious minds of the people, induced them to take up arms against her, and driving her beyond the walls, they surrendered the fruit of her individual tact and bravery to the royalists.

A wonderful combination of womanly and masculine qualities meet in the life and career of Ellenore of Toledo. She married, in 1543, Cosmos I, a Medici. The name and date are sufficiently indicative of the constant hostility and bloody strife that characterized the factions of that period. In all terrible battles Ellenore was ever at her husband's side. One day, when riding with a bodyguard of only fifteen horsemen, she met Philip Strozzi, the leader of the hostile force, with a large retinue. With the impulsive *vim* of a woman, she attacked the band, and made Strozzi her prisoner. Under the dread of an ignominious death, which was the fate of those thus captured, the prince destroyed his own life. This tragedy made such an impression on the tender heart of Ellenore, that she prevailed upon her husband to abolish the barbarous custom. She also accompanied Cosmos in the war between Francis I and Charles V, and took part in the storming and capture of Sienna. After Pope Pius V promoted Cosmos to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, Ellenore devoted the rest of her life to the encouragement of education, a love of the fine arts, and the institution and endowment of houses of mercy and benevolence.

In the annals of extraordinary women, there is not one so remarkable in adventure, and so exceptionally unfeminine in manner of life, as Cattalina de Eranso, commonly known under the sobriquet of the *nun-lieutenant*.

Born in the city of Sebastian, in 1585, she was destined by her parents for a religious life, and was sent, when but four years old, to the care of an aunt, who was abbess of a Dominican convent. As years increased, a thorough distaste for a religious life manifested itself; and young as she then was, she felt that her true vocation directed to some active pursuit outside the convent walls. Rebellion against her fate

absorbed her thoughts, and determining to make her escape, she seized on the first opportunity presented. Being sent one day to the library for a book, seeing the keys of the gate hanging near at hand, she took possession of them, excused herself on plea of indisposition from the evening service, and thus in her own words spent the time so obtained: "I went out of the choir, took a light, went to the cell of my aunt, took scissors, needles and thread, and a little money." Making her way to the woods, she remained there three days, subsisting on roots and wild fruit, while she employed her time in transforming her skirts into male attire, and being thus equipped, at once entered the world as a *man*.

After filling a variety of positions, deceiving, by this metamorphosis, even her own father whom she met searching for her, she at length joined an expedition going to South America, and when there, entered the army, and soon distinguished herself by the most reckless and daring action. She frequently changed her name, but was ultimately best known, after being promoted to the rank of lieutenant, as Alonzo Dias. When off military duty, she associated with the most abandoned and reckless class of men, and followed their vile pursuits without any apparent compunctions of feeling. One of her favorite pastimes was to win the affections of some young girl, and when preparations for the marriage were completed, this simulated Lothario would invariably disappear from the scene. On one occasion having quarrelled in a gambling-house with a man of position in Chili, in the heat of anger, she killed him. To avoid the fury of the populace, she took refuge in "sanctuary." Remaining there eight months closely guarded, she determined to take the risks, and actually made a safe escape. To get out of the country, she was forced to make a journey over the ice and snow of the Andes, but was encouraged at

the outset by meeting three outlaws, who, like herself, were fugitives from justice. They encountered the combined horrors of hunger, thirst, and paralyzing cold. Two of the men perished by the way, but Cattalina, yet undaunted by the accumulated horrors of the situation, still pressed on, but only to encounter new terrors. Just at the moment when her energies and hopes had reached their utmost tension, they were suddenly revived by seeing at a distance the figures of two human beings. She hastened toward them, but instead of finding succor and sympathy, only two stiff, frozen bodies met her horrified gaze. Still upheld by her superhuman energy, she pursued her way, and was at length rewarded by reaching Tucuman, where she was received with sympathy, and treated with great kindness and hospitality by the inhabitants. The old restless spirit, however, soon revived, and she resumed once again her wild military life, involving herself once more in quarrels and crime. Through one of these she was condemned to the gallows, but still preserved her incognito, and retained her firmness and composure to the last. When the executioner bungled in adjusting the rope, she lost her patience, and exclaimed: "Put it on right, or let me alone; this priest will do it better than you." Her former valorous deeds had won for her many friends, and she was rescued at the last moment, through their intercession, from a felon's death. In every trust reposed in her during her adventurous life as soldier, sailor, and even lawyer, she is said to have won distinction, and earned confidence by her remarkable abilities. She has been accused of every vice common to man, save one; her chastity was never impeached; hence, believing her to be what she seemed, she was a marvel to the licentious bands who in all else were her boon companions. Again, her crimes drove her to seek sanctuary in the

Church of Guamango, in Peru. The bishop considered it his duty to exhort her to repentance. So touching and affecting were his words, that her heart was moved, and falling upon her knees, she exclaimed, while genuine womanly tears choked her utterance: "Oh, father, I am a woman!" and then she confessed to him the particulars of her wild and wicked life. The heart of the good bishop was touched with pity and interest for this poor prodigal, whose life had been so cruelly wrenched from its natural harbor, and thus wrecked and lost. Discovering seeds of latent good yet worthy of development, he interested himself in her behalf, and obtained a pardon, together with permission for her to return to Spain. Her fame had preceded her, and during her travels she attracted much attention as an object of curiosity. It is said that Pope Urban VIII gave her permission to retain her male attire. According to some documents still preserved in a convent at Vera Cruz, she devoted the remainder of her life to commercial pursuits under the name of Antonio de Eranso. She wrote an autobiography, and it has been pronounced by Lamartine and other critics a model of pure Castilian and elegance of style. If it is possible that a human being can ever fall under the exclusive sway of evil spirits, this must have been one of such cases. All her bravery, her talent, and marvellous versatility of resources were totally eclipsed by the dark perversions of God's gifts, and in closing this strange sad record, one involuntarily whispers, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

It is somewhat of a coincidence that the city of Orleans, France, should twice have been taken by a woman. But its grotesque capture by *Mademoiselle Montpensier** stands as the attendant comedy to the tragical drama so direful to Joan of Arc.

* Cousin of Louis XIV.

Yet another of the French Amazons, renowned for military genius, was Barbara of Erencourt. From her early childhood she was trained to the use of arms and all knightly accomplishments. When very young, she married the lord of St. Balmont, whom she tenderly loved, and during the thirty years' war in Germany, she defended his castle whilst he was in the field. She repulsed frequent attacks upon her stronghold, and even had the temerity to make sorties beyond the domain, capturing on these raids not only numbers of prisoners, but also valuable effects. She was as facile with the pen as the sword, and devoted her life, after peace was restored, to literature, in which she obtained some eminence. She died in 1660.

Near the altar in the chapel of Wardour Castle, England, is a monument with the name of Lady Blanche Arundel, which holds the following record: "This lady, as distinguished for her courage as for the splendor of her birth, bravely defended in the absence of her husband the castle of Wardour, with a spirit above her sex, for nine days, with a few men, against Sir Edward Hungerford, Edmund Ludlow, and their army, and then delivered it up on honorable terms. Obit, 28 Oct., 1649, *ætat.* 66."

But she "who stalks with Minerva's step, where Mars might fear to tread" was Agostina, Maid of Saragossa, and though among the last in date of our soldier heroines, yet ranks in womanly purity, heroic bravery, and fertility of resources in the hour of need, the equal of her predecessors. When Saragossa was besieged by the French, in 1808, when death and ruin hemmed the people in on all sides, at the culminating moment of despair, a woman scarcely emerged from her girlhood, suddenly appeared upon the ramparts. Neither coat of mail nor blazoned arms heralded her mission; but simply clothed in white, her only ornament a jet cross suspended from

her neck, her only power the supernatural light that burned in her large eyes, she appeared to the awestruck soldiers as she stepped among them, an angel of rescue, for whose aid their hearts had but a moment gone implored. To grasp the situation at a glance, to place herself where the stream of shell and fire fell fiercest, to send with her own hands an answering volley with the cry of "Death or liberty!" was but the work of a moment. During all the complicated horrors of the famous siege, Agostina retained a spirit of defiance and a nerve of steel. She ran from rank to rank, encouraging the men, and performing deeds of valor, unequalled even in that day of newborn heroes. When the corroding spectre of gaunt famine brought a double horror to the scene, Agostina moved among the suffering with unflagging zeal, binding up wounds, uttering a prayer of consolation in the ears of the dying, carrying succor to the sick and starving, and rescuing the disabled from the midst of the ruins of fallen houses. To the indomitable bravery of this girl, the people mainly owed their ultimate delivery from the bombshells of General Lefevre. When General Palafox assembled the decimated ranks of his gaunt and spectral garrison, all eyes instinctively turned toward Agostina. In a voice choked by emotion, he asked: "What honors could be commensurate with her deeds?" leaving her the privilege of choosing one or all; but this young girl, without rank or wealth, her only jewel the talismanic cross upon her bosom, only begged to be allowed to retain the rank of engineer, and the privilege of wearing the arms of Saragossa.

Not even the varied fields open to woman in our own country have succeeded in destroying her spirit for adventure. Those who can recall the early incidents connected with the opening of the Mexican war, will remember with what skill-

ful tact and diplomacy Mrs. Ann Chase gained Tampico for the Americans, without shedding a drop of blood. Even our late war had its representative Clorindas in the Federal ranks, two of whom, Frances Hook, of Chicago, known in the ranks as "Frank Miller," and Elizabeth Price, of Cincinnati, have each left their record of deeds of daring upon the archives of those days.

Many other instances might be cited of women, who, like Armida, have sacrificed the gentler instincts of their sex to win honor and renown in these fields of "wild alarm." But although she has proved her hands as nimble with the sword as the distaff, and her nerves as steady under the cannon's roar as when wrapped in prayer, her soul vibrates in responsive unison to the organ's swell, and every instinct, every throbbing aspiration of the heart, proclaim that the tented field was never designed by her Creator as the sphere of her usefulness or fame. There are duties and scenes within the pale of her own home, that require a spirit quite as heroic to enforce that lesson of endurance which alone can win the crown of conquest. True, there are women, whose lives, like sundials, reflect only the golden sheen of time; but there are others—the majority—who sit ever under the shadow of the mount of desolation, wearing thorn crowns of endless sorrow or pain; who can neither look backward without seeing a mound of buried joys, nor forward without encountering an avalanche of appalling, wearisome duties, and urgent demands upon limited time and wasted strength. The heroism evinced by Mary, Queen of Scots (or Marie Antoinette), through that protracted weary captivity, culminating in a nimbus of glory in her cruel death, far surpasses in moral heroism the brave endurance of the soldier, who is nerved by the flash of scimitar or boom of cannon into

oblivion of all personal danger. The Sister of Charity equals the courage of a Bayard, when she steps from a home of luxury, with all the natural shrinking from the contamination of loathsome objects still strong upon her, yet in obedience to her vow of self-abnegation, takes her place by some wretched, cancerous outcast of the human pale, nurses him through all the multiform phases of disease, keeping her post unflinching until death closes the scene. Such a woman earns and wears a badge of knighthood far beyond the power of man to bestow. Yes, there are battles fought hourly by numberless fire-sides, with struggles as fierce and anguish as keen as ever met contending armies; and there are victories won through the force of

moral heroism alone, as sublime and enduring in results as ever crowned or dethroned a king. These are the deathless laurels—the wreath perennial, that neither time can fade nor atmosphere blight—the one imperishable crown for which woman should alone contend. And she who keeps herself thus untainted of the world's grosser elements, and ennobles the trust committed to her by God in the sphere to which she has been called—she indeed wins and wears the crown of the "*valiant woman*." "*And the price of her is as things brought from afar off, and from the remotest coasts. The heart of her husband trusteth her, and he shall have no need of spoils.*"—Prov., chap. xxxi.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE APPARITION OF MONSIEUR BODRY.

I.

A LITTLE over one hundred years ago, there lived in Paris, in the Rue Saint Martin, a rich silk merchant named Gombert. He was about sixty years of age, a widower, with an only child, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was no less admired for her personal attractions than for the handsome fortune which she was likely one day to inherit. Madeleine Gombert was, indeed, the great match of the quarter in which the silk merchant dwelt, and if she did not marry, it was not certainly for want of suitors.

Of course, it was never intended by nature or custom, by Madeleine Gombert or her father, that the possessor of so much beauty and the heiress of so much wealth should go to the grave unwed. Her marriage had, in fact, been a thing decided on, after the usual French mode of

that time—where there was anything to marry for—while she was yet a child. The business of the silk merchant of the Rue Saint Martin had thrown him in very close relations with a rich manufacturer of the city of Lyons, of the name of Bodry. As the connection increased, the desire arose on each side to cement it by the union of the two families. Monsieur Bodry had an only son, Monsieur Gombert an only daughter. Could anything be more natural than a compact between two capitalists, the terms of which should be, that Monsieur Bodry's son should marry Monsieur Gombert's daughter?

Although the proposed marriage of Henri Bodry and Madeleine Gombert was an arrangement of ten years' standing between their parents, which needed no consent on the part of the contracting parties,

still, with the view of making them acquainted, Monsieur Bodry one fine morning consented to the request of his son, that he might go to Paris to see his betrothed, a few months before he came of age; on which occasion the nuptials were to take place. The young man felt, without doubt, a certain degree of curiosity respecting the person who was destined to be his partner for life; but—if the truth must be told—he was, though of feeble constitution and uncertain health, extremely fond of pleasure. Then, as now, Paris was the focus of enjoyment, and to have his full swing of the capital before he settled down for good was the thing of all others which the young Lyonnese most ardently desired. Supplied, then, with a full purse and the letter of introduction to Monsieur Gombert, which constituted his sole credentials, Henri Bodry set out from his native city, about the latter end of November, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven.

A hundred years ago, the journey from Lyons to Paris was an affair of time. Ordinary travellers usually went by roulage, and consumed nearly twenty days on the road; but the wealthier middle classes aspired to the coche, a lumbering carriage without springs, nearly as heavy and almost as slow as the public wagon, but infinitely more genteel. As the roulier did not comport with the dignity of Henri Bodry, he took the coche. In those days of rare intercourse between places separated by any great distance, it seldom happened that the traveller, who was going all the way, met with a companion similarly intentioned. For the most part people descended at intermediate towns, where others supplied their places; but it not infrequently chanced that a dreary blank with no new faces intervened, creating that worst of all sensations a Frenchman can experience, the intolerable ennui of having nobody to talk to.

Henri Bodry's prospect at starting was of the latter cheerless character; for, after passing Trevoux, he found himself the sole occupant of the coche, and this irksome solitude lasted until he reached the ancient city of Mâcon. The coche, as soon as it was dark, put up for the night at the auberge called The Cross of Burgundy, and in a large room, containing four beds, the usual complement at that time, Henri was left to sup and sleep, and make it out how he might until eight o'clock on the following morning, when the vehicle would be once more in motion.

With a long November evening before him, the prospect was not a pleasant one; but, while he was waiting for his promised supper, a stranger entered the apartment, dressed as if for a journey, and carrying a small valise in his hand. He was a young man, apparently about the same age as Bodry, good-looking, and of a cheerful, pleasant countenance. After bestowing a glance on the occupant of the chamber, the stranger looked about him, as if to see which bed was unoccupied, and then took possession of one of them by throwing his cloak, hat, and valise upon it. This act of appropriation performed, he approached the table where Bodry sat, and, without any preamble, asked him if he was travelling, and which way he was going. With the frankness of his age, Henri at once told him his destination, at which the newcomer expressed great satisfaction, he being also bound for Paris, and, as freely as he had inquired, went on to say that he had come some distance across the country, was very cold and hungry, and if Monsieur had not already eaten his supper, would be most happy in being permitted to share that meal with him. Bodry was delighted to have a companion so agreeable, and acquiesced in the proposal most readily; the supper was soon served,

and over a bottle of Moulin à Vent, the wine for which Mâcon is still so famous, the young men rapidly made acquaintance. At twenty years of age, there are no reserves; Bodry entered into his affairs without the slightest concealment, described his position, stated the object of his journey, and fairly acknowledged, in reply to a laughing question from the other, that he had no great vocation for his impending marriage.

In return for this confession, the stranger said, his name also was Henri—Henri Blaireau—the son of an *avocat* at Bourgen-Bresse; that he was not overburdened with money, but hoped to acquire it by following his father's profession, after he had studied enough law at the college in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais. As to the law itself, it was not his choice; he would rather have spent a fortune, than be at the trouble of making one—but what would you have?

The intimacy which thus sprang up between the travellers was not diminished by the time they reached Paris. On the contrary, it had grown into a strong friendship. Their habits and tastes were so closely allied, that what the one proposed, the other was sure to agree to.

Amongst the subjects which engaged them during the latter part of their journey was the question where they should lodge on their arrival in the capital. Bodry knew nothing of Paris, and therefore made no objection to the Quartier Latin when it was proposed by Blaireau; so they went to the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes—an auberge which the latter had heard his father praise, when slightly in his cups, as being the only place in Paris for drinking Vin de Beaune. It was not a fashionable part of the town, but the college was near and the residence of Monsieur Gombert not remote.

Notwithstanding this proximity, it seemed that neither love nor law was

meant to be the first consideration with Messieurs Bodry and Blaireau. Together they saw the Marionettes on the Boulevard du Temple; together they dined at the Moulin de Janelle, the most celebrated of all the extra-mural taverns of Paris; together they went everywhere, in short, except to the College of Law and church of Saint Merri.

One evening, when they were returning home, accident led them through the Rue Saint Martin, and a qualm of conscience came over Bodry when he remembered that he had been already three weeks in the capital without delivering his letter of introduction or making any inquiries after Monsieur Gombert and Mademoiselle Madeleine. A qualm of conscience sometimes arises from a physical cause. Henri Bodry was a little out of sorts, and proposed—like a certain gentleman when he fell sick—to do something extraordinary by way of amendment. When he reached the Ecu d'Argent, however, he felt so much worse that he went directly to bed; in the course of the night he was seized with a violent fever, and, though it in some degree abated on the following morning, he remained very ill. Nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of Henri Blaireau. He sat by his friend's bedside all night, ministered to all his wants, soothed him by his care and encouraged him by his conversation.

Bodry's discourse turned chiefly on what was uppermost in his mind at the moment of his seizure; and his desire to make the long-neglected visit was increased by a letter which arrived from Lyons, asking him many questions respecting the silk merchant's family. But it was in vain he strove to rise; the fever still held him in thrall; yet, in the perversity of his malady, he persisted in declaring that the visit must immediately be paid. Henri Blaireau urged that Monsieur Gombert was not aware of his being in Paris, with

various other arguments, and concluded by saying, that if his friend desired it, he would go to the Rue Saint Martin and explain the circumstances of the case.

This last suggestion operated singularly on the mind of the feverish invalid. Yes! Blaireau should go as he proposed; but he must not say a word about his illness, he must present himself as the real Bodry—keep Blaireau entirely out of sight—and by and by, when he was able to appear in person, they might make merry over the joke and laugh it entirely away. Blaireau combated this proposition at first; but, finding that his objections only increased his friend's nervous irritability, he consented.

His task was not a difficult one, for Monsieur Gombert knew very little of his correspondent's domestic affairs, and nothing personally of his future son-in-law. The worthy silk-merchant embraced his visitor with all the effusion which the approaching connection seemed to warrant, and met with a demonstration no less cordial. It was in Monsieur Gombert's counting-house that the greeting took place, but, the greeting over, the scene was changed to an inner apartment, where Madeleine with her *bonne*, who had nursed her from her cradle, was occupied with her embroidery. A feeling almost akin to envy was Blaireau's first sensation on seeing the beautiful girl to whom Bodry was betrothed, but it lasted only a moment, being quickly superseded by the pleasure he experienced in looking at, and conversing with her. At the end of a couple of hours he found himself head over ears in love. On the other hand, the impression which he appeared to have made on Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and on the old nurse, who had a voice in everything, was all he could have desired, provided always that he had been Henri Bodry, and not his temporary substitute.

Unwillingly, at last, he rose to take his departure, and lingered as he pressed the hand of Madeleine Gombert, which was not, he fancied, too suddenly withdrawn; neither did the expression of her countenance convey the idea that he would not be welcome when he renewed his visit. All this was consistent enough with the relation in which Henri Bodry stood towards the family Gombert; but, somehow or other, Blaireau could not divest himself of the notion—which ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred would have entertained—that no small share of the reception accorded to him was a tribute to his own personal qualities.

On his return to the Rue des Carmes, he found Henri Bodry much worse. A physician was sent for; Blaireau was unremitting in his attention, but the fever increased alarmingly, and as the evening drew on, he began to fear for his friend's life. At Bodry's request, Blaireau related to him all the particulars of the interview in the Rue Saint Martin, and the subject still engrossed the mind of the sick young man, to the exclusion of every other. Even when conscious of his own danger, he still continued the theme.

"I have often been ill," he said, "but never felt before as I feel now. Should I die, Henri Blaireau, promise me here, that you will still be Henri Bodry. Think what a desolation it would be to Monsieur Gombert and Madeleine to be told of my death! Marry her, for my sake; then, I shall feel that I have done my duty in giving her the husband she expected. No, no, I am not light-headed, I know very well what I say. Unless you promise this, I cannot die content."

Blaireau felt convinced that his friend's mind was wandering, but to keep him quiet, he again promised all that was required. For half an hour Bodry remained silent, and his anxious attendant believed he slept; but suddenly he rose up in bed, and

a distressing change was apparent; his breathing came short and thick, his voice was faint and low, the hand of death was evidently upon him. Grasping Blaireau's arm convulsively, as if striving to draw him closer, he feebly whispered the word "Remember!" and then fell back dead.

II.

It was ten o'clock at night, and Monsieur Gombert was alone in his counting-house. Everything was silent in the apartment but the ticking of one of those large clocks, white-faced, blue-figured, and highly bedizened with gilding, which we call of the age of Louis Quatorze, though they belong to the time of his great-grandson. That clock had just struck ten, and the last stroke had hardly ceased to vibrate when Monsieur Gombert, who happened to raise his head, became aware of some one who was standing near the door. He had not heard anybody enter, perhaps because he had been absorbed in his accounts, and his astonishment—not unmingled with fear, for he was of a nervous and timid nature—was very great.

"Who is there?" he asked with hesitation. "Is that—you—Jacques?"

Jacques was Monsieur Gombert's confidential clerk; but no Jacques replied, and the silk merchant remained speechless, with his eyes still fixed on the figure, which now slowly advanced a few steps, and, as it seemed to him, without noise. As the figure drew nearer, though the light from his solitary candle was very dim, Monsieur Gombert perceived a pale, hollow face, which wore an expression of great anxiety; the eyes were wide open and glittered exceedingly, and a quantity of dark hair streamed wildly. Monsieur Gombert gasped for utterance, but it was denied him. The appearance came nearer still, and then Monsieur Gombert imagined—but doubted,

notwithstanding—that he recognized features he had lately seen. This supposition gave him a glimmer of courage.

"My friend," he said, "what brings you here at this hour?"

"Death!" answered the figure, in a deep, sepulchral voice.

"How! Death! Has any misfortune arrived?"

"The greatest that can happen to man. Henri Bodry died an hour ago. I come to invite you to his funeral?"

"You! you! But you are Henri Bodry!"

"I was—this morning!"

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the merchant, and fell senseless from his stool.

At his outcry and the noise he made in falling, Madeleine and old Petronille, the *bonne*, who were at work in the next room, rushed into the counting-house. They supposed Monsieur Gombert was in a fit, and hastily applied such remedies as they could devise. After a few minutes the silk merchant opened his eyes.

"Where is he?" he said, looking round with horror.

"Who, sir?" asked Madeleine.

"What do you mean?"

"Who?" he repeated slowly, again looking round him. "Who? Henry Bodry. He was here this moment."

"Impossible, sir!" said Petronille.

"You were alone when we came, which we did on the instant you called out. There was not the shadow of a person in the room."

"The shadow!" returned Monsieur Gombert. "Ah, that is it. The shadow. It was no living being."

"I beseech you, my father," said Madeleine, "to tell us what is the matter. You look ill and frightened."

"I have reason to be so," replied Monsieur Gombert. "I have seen a spirit."

He then, as collectedly as he could, related what had occurred.

"This is a fancy," said Madeleine. Monsieur Gombert shook his head.

"A dream," observed Petronille. "You supped well on that famous goose of Alençon—you had more than one glass of Burgundy, in honor of Monsieur Bodry"—the silk merchant shivered—"over your books after supper, a wrong time, you became sleepy, an indigestion arrived—there!"

Ingenious reasoning, but not satisfactory to Monsieur Gombert.

"I saw him," he persisted, "as distinctly as I see either of you. It was the face of a dead man. He invited me to his funeral."

These words and the earnestness with which Monsieur Gombert spoke infected Madeleine and Petronille with some of his own fear: they also looked timidly about them, dreading to behold some hideous apparition.

Mademoiselle Gombert was the first to regain her presence of mind.

"Let somebody be sent at once to ask news of him."

This suggestion was immediately adopted. Jacques, the confidential clerk, who lived in the house with the rest, was thought the most proper person to employ; and, without being made aware of the motive which had led to his errand, was directed to ask if Monsieur Henri Bodry could come and see Monsieur Gombert directly. In less than half an hour he returned, with a countenance much discomposed.

"Sir," said he, to Monsieur Gombert, "I bring you very sad tidings. The young gentleman who came here only this morning so full of life and spirits, died about an hour ago!"

Madeleine Gombert was thunderstruck. She could scarcely believe her ears. But it was more than astonishment. There was a pang at her heart. That fine, handsome young man, who had so much interested her!

Monsieur Gombert felt very ill, and went at once to bed. Old Pe-

tronille and his daughter keeping watch beside him.

So much affected, indeed, was the honest silk merchant by the sudden death of his correspondent's son, that he did not get the better of the shock for several days. To attend Henri Bodry's funeral was entirely out of the question; and the knowledge that it had taken place while he was confined to his room materially contributed to his recovery.

"Once fairly underground," thought Monsieur Gombert, "he is not so likely to pay me another visit, unless—unless"—and this doubt harassed him sorely, "unless he is vexed at my not having complied with his wishes."

As for Madeleine, poor girl, she talked over the sad event with old Petronille: it was the only consolation she could find for the loss of her lover. She also sought comfort in devotion, and instead of going now and then when the day was fine, went regularly morning and evening to the church of Saint Merri.

III.

IN the meanwhile Henri Blaireau had paid the last offices to his friend in the Cemetery of the Innocents—at that time the place of burial for half the people of Paris—and had written an account of his untimely death to the elder Bodry at Lyons, informing him that all his son's effects were under seal. These pious duties performed, he directed his thoughts to what concerned himself. But he found the study of the law much more distasteful to him now than it had even been before. In vain he pored over Pandects and delved into Digests; nothing came of it; one object always kept floating between his eyes and the page, which neutralized all his toil; and that object was the smiling face of Madeleine Gombert.

"How unfortunate," he constantly reflected, "that I should have presented myself in the name of another

man! She had never seen Henri Bodry—not even friendship subsisted between them; her regret, if she feels any, must all be on my account, and I—unhappy wretch that I am!—I have made myself my own rival! If Monsieur Gombert had accepted the invitation to the funeral, I could then have explained my poor friend's caprice, but to attempt to do so now would expose me to I know not what odious accusations."

This hourly Jeremiad made him, of course, much less of a lawyer and much more of a lover than ever, and it always ended in his throwing aside his books and wandering forth to the Rue St. Martin.

One rainy evening, weary of pacing up and down the dark, damp street, without any reward, he stood up for shelter in the porch of Saint Merri. The Vesper service was going on, and, thinking the inside of the church more comfortable than the outside, Henri Blaireau pushed open the little baize door and entered. The interior was nearly as obscure as the street he had left, for Saint Merri is a large church, and was very dimly lighted. The congregation, as thin as it generally is at Vespers on a raw, foggy, wet winter's evening, seemed to consist of only a few old women, and Henri roamed undisturbed through the aisles, thinking, as usual, of Madeleine Gombert. He had twice crossed the small lateral chapel which stands on the south side of the building without noticing that any one was there; but, the third time he passed, his attention was attracted by a female figure kneeling before an altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Something besides curiosity prompted him to stop and gaze. He did more than stop; he drew nearer, placing himself discreetly behind a massive pillar, the better to obtain a view of her face. For some time she remained absorbed in prayer. At length she raised her head, and the lamp above the image of Our Lady shedding its rays full on the worship-

per, revealed to him the features of Madeleine Gombert. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, at which Madeleine's eyes turned in the direction from whence the sound proceeded; but she soon withdrew them, unable, apparently, to penetrate the gloom. Once more she prayed, and Henri felt an almost irresistible longing to cast himself on his knees before the same altar and pray there, too. But the fear of disturbing her made him pause, and while he hesitated she rose. She did not perceive that she was not alone in the chapel, and came up to the spot where he stood. He put out his hand and caught her by the sleeve. She turned quickly, and, lighted by the altar lamp, beheld, close to her, the countenance of the man for the repose of whose soul she had just been praying. The sight was enough to startle the strongest nerves. "Heaven! Monsieur Henri!" she cried. "Save me, Mother of Grace!" and as fast as her feet could carry her she rushed to the chancel door.

To run after her was Henri Blaireau's first impulse, but remembering for the first time what was due to the proprieties of a church, desisted from further pursuit. Once outside, he quickened his steps; but all his haste was vain: he only arrived within sight of Monsieur Gombert's door to see the skirt of Madeleine's garment disappear as the portal was closed.

Could he not find a lodging in the Rue St. Martin? could he not find a lodging in the very house where Monsieur Gombert dwelt?

He resolved to return next day and see about it. Fortune might be more propitious the next time he encountered the beautiful Madeleine; at all events, he would enjoy the melancholy pleasure—this is the way a lover always puts it—of seeing the object of his affections, even if he were himself unseen.

Mademoiselle Gombert said nothing to her father about her fright in

the church of St. Merri, but she made a confidante of Petronille. The old *bonne* crossed herself on hearing the fearful tale, and asked a great many questions. In what form did the apparition present itself—did it wear a shroud—was it very pale—did it speak—had it a smell of sulphur? All that Madeleine could say in reply was, that the spirit appeared to her to be dressed in the usual male costume, and looked exactly like Monsieur Henri Bodry.

IV.

THE next morning, in order the better to execute his project unobserved, Henri Blaireau set off to the Rue de la Grande Friperie, where he bought at one of the numerous secondhand shops in that useful quarter, a three-cornered military hat, and a long, gray, dragoon cloak, which last, though it had seen at least twenty years' service, was declared by the conscientious merchant who sold it to be better than new. Wrapping himself closely in his dragoon's costume, he then proceeded to the Rue Saint Martin, and carefully reconnoitred Monsieur Gombert's house once more. Daylight enabled him to discover what had been hidden by the darkness of night, the very thing he desired: on one of the doorposts of the open gateway was an *écriteau* announcing that a garni, or furnished room, was to be let, application to be made to the *concierger*. It was not on the ground floor, for these were the silk merchant's warerooms; neither was it on the first floor (the house had no *entresol*), for there were located Monsieur Gombert and his family; neither was it on the third floor—but without stopping at every landing-place, let us climb at once to the top of the staircase, open the door of a chamber, familiarly termed a *mansard* or *garret*, and there we have the *joli appartement, bien meublé*, as the *concierger* poetically described it. What furnished it well, consisted

of a truckle bed without hangings, two rickety chairs, and a still more rickety table; what made it handsome was, perhaps, the flooring of red tiles, which, in spite of their color, did not make the room look warm. It was, in short, a wretched hole, and Henri Blaireau shivered as he cast his eyes round it, but then he was under the same roof with the maid he loved, and that reconciled him, of course, to its wretchedness. He returned to the Ecu d'Argent, settled his account, and loading an Auvergnat with his own and his deceased friend's trunks—a weight which the strongest mule might well have refused to carry—finally installed himself in his delectable abode.

But there was one obstacle to complete concealment which no precaution could overcome. If there be any particular spot on the face of the globe where gossip holds its headquarters it is in a Paris porter's lodge, and this was equally the fact in the reign of Louis XV, as it was in the reign of Napoleon III. The occupants of the lodge at Monsieur Gombert's were Pierre and Phrosine, an elderly couple, whose surname was Le Poucheux: the former had been for many years a soldier, the latter everything in the menial line, and their marriage had been as much an *affaire de convenance* as if his father had called himself De Rohan and hers De Montmorency. Gossip was the staple of their intellectual existence, and though there did not appear to be much food for it in so simple a circumstance as the hiring of a garret at ten livres a quarter, yet the military externals of the new lodger had fixed the attention of Monsieur Pierre, whose scrutiny inclined him to think that the dress and its wearer did not altogether correspond; so much baggage, too, was incompatible with the condition of a person who took up his lodging under the eaves; and, finally, Madame Phrosine had taken particular

notice of very white hands, very bright eyes, and a very handsome face, as far as the cocked hat and the cape of the cloak allowed them to be visible.

The greatest ally of Monsieur and Madame Le Poucheux was, naturally, Madame Petronille (they never failed to salute each other with the prefix which I have adopted), and to her they imparted the news of the stranger's arrival, accompanied by their own enlightened commentaries. Gossip is the mother of a great many children, and her eldest born is Curiosity. The old *bonne* became curious about the mysterious dragoon, and it was not long before her curiosity was shared by Mademoiselle Gombert. To have a peep at him, on the first opportunity, was Petronille's expressed intention.

For the first hour or two after he was established in his new quarters, Henri Blaireau found occupation enough in trying to make it look more habitable; but when this process was at an end, and he found that, stretch his neck as he might from his solitary window (which only overlooked a courtyard), he could see nothing of the apartment in which Mademoiselle Gombert resided, he began to get very impatient of confinement, and yearned to approach her more nearly. But to leave his room in broad daylight would be to court unnecessary observation, so he waited till it was dusk before he issued from his den. Then, wearing the attire on which he counted for disguise, in the event of his meeting Monsieur Gombert, he slowly descended the staircase, lingering at every step as he drew near the first floor. He had arrived at the last turning when he observed some one standing in the doorway of Monsieur Gombert's suite of rooms. There was just light enough for him to see that it was a woman; his heart at once told him who it was, and, clearing the flight at a bound, he stood before her. She did not alter

her position, but remained behind the shadow of the door. He was encouraged to speak, and after the ceremonious fashion of his time and nation, took off his hat as he did so; scarcely had he uttered a word before a violent scream saluted him, the door was slammed in his face, and he heard the cry of "Murder!" vociferated within, in the shrillest of female tones.

He rushed down stairs, and, the porte cochère being not yet closed, reached the street without detention.

Petronille, for she it was who had been lying in ambush, continued to exercise her lungs, as she floundered on the parquet, without daring to lift her head, until she brought round her the whole of Monsieur Gombert's household, with the exception of Madeleine, who, more piously disposed than ever, had gone again to Vesper service in the church of Saint Merri.

"But what is the matter, my poor Petronille?" said Monsieur Gombert, as they raised the old woman, and conducted her into an inner room.

"Oh, sir, sir!" replied, with hysterical effort; "I have seen him—I—myself!"

"Seen whom, Petronille?" asked the silk-merchant, tremulously.

"Fresh from the grave, in his winding-sheet,—with eyes like burning charcoal!"

Monsieur Gombert groaned instinctively, and did not repeat his question; Jacques, the clerk, Marie, the cook, and Felicité, the *fille-de-chambre*, were, however, clamorous to hear all.

"But tell us, Petronille, for the love of heaven!"

"One, two, three,—as slowly as the clock strikes, I heard him descending the staircase, just as I was holding the door in my hand, after letting out Mademoiselle, when she went to vespers. How can I tell why I waited to see who might be coming? These things are fate! Suddenly, before I knew what had happened,

he stood within a yard of me. I might have touched him. Then I saw his face! The face of the young gentleman from Lyons, who died last week at the Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes. The face of Monsieur Bodry!"

Monsieur Gombert dropped into a chair, unable to utter a word; consternation was depicted on every countenance; and a loud knocking was heard at the outer door.

Everybody (Monsieur Gombert only excepted) screamed again; and Pierre, the concierge, came in, amazed, removing from his head a little skull-cap, made of carpet.

"Monsieur Pierre," shrieked Petronille, "I have seen a ghost!"

"Bah!" replied Pierre, "I've seen five thousand. A ghost and a dead man are much the same thing, I imagine. When one sleeps on the field of battle, one sees plenty of ghosts."

"Ah, but they don't walk, Pierre, those dead people," replied Petronille.

"Very odd, if they did," said Pierre, "when their legs are shot away."

The obstinacy of the old soldier did more to recover Petronille than even his corporeal presence, and with as much emphasis, but more circumstance, she repeated her adventure. Still Pierre shook his head.

"But Monsieur Gombert," continued the bonne, "has been visited by the same ghost. It is the ghost of a young man! He came to him an hour after his death. And what will you say, when I tell you,—my duty now compels me to reveal it,—that Mademoiselle Gombert, in her turn, has seen the spirit? No later than yesterday evening it appeared to her in the church of Saint Merri. On that account, she has gone again to-night, to consult Monsieur le Curé."

"What is that you say?" cried Monsieur Gombert. "Oh, my good friend Pierre, run to the church and bid her return instantly! Also, ask

Monsieur le Curé to come as soon as the service is over."

The concierge no longer presumed openly to deny what was affirmed on so much higher authority, but he obeyed Monsieur Gombert's orders, and set off at once.

V.

WHEN Henri Blaireau got into the street, he was at a loss what to do next. One set of inclinations prompted him to go and get some dinner; another set of inclinations—loftier, nobler, together more becoming a lover—led him to follow the route which Mademoiselle Gombert had just taken.

Accordingly, he also bent his footsteps to the church of Saint Merri. Arrived there, he made no pause in the porch, lingered not an instant in the nave, but plunging into the south aisle, steered his way softly through the labyrinth of piled-up chairs, till he came to the chapel of the Virgin. What was his delight, as he cautiously peeped from behind the pillar where he had stood the evening before, when, in the same attitude and in front of the same altar, he beheld Mademoiselle Gombert!

Experience had taught him wisdom. His unlucky features, he resolved, should not get him into a scrape again. He advanced, therefore, at a quick step to another altar, covered his face with both hands, knelt, and began to pray with great fervor.

Presently Madeleine rose to her feet, and moved from the chapel, but she was overtaken by Henri Blaireau before she had gone many steps.

"Mademoiselle Gombert!" and before she could recover from her astonishment, he added:

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle; but in me you behold the person who, last night, unhappily caused you trouble."

"Can it be?" she said, faintly.

"Do the dead really return to this world?"

"Not the dead," said Henri, seizing her hand; "not the dead, but the living."

Madeleine's senses could not resist the fact of a human hand being clasped in hers,—a hand warm as her own. The voice, too, that breathed in her ear had no sepulchral tone.

"If not the dead, who and what are you? The face I saw was that of Henri Bodry."

"Mademoiselle, forgive a deception which was not premeditated,—nay, was almost involuntary. Henri Bodry is, indeed, no more; but I am not Henri Bodry. O, you will pardon me, Mademoiselle Gombert, when you have heard my story."

There was something so persuasive in his manner, that Madeleine was induced to listen. He was not a good common-lawyer, but he was an excellent special pleader. Is it necessary, then, to add that his suit was not unprosperous.

"There is," said a rough but cheery sort of voice close behind

them—the voice of Pierre the old concierge, carpet-cap in hand, and on the broad grin—"I don't know what to do at home, ma'msell'. Madame Petronille has been in fits, and everybody is distracted at having seen a ghost. I'm afraid," he added, turning to Henri, "I'm afraid it was yours, Monsieur."

The stir at Monsieur Gombert's house had scarcely subsided, when Madeleine entered.

"Father!" she cried, running into his arms, "I grieve for your distress—for poor Petronille's—but there is one behind me (do not be alarmed at a mere personal resemblance) who can explain all."

About a quarter of an hour afterwards, the curé of Saint Merri was announced.

Monsieur Gombert went with a smiling air to meet him.

"I don't know," he said, "what you will think of my dilemma. I sent for your spiritual aid; but instead of an exorcism, I think I will, upon the whole, ask you to have the kindness to bestow a blessing!"

THE GULF STREAM.

It is a singular fact, that two of the most important of the industrial arts—the extraction of food from the soil and the transportation of commodities to and from distant regions—have, from time immemorial, been the occupations of the most ignorant and prejudiced classes of mankind. The sailor, who witnessed the wonders of the great deep, was as little impressed by its marvellous phenomena as the ploughman, who, amidst the wonderful and mysterious processes of vegetation, whistled as he went, for want of thought. The boon which astronomy conferred upon the navigator may be compared to that

which chemistry subsequently afforded to the agriculturist. Yet neither was sufficient. Vegetable physiology next aided the tiller of the soil; but the plougher of the deep, ignorant of its prevailing winds and currents, still empirically followed the devious tracks of the old voyagers. At length Lieutenant Maury, of the United States navy, by collecting and collating an immense number of journals and log-books, was enabled to produce the *Wind and Current Charts*, that have caused so marked a progress in the art of navigation. From these charts, in their turn, Lieutenant Maury has

written the first *Physical Geography of the Sea*. The aim of this work is, as the author tells us, "to present the gleanings from this new field in a manner that may be interesting and instructive to all, whether old or young, ashore or afloat, who desire a closer look into the wonders of the great deep." Gleaning principally from this most industrious of gleaners in the wide field of science, let us attempt to describe one of the most remarkable of all known oceanic phenomena—the mighty current which ceaselessly flows from west to east, across the bosom of the North Atlantic. The fountain-head of this ocean river, as it may well be termed, is in the Gulf of Mexico. From thence, it flows northeasterly along the shores of the United States, until it reaches the banks of Newfoundland; then stretches across the Atlantic to the British islands, where it divides into two parts—one flowing northward to the Arctic Sea, the other southward to the Azores. In the whole world, there is not so majestic a flow of water as this ocean river. Its current is more rapid than the Amazon or the Mississippi. In the severest droughts, it never fails; in the greatest floods, it never overflows. Though its banks and bed consist of cold water, yet the river itself is warm; and so great is the want of affinity between these waters, so reluctant are they to mingle with each other, that their line of junction is often distinctly visible to the eye; one half of a ship may frequently be perceived floating in the cold ocean-water, the other half in this warm current, known to mariners and geographers as the Gulf Stream.

Long before the discovery of America, the Gulf Stream, by carrying nuts, bamboos, and artificially carved pieces of wood to the shores of Europe, indicated the existence of a western continent. Columbus himself was told by a settler in the Azores, that even strange boats had been seen, constructed so that they could

not sink, and managed by broad-faced men of foreign appearance. Without doubt, these men were Esquimaux Indians. Wallace, in his *Account of the Islands of Orkney*, tells us that, in 1682, an Esquimaux was seen in his canoe off the south side of the island of Edda by many persons, who could not succeed in reaching him; and another was seen, in 1684, off the island of Westram. Moreover, he says, "be the seas never so boisterous, these boats, being made of fish-skins, are so contrived that they can never sink, but are like sea-gulls swimming on the top of the water." Two more of these current-drifted canoes were subsequently found on the shores of the Orkneys; one was sent to Edinburgh, the other hung up in the church of Burra.

As if determined to make its course and existence known to the most unobservant, the Gulf Stream carried the main-mast of the English ship "Tilbury," that was destroyed by fire off the coast of St. Domingo, during the Seven Years' War, to the coast of Scotland. But, again, it carried to Scotland a number of casks of palm oil, that were recognized, by their marks and brands, to be part of the cargo of the ship that had been wrecked near Cape Lopez, in Africa. How could this last remarkable drift come to pass? Simply thus: The Gulf Stream, which we have compared to a river, is in reality a part of a great system of oceanic circulation. The branch that, as we have said, turns off from the British islands, southwards to the Azores, joins the great equatorial current, which, flowing to the westward from the coast of Africa, enters the Caribbean Sea, and emerges from the Straits of Florida as the Gulf Stream. The casks of palm oil, then, had twice traversed the Atlantic—first from east to west, in the equatorial current, and secondly, from west to east, in the Gulf Stream—before they found a resting-place on the coast of Scotland.

To compare small things with great: if we were to place little pieces of cork, chaff, or other light bodies, in a basin of water, and give the water a circular motion, the light substances would crowd together in the centre, where there is the least motion. So it is in the great basin of the Atlantic, where the Sargasso Sea forms the centre of the whirl caused by the circular motion of the equatorial current and the Gulf Stream. This sea, situated about midway in the Atlantic, in the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands, covering a space equal in extent to the valley of the Mississippi, is so thickly matted over with a peculiar weed (*Fucus natans*), that the speed of vessels passing through it is often greatly retarded. To the eye, at a short distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon, and countless hosts of small crustacea dwell on this curious carpet of the ocean. Columbus sailed through it, on his first voyage of discovery, in spite of the terrors of his less adventurous companions, who believed that it marked the limits of navigation; and its position has not altered since that time.

The waters of the Gulf Stream do not, in any part of their course, touch the bottom of the sea. They are everywhere defended from so comparatively good a conductor of heat by a cushion of cold water, one of the best of non-conductors. Consequently, but little heat is lost, and the general warmth is carried thousands of miles to fulfil its destined purposes.

On a winter day, the temperature of the Stream, as far north as Cape Hatteras, is from twenty to thirty degrees higher than the water of the surrounding ocean. Even after flowing 3000 miles, it preserves in winter the heat of summer. With this temperature it crosses the fortieth degree of north latitude, and there overflowing its liquid banks, spreads itself out for thousands of square

leagues, over the cold waters around, covering the ocean with a mantle of warmth, to mitigate the climate of our high northern latitude. Moving now more slowly, but dispensing its genial influence more freely, it at last meets the British islands. By these it is divided, one part going into the polar basin of Spitzbergen, the other entering the Bay of Biscay; but each with a warmth considerably above the ocean temperature.

Modern ingenuity has suggested a well-known method of warming buildings by means of hot water. Now, the northwestern parts of Europe are warmed in an exactly similar manner by the Gulf Stream. The torrid zone is the furnace; the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, the boilers; the Gulf Stream, the conducting pipe; from the banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the great hot-air chamber, spread out so as to present a large surface. Here the heat, conveyed into this warm-air chamber of mid-ocean, is taken up by the prevailing west winds, and dispensed over our own and other countries, where it is so much required. Such, in short, is the influence of the Gulf Stream upon our climate, that Ireland is clothed in robes of evergreen grass; while in the very same latitude, on the American side of the Atlantic, is the frostbound coast of Labrador. In 1831, the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice so late in the season as June; yet the port of Liverpool, two degrees further north, has never been closed by frost in the severest winter. The Laplander cultivates barley in a latitude which in every other part of the world is doomed to perpetual sterility. A subsidence of the Isthmus of Panama to the extent of a couple of hundred feet—and such subsidences have taken place in geological times all over the world—would allow the equatorial current of the Atlantic to pass through into the Pacific, instead of being reflected

back to the British coasts. Britain would then become a Labrador, and cease to be the seat of a numerous and powerful people.

While the Gulf Stream is covering the eastern shores of the Atlantic with verdure, ripening the harvests of England and the vintage of France, its influence is equally beneficial, at its fountain-head, in the western world. The Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico are encompassed on one side by the chain of West India Islands, and on the other by the Cordilleras of the Andes, contracting with the Isthmus of Darien, and again expanding over the plains of Central America and Mexico. On the extreme summits of this range are the regions of eternal snow; next in descent is the *tierra templada*, or temperate region; and lower still, is what the Spaniards truly and emphatically have termed *tierra caliente*, the burning land. Descending still lower, is the level of the sea, where, were it not for this wonderful system of aqueous circulation, the peculiar features of the surrounding country assure us, we should find the hottest and most pestilential climate in the world. But as the waters become heated, they are carried off by the Gulf Stream, and replaced by cooler currents entering the Caribbean Sea. The surface-water flowing out is four degrees warmer than the surface-water entering to supply its place.

As in a hot-water apparatus for warming a building—to keep up the simile—the water cooled in the hot-air chamber flows back to the boiler; so one part of the waters of the Gulf Stream, after giving out their heat, flow towards the equatorial current, the other to the polar basin of Spitzbergen. The secrets of the Arctic regions are hidden by impenetrable ice; but we know that a return current, bearing immense icebergs, comes down from the dreary north, through Davis's Strait, and meets the Gulf Stream at

the banks of Newfoundland. Scores—by counted at one time six hundred icebergs starting off on their southward journey by this current, which, pressing on the waters of the Stream, curves its channel into a "bend," in shape resembling a horseshoe, and some hundred of miles in area. This bend is the great receptacle or harbor of the icebergs, which drift down from the north, and are here melted by the warm waters of the Stream. Who dare say that, in the course of ages, the banks of Newfoundland have not been formed by the earth, stones, and gravel carried down to that spot by these very icebergs?

Such is the distinctness kept up between the warm and cold water, that, though the northern current forms a large bend or indentation in the Gulf Stream, it does not commingle with it; the former here divides into two parts—one actually underrunning the Stream, the other flowing southwesterly between it and the coast of America. It is this last branch of the cold current that affords the citizens of the United States a refreshing sea-bathing in summer, and an unlimited supply of the finest fish. In all parts of the world, the most plentiful supply and most delicious quality of fish are found in cold water. The habitat of certain kinds of fish unerringly indicates the temperature of the water; and it is highly probable that cold currents are the great pathways along which migratory fishes travel from one region to another.

Though the Gulf Stream was noticed by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in the sixteenth century, we are indebted to the celebrated Dr. Franklin for the first chart of its course. Being in London in 1770, his attention was called to a memorial which the Board of Customs at Boston had sent to the Lords of the Treasury, stating that the Falmouth packets were generally a fortnight longer on their voyage to Boston than common

trading vessels were from London to Rhode Island. They therefore begged that the Falmouth packets should be sent to Providence instead of to Boston. This appeared very strange to Franklin, as the traders were deeply laden and badly manned vessels, to say nothing of the extra distance between London and Falmouth. He accordingly consulted a Nantucket whaling captain named Folger, who happened to be in London at the time. Folger immediately explained the mystery by stating, that the Rhode Island trading-captains were acquainted with the course of the Gulf Stream, while those of the English packet service were not. The latter kept in it, and were set back from sixty to seventy miles per day, while the former merely ran across it. At the request of Franklin, the Nantucket whaler traced the course of the Stream, and the Doctor had it engraved, and sent copies to the Falmouth captains, who treated the communication with contempt. This course of the Stream, as laid down by Folger, has been retained in our charts almost to the present day. Who, we might ask, taught this unscientific Nantucket whaler so correct a course of this mighty current, then so little known? It was the whales, the gigantic prey he followed in the ocean. The right whale (*Balæna mysticetus*), as seamen term it, never enters the warm water of the Gulf Stream; it, as well as the warm waters of the torrid zone, is as a wall of fire to these creatures. But they delight to congregate, seeking for food, along the edges of the Stream; and thus Folger, through the experience of many voyages, was enabled so correctly to denote its course.

Our space warns us to conclude, ere we have scarcely passed the threshold of this interesting subject. But we must observe, that the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic has its counterpart in the Pacific. The latter flows out of the Straits of

Malacca, just as the Atlantic current flows out of the Straits of Florida. The coast of China is its United States; the Philippines, its Bermudas; the Japanese islands, its Newfoundland. The climates of the Asiatic coast correspond with those of America along the Atlantic; and those of Columbia, Washington, and Vancouver, are duplicates of those of Western Europe and the British islands; the climate of California resembles that of Spain; and the sandy plains and rainless regions of Lower California, remind us of Africa. The course of this China Stream has not yet been traced out, but it sets southwardly along the coast of California and Mexico, as the Gulf Stream does along the west coast of Africa to the Cape Verd Islands. This current, too, has its Sargasso Sea; to the west, from California, of the southwardly set, lies the pool in which the driftwood and seaweed of the North Pacific are gathered. Inshore of, but counter to, the China Stream, along the eastern shore of Asia, is found a current of cold water, resembling that between the Gulf Stream and the American coast. It, too, like its counterpart, is the nursery of most valuable fisheries. The fisheries of Japan are as valuable in the East as those of Newfoundland in the West. Thus the people of widely distant regions are indebted for their supplies of excellent fish to the cold waters which the currents of the sea carry to their shores.

By the researches of Lieutenant Maury into the mysteries of oceanic phenomena, the art of navigation has already been greatly advanced. The shortening of long and tedious passages, the lifting and bringing, as it were, the distant isles and great marts of the sea so many days nearer to each other, has not escaped the attention of a practical people in this utilitarian age. Yet there will be other, though less apparent, benefits derived from the hand of science,

drawing aside the curtain that so long has enshrouded the secrets of the deep. Seamen will take an interest in their profession beyond its mere practical technicalities. As an instance, we may conclude with the following interesting extract from a letter written by an old American shipmaster to Lieutenant Maury:

"I am free to confess that for many years I commanded a ship, and although never insensible to the beauties of nature upon the sea or land, I yet feel that, until I took

up your work, I had been traversing the ocean blindfolded. I feel that, aside from any pecuniary profit to myself from your labors, you have done me good as a man. You have taught me to look above, around, and beneath me, and recognize God's hand in every element by which I am surrounded. I am grateful for his personal benefit."

Need the writer, who himself for many years traversed the great deep, say more!

DISENCHANTED.

Thy sad tears unchecked, streaming,
Sick of thy selfish dreaming,
Thou turnest from old enchantments wearily.
Oh, child! hath aught but losing
Come of thine idle musing?
Hath it wrought anything but pain for thee?

Ah! how could thy desire
Rise holier and higher,
Seeking its treasure and its rest above;
While, tranced with soft regretting,
Strong purposes forgetting,
It languished o'er wild tales of earthly love?

What dark place have they brightened,
What heartsore laden lightened,
These floating fancies of thy busy brain?
What spirit hath grown stronger,
To trust and suffer longer;
Thou, waking thoughts of heaven to soothe its pain?

Oh, blessings scorned and wasted!
Oh, cup of peace untasted!
Oh, gracious guerdon, thou hast left unwon!
Still grieving thine own losses,
Counting thy little crosses,
And singing thine own woes from sun to sun!

No longer shadow-haunted,
No longer dream-enchanted,
Oh, child, have done with words and wishes vain!
For oh! hath aught but losing
Come of thine idle musing;
Hath it ever wrought thee anything but pain?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE unfortunate English Ritualists who are trying so hard to be mistaken for Catholics, and, without resigning their livings, to celebrate a parody of the Mass, have received a knockdown blow by the late judgment of Lord Penzance. All the following acts are declared illegal: 1. The use of lighted candles on a "super-altar," or on the communion table, when not required for giving light. 2. Mixing of water with the sacramental wine. 3. The use of wafer-bread. 4. A clergyman saying the consecration prayer with his back to the people. 5. Kneeling during any part of said consecration prayer. 6. Interpolating the appointed service (by *Introits, Agnus Dei*, or aught else borrowed from the Roman Missal). 7. Forming and accompanying a procession of the choir, habited in short surplices (properly cottas) worn over cassocks, with processional cross and banners. 8. Kneeling with such procession before the communion table. 9. The use of priestly vestments. 10. Administering the elements to less than three persons. 11. A rood (crucifix) on the chancel screen or "rood-loft." 12. All images and pictures within the church.

Many of these forbidden practices date from apostolic times, others are observed not only in the Catholic Church, but in the Greek, the Armenian, and many other Churches, and all have the sanction of antiquity. But no English churchman dare use them in future.

THE progress of the faith in the United States has aroused the interest of the non-Catholic press, and the *Methodist* gives the following curious particulars relative to the distribution of Catholics in various portions of the country. It says, "The strongholds of Catholicism in this country are located in our most enlightened and progressive communities. For instance, the State of Massachusetts has more Roman Catholic sittings—130,405—than the twelve Southern States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia, Tennessee, Texas, and Mississippi, which have 105,365 Roman Catholic sittings. Massachusetts and New York have a Catholic population of 401,700, and the sixteen Southern States, 401,110. The electoral vote of Massachusetts and New York is 48, while that of the sixteen Southern States is 136. The State of Illinois has more Catholic sittings than

twelve Southern States, and only 21 electoral votes as compared with their 93. These figures show what rapid strides the Catholic religion is making in States formerly famous for their Puritanism and stanch Protestantism."

THE VERY REV. T. A. GALBERRY, O.S.A., Provincial and late President of Villanova College, Pennsylvania, has accepted the nomination to the See of Hartford, and will be consecrated by the Archbishop of Boston on the feast of St. Joseph, in the Cathedral of that city. He will be a very popular and active prelate. The Catholic Total Abstinence Society has given \$500 towards furnishing his residence, and collections were taken up in all the churches of Hartford on Sunday, March 5th, for this purpose.

The diocese of Hartford comprises the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and was established in the year 1844. The first Catholic Church in Hartford was opened in 1830. Bishop Tyler, the first prelate, died in 1849. In 1844 there were 6 priests, and 10,000 Catholics. The diocese now comprises 76 priests and 155,000 Catholics all in the State of Connecticut, for Rhode Island, together with some counties of Massachusetts, were formed into the diocese of Providence in 1872.

THE approach of the Centennial celebration has drawn considerable attention to the Exhibition in Fairmount Park.

Hon. J. W. Forney delivered a lecture at the Academy of Music, in which he stated that Catholics in Europe had the most favorable opinion of America. In Rome itself, he says, "with its double government, Victor Emanuel, at the Quirinal, and the Pope, at the Vatican, there was nothing but a feeling of encouragement. There was no influence more active than that of the Roman Catholics in Europe, and they had steadily been in favor of the Centennial Exhibition, following the example of their brethren here."

The Pope will send to the Centennial exhibition two pictures in mosaic and some pieces of tapestry executed by the artists of the Vatican. One of the former represents the "Madonna della Seggiola," of Raphael, the original of which is in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, and the other is a copy of the "Madonna del Sassoferato." The subject of the hangings is St. Agnes on the pile.

THE Academia of the Catholic Religion of Manchester, England, was inaugurated lately by His Eminence Cardinal Manning, who delivered a magnificent address.

The object of the Academia, as laid down in the rules, is "to promote the study of the Catholic religion, to oppose the errors of the day, to preserve the young from the influence of such errors, and to supply a want experienced among Catholics, viz., that of lectures upon literary, historical, and scientific subjects in connection with the Catholic religion." The academicians are to be Catholics of liberal education, and meet every month, when a dissertation shall be read, upon which the members present shall be at liberty to express their opinions. Every meeting is to be attended by at least one of the "Censors"—a body whose qualifications are that they "shall be well versed in theological science, or at least competent to form a sound judgment as to the value and utility of the lectures given, and as to their conformity with Catholic doctrine." Courses of lectures as well as occasional dissertations will be provided from time to time by the Council, and Rule 18th lays down that

"The special object of the lectures and dissertations is to lay down solid and true principles in connection with Catholic doctrine; to demonstrate the harmony between reason and faith; to cultivate higher intellectual tastes; and to provide, as widely as possible, literary and scientific instruction in harmony with the Catholic religion for those who desire to continue or perfect their education."

Such an association either by itself, or as lectures delivered under the auspices of the Catholic Unions, would be equally desirable in the United States.

A STARTLING telegram came over the wires the other day to the effect that 100 Ritualistic clergymen of the Church of England, together with 225,000 of the people, had petitioned the Pope to receive them into the Church, and establish in England a "United Anglican Church" like that of the Armenian and Maronite Churches, acknowledging the Pope's supremacy, and accepting all the doctrines of the Church, but with a sort of semi-independence in government.

This proposition, if really made, does not seem to be feasible. In the first place the orders of the Anglican clergy are not recognized by the Holy See. In the second place there exist already Catholic Bishops and Dioceses in England, and how could there be other Bishops appointed in their dioceses. And thirdly, if the petitioners are convinced of the Divine authority of the Holy See, how is it that they desire a "semi-independence" of it? How can the Holy

See make terms with separatists, and how can the Ritualistic clergy insure that any terms made with them will be accepted by their flocks?

The whole account looks doubtful and unlikely. But there is no doubt that a very large number of persons in England really crave the faith, and are on the point of becoming Catholics.

THE great contest in France for "freedom of education," commenced more than forty years ago by Count de Montalembert and his zealous supporters, and continued till last year, when the cause of justice triumphed, was long and arduous. The first fruits of the victory is the establishment of the Catholic University of Paris, which was inaugurated after service at the Church of the Carmelites. The Archbishop of Paris, His Eminence Cardinal Guibert, delivered the inaugural address, in which he said that the emancipation of University teaching was one of the great benefits of the age and the complement in France of the emancipation of the secondary schools which took place twenty-five years ago.

Henceforth the Catholics of France will be free to establish universities of their own, and they will do so with all their noted vigor.

THE civil war is over in Spain, and Don Carlos has given up the hopeless and now unjustifiable conflict, and gone to England. Nothing but changes have occurred in Spain since the deposition of Queen Isabella in 1868. First came the dictatorship of Prim, then the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern, which gave rise to the Franco-Prussian war, then the brief and troubled reign of Amadeus of Italy, the Republic, the communistic outbreak at Carthagen, and all the while the Carlist civil war, then the accession of King Alphonso, the son of Isabella. And all the while a furious and sanguinary war has been going on in Cuba.

It is sincerely to be hoped that this series of calamities is now at an end.

THE Supreme Court of Wisconsin has given a decision in the case of the heirs of Madame Le Marque and the Archbishop of St. Louis.

By the terms of that will, \$8000 were bequeathed to Peter Richard Kenrick, absolutely and without condition, stipulation, or formal promise.

The court has declared this bequest void, and that the testatrix intended to evade the law, which forbids any property being bequeathed to any church. The Archbishop testified on cross-examination, that he in-

tended to use the property for ecclesiastical purposes, as he knew this was the testatrix's intentions.

THE conflict in Germany has drawn forth a pamphlet from the Catholic advocate, Herr Reichensperger, which argues that ecclesiastical laws transcend the State's right to invade the sphere of inner ecclesiastical life, and that the resistance of bishops and priests is not only commanded by Christian doctrine and good sense, but fully justified by the express determinations of Prussian law. The pamphlet is temperate in tone, but unyielding. In substance it declares that a *modus vivendi* is possible only by the reinsertion of the eliminated clauses of the Prussian constitution, or by an understanding with the Vatican, or the complete separation of Church and State.

THE English Parliament was opened by the Queen in person on February 9th, but there were no allusions to Ireland in the royal speech, which was nearly entirely devoted to foreign topics, such as the Eastern Question, the Suez Canal purchase, the

troubles in China and the Malayan Peninsula, etc. It is noteworthy as indicating the determination of Great Britain to hold India as long as possible against all comers that the title "Empress of Hindoostan," or something similar, is to be added to the royal titles.

It is supposed, however, that the Irish judiciary system will be revised and improved this session.

BISHOP MACHEBRAUF, Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, and the Catholics of the Centennial State are opposed to the ratification of the Constitution if it contains an article prohibiting a division of the school fund.

THE Hon. E. F. Dunn, late Chief Justice of Arizona, whose late unjust dismissal from his office has excited so much indignation amongst Catholics, is about to deliver a series of lectures on the School Question throughout the country.

It may still further explain the ex-Chief Justice's views, that in Tucson, Arizona, there are twice as many pupils in the Catholic schools as there are in the public.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Being Selections, Personal, Historical, Philosophical, and Religious, from his Various Works. Arranged by William Samuel Lilly, of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. With the author's approval. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street, 1876. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

The compiler of this book certainly possesses the eclectic talent in a high degree. To condense thirty-four volumes, the productions of such a mind as Dr. Newman's, into a single small book, and to do this in such a manner as to display all the varying characteristics of the great author's intellect, so that each selection, while complete in itself, is at the same time but an integral part of a perfect whole, certainly demands our warm admiration.

We think it quite probable that if there be any intellectual person who may not have read Dr. Newman's works, this beautiful exposition of his "Characteristics" as a writer and thinker in almost every branch of scholastic lore would so captivate its reader, that he would not be satisfied until he had digested each volume in full, for Mr. Lilly's book may be compared to a focus, in which the scattered rays of the great oratorian's intellect have been gathered up and brought to bear upon the comprehension of even the most ordinary minds. Such a work cannot fail to win new love for the man who has already enjoyed a lifetime of genuine popularity, new admiration for his stupendous talents, and new gratitude to the Giver of every best and perfect gift, who has made those talents the seeds as it were of an unparalleled harvest of graces and blessings to both the Church and the world, while for its compiler it has well-nigh won the proud title of the apostle of Newmanism.

THE STUDENT'S HANDBOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE, containing Sketches, Biographical and Critical, of the most distinguished English authors from the earliest times to the present day, with selections from their writings, and questions adapted to the use of schools. By the Rev. Oliver L. Jenkins, A.M., Priest of St. Sulpice, late President of St. Charles's College and of St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Edited by a member of the same Society. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. New York: Catholic Publication Society. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1876.

We cannot altogether concur in the strictures which one of our Catholic contemporaries has deemed proper to make upon this book on the score of the "non-sectarianism" of the work. Neither do we feel like criticizing too closely its features as a text-book, since it being a posthumous work, its author cannot defend it. We will simply say, therefore, that we are somewhat disappointed in it as a work for schools. We consider it too closely condensed and not sufficiently replete with examples of style to give it rank with many popular class-books of its kind. With its purely literary features, however, we are quite pleased; there is an old-time solidity of taste about their selection which is quite consoling in this age of flippant literature.

UNION WITH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN HIS PRINCIPAL MYSTERIES, FOR ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR. By the Rev. Fr. John Baptist Saint Jure, of the Society of Jesus. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1876.

This is a translation, revised by a Jesuit Father, of one of the most beautiful, but, unfortunately, least known, of the works of this celebrated writer of the seventeenth century. It is, as the translator has aptly said, a book peculiar in its character, being rather suggestive of matter for reflection and meditation, than intended for mere spiritual reading. Union with our Divine Lord by meditations peculiarly appropriate to the

respective liturgical seasons of the ecclesiastical year, is one of the best means of putting the soul into accord with the spirit of the Church's feast, and to appreciate the spirit of her festivals is one of the surest marks of a practical love for the Church's Lord, and of rapid advancement towards the union with the soul's Divine Spouse. The work bears the *Imprimatur* of His Eminence.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL QUESTION AS UNDERSTOOD BY A CATHOLIC AMERICAN CITIZEN. A lecture delivered by Right Rev. B. J. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, before the Free Religious Association (Free-Thinking) of Boston. Fully revised by the author. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This pamphlet is a thoroughly practical and business-like exposition of the great subject of contention from the Church's side of viewing it. The eloquent bishop of Rochester is one of the most energetic of all our prelates, in dealing sledge-hammer blows on the baseless fabric of the blessedness of the public school system as it exists in the Protestant vision. If he keeps on in his present course, wherein we bid him God-speed, he will soon "leave not a wreck behind."

This lecture, delivered before the Free-Thinking Society of Boston, is a worthy companion to the argument of Chief Justice Dunn.

THE ACOLYTE: A Tale. Messenger Series, No. 6. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street, 1876.

We have received the above from the publishers, who have printed it from the serial pages of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Coming from so good a source, it ought not to fail of its mission, which is to bring home the stirring lessons of religion to the hearts of our Catholic youth, at an age when the world is contesting most strongly with God for the possession of their souls.

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A PRESIDENTIAL REFORMER.

UNTIL our day there was not a more ridiculous figure in history than the great Frederick of Prussia abandoning his cannon-balls and drill manoeuvres for the rôle of an idyllic poet and humanitarian philosopher. He was as unhappy a lover of the muses as he was a favorite of Mars. The wits and *litterati* of the last century laughed at him from one end of Europe to the other. That is to say, when they got out of reach of the Potsdam hero's military boot or cane; for neither M. Voltaire nor his rivals found it prudent to ridicule their royal *collaborateur* until they were over his frontier. But we have had a little Frederick at Washington for the last six months, playing such antics before high heaven on the question of education and "pure morals," as would have made his great prototype green with envy, and provoked Democritus to a smile at the follies of mankind. And this with scarce a suspicion expressed at the moment by the American people that there was anything ridiculous in the conjunction of the Man and the Idea. On the contrary, we plunged

into the discussion of the medley of crude notions in President Grant's Des Moines speech, afterwards embodied in his recommendation to Congress on the subject of education, with an earnestness that spoke much for our sincerity, but not for our acuteness. We take everything in dead earnest. Age has not mellowed our character to that quick perception of the ridiculous common to older nations of the continental races. We take more after the parent Anglo-Saxon stock, and even exaggerate its dulness. Nothing moves us to a laugh short of a horse joke. American humor, like the native drama, is the coarsest in the world.

What other explanation is possible of that air of gravity and earnestness with which President Grant's educational scheme was received by those who favored it, and by those who opposed it? Else, why not have taken a glance out of the corner of our eye at the author of it? But a calcium light has since been so it were accidentally advocate of "the

cational reform, with the effect as if to pillory him on the canvas, stealing away with a post-tradership for his brother. We begin to open our eyes. We ask ourselves who is this Antoninus Pius of a later age who points out the way of our moral and social duties? A successful general, with the education of a camp, the tastes of a horse-trainer, and the honor of a nepotist, he hardly appears to have dreamed that upon questions such as those he took up, men cannot be drilled like a raw battalion, or driven along like one of his fast trotting horses, or parcelled out like an Indian contract. Still less does he seem to have suspected that the American people will look to intellects keener than his, to studies riper and more profound, to natures higher and finer, more scrupulous and more benevolent, for their guides in such a controversy. The great Frederick was only vain, and even his vanity was sensitive and humble; our little Frederick is presumptuous, and his presumption is hardy enough to shackle the conscience of a continent.

The royal Prussian schoolmaster had his Voltaire; our republican expert in the *belles-lettres* has his Bishop Haven. But it must be conceded that the flattery of the French philosopher was never so coarse as that of his pupil. We know, too, that he revolted against it in the end, whereas the American court preacher not only still clings personally to his idol, but would give the American people a surfeit of him for a third term. But one was a wit; the other is—a Methodist bishop!

Let us leave the parasite, however, and examine the speech. Events have so riddled it, that it is now only fit for the coroner. But even a post mortem is useful. It shows what the patient died of.

The speech, we say advisedly, for like "single speech" Hamilton of George III's time, the distinguished educational reformer who now oc-

cupies the White House, bids fair to go down to posterity as the President of one speech-power. We have a right, therefore, to demand that it should be a masterpiece. And so it is—of a peculiar kind. Much as Castlereagh's statue was that Byron immortalized, and for the same reason.

This remarkable speech-making power of the President, if one will consider it, is a valuable argument for a third and even a fourth term. In this wise: he has spoken (or read) one speech in two Presidential terms. Hence, according to the now well-established law of probabilities, we might confidently look for a second one during an equal period, as valuable even as the Des Moines speech. But though this may be an important suggestion to party managers, or the *New York Herald*, to whom it is here presented, free of copyright, it is straying too far from our immediate subject. Let us return, therefore, to a consideration of the executive "new departure" in education and "pure morals."

President Grant is a male Cassandra. At Des Moines he saw visions. Our democratic Troy is in danger "in the near future." With prophetic voice he bids us beware of Greek presents,

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;

to wit, "superstition, ambition, and ignorance." These are the hidden foes in the Wooden Horse he launches his dart at. Grisly horrors sweep before his imagination as he contemplates more bloody fields. Not Hamlet nor Macbeth shudders more at the ghostly portents that cross the stage. Well shall it be for President Grant, if his hands be guiltless in the fratricidal war he attempts to evoke.

What is this "ignorance" of which the President speaks? This is a most important factor in the solution of the Sphinx's riddle of Des Moines. We cannot doubt that

an eminent casuist like President Grant, who discriminates with so much subtlety between "sectarian, pagan, and atheistical" dogmas, will be able to answer the question to his own satisfaction and ours. Unfriendly critics say he is a concrete example of it. But that is not our opinion. On the contrary, we might hold, *prima facie*, with good reason, that the present Chief Executive is the most literate President that ever dignified that position. And were we asked the reason of our faith, we would scorn to take refuge in Baconian methods of demonstration. We should postulate our belief upon broad *a priori* grounds, upon the confidence shown by President Grant himself in grappling with, and deciding offhand upon, this very question of education, which none of his minor predecessors ventured to handle. True genius is intuitive, and grasps at once its own domain. Jefferson, or Madison, or Monroe might avoid this vexed question, distrustful, it may be, of that "ignorance" which President Grant abhors. But when a ripe scholar, like the present incumbent, occupies the Presidential chair, one whom the old grammarians would have dignified to honor as a master of the *omne scibile*, he owes it to mankind not to let his erudition lie fallow, but more benevolently to use it towards supplying the omissions of one hundred years of too cautious statesmanship. This is at once the vindication of President Grant's political sagacity and his chief crown of literary glory. He would fain have been the *Mæcenas* of the country school marm to distant ages.

"O et præsidium et dulcis decus meum."
"O both my safeguard and most sweet glory,"

might have been sung on the Ohio, as erst on the Tiber, had not the unhappy Belknap exploded a bomb-shell in the War Department, or Marsh-gas exploded Belknap, and smothered the Presidential pattern of learning among the debris.

What is "ignorance?" we repeat. We will not go into any of the definitions given by those masters of the schools who taught humbly because they knew much. None of them would suit the frame of mind of President Grant, who teaches loudly because he knows little. We will offer one pertinent to the time and the man: Ignorance is that condition of the mind in which a President of the United States can write a letter to his brother, informing him of a vacancy in a trading post, and yet not know that the brother will divide the profits with the actual traders in consideration of his influence.*

This is one of the most beautiful paradoxes of the Des Moines speech, and hitherto unknown in political philosophy, that this kind of "ignorance" which deliberately refuses to know the logical sequence of a corrupt action, should be at the same time the staple of the "intelligence and patriotism" which, according to President Grant, is to rescue the country from that other form of "ignorance" not so expert in post-tradership arithmetic.

Ignorance is a relative term. In these days of specialists and special studies few venture to tread all fields of knowledge. The Admirable Crichtons that dazzled a ruder age exist no longer. Men are content to know what is specially demanded of them in any given position. Judged by this standard what are President Grant's claims to brand so many of his fellow countrymen with the old-time charge of "ignorance?" His first official act was a blunder. He nominated a Secretary of the Treasury in violation of the law of which he had just been elected chief guardian. Has he shown by his subsequent acts any greater knowledge of the duties, or comprehension of the dignity of his office? He has had a majority to support him in the Senate

* Vide the account of the late Mr. Grant's letter to the War Department, in the issue of the 10th inst.

—wherever support was possible—since his inauguration; yet it is stated to be historically in evidence that no President of the United States has ever had so many nominations rejected.

But it is conceded that this is a wonderful country. Europe has had a good many lessons to receive from us, but none more wonderful than from our Presidential educator of the masses.

Look, for instance, at our disinterested President's subtle divisions of religious or non-religious beliefs. He marks them off, "sectarian, pagan, atheistical," with the acuteness and precision of a Tertullian or an Augustine. It might have been thought that "war's alarms" and the "tented field" had dulled the nicety of President Grant's polemical vision. Far from it. He is ready to put the Latin or Greek Fathers to the blush in defining the shades of religious belief.

But what will his admirer, Bishop Haven, say to his classification of "sectarian (Christian) dogmas" with "paganism" and "atheism." Does he too rank them on the same level? With what contempt must cultivated opinion in Europe look upon those rude and uncultured sentiments which thus insult the noble roll of Christian martyrs, saints, heroes, and scholars. Has Christendom left nothing better to the ages than to be thus degraded by a soldier of fortune on its western frontier? Has it nothing better to offer now?

President Grant entering the field armed *cap-a-pie* as a theologian is a spectacle worthy of Don Quixote. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Does he mean to recommend by implication that "deistical" dogmas may be taught in the public schools? Considering the carefulness of his divisions, it is reasonable to suppose that his silence upon this point is the silence of calculation, and that he does mean it. Deism, therefore, is

to be the State religion of the future in the United States; the shallow and lukewarm philosophy which was spewed out of Europe a century ago is to take refuge in our common schools under President Grant's protection. Is this the best fruit of our civilization?

'Tis true, although he shuts the school-door against the "Heathen Chinee" and his Joss, he leaves it open to "Mohammedan" dogmas. Does this intimate a subtle design on the part of President Grant to hand us over to the Grand Turk? Or is he in favor of a "houri" heaven only?

Again, what are "atheistical" dogmas? Are Darwin's or Tyndall's teachings such, when pushed to their logical conclusion, as Tyndall has not hesitated to push them? Catholics say they are. Shall their works be, therefore, excluded from the schools? If not, why not? If by reason of the dissent of the Protestant majority from this interpretation of them, then, Catholics protesting, the teachings of those pseudo-philosophers become sectarian, the dogmas of a "sectarian" majority, and must be excluded under the President's first division.

Who should be the arbiter in questions like those,—the State? But President Grant says: "Keep the Church and the State forever separate." Does he mean by this that the Church shall be prohibited under penalties from touching upon those questions in which, religion being affected, social and political duties are nevertheless also involved; while, on the other hand, the State shall have full license to invade the domain of conscience? What other interpretation is possible? It is the story over again of the quarrel between the Roman patrician and the plebeian, satirized by Juvenal. "If that be a quarrel," he says:

"Ubi tu pulsas et ego vapulo tantum."
"Where you strike, and I am only beaten."

This is the position to which Prot-

estant and Freemason persecuting governments in Europe and South America, would like to reduce the Church to-day. It is the theory of government of Philip II of Spain revived in our time; the dominancy of the State over the individual conscience, which Protestants have been educated to abhor. Then it was their ox that was gored, now it is their neighbor's! Hence their present calmness. 'Tis true the civilization of this century has compelled the abandonment of the fagot and thumb-screw, but the persecuting spirit is the same. It now mulcts Catholics in pecuniary penalties under the guise of equal school taxation, and seeks to ostracize them socially and disfranchise them politically. This is the feeling at the bottom of President Grant's speech and suggested educational amendment. He proposes, in words, freedom for all, but by a mental reservation he excepts Catholics. They hold tenets which are not his. Therefore they are damnable and false; therefore down with them. Who will not call to mind Faithful's trial before the unjust jury, after he and Christian had been cast into prison at Vanity Fair: "Then," said Mr. Mo-good, "away with such a fellow from the earth." "Aye," said Mr. Malice, "for I hate the very look of him." "Then," said Mr. Implacable, "might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us bring him in guilty of death." In those portraits does President Grant recognize his own features? "They are 'superstitious' and 'ignorant,'" said he in effect to the Army of the Tennessee; "therefore let us wage war against them and crush them to the earth." It would be cruel intolerance for any man in private station to utter such words and seek to make them good in practice. But it is a terrible and revolting spectacle when the Chief Executive of a great nation proclaims them as its future policy. It

heralds as plainly as words can speak a war of religion, and seeks to accustom men's minds to a contemplation of its horrors? Has not President Grant had blood enough on his sword in a fratricidal war, that he should thus invite his countrymen to enter rashly upon another, more deadly and embittered? Does he thus seek fresh excitement when his civil power shall have ended, and wish to place himself in a position where he may be tempted to trample upon the liberties of his country over fresh heaps of slain? Such words from such a man do not fall idly upon the ground. They bear a deadly crop in congenial soil which only needs opportunity to become potent for evil. They were soon re-echoed by the Republican Convention of Indiana, which affirmed in its platform that it is "incompatible with American citizenship to pay allegiance to any foreign power, civil or ecclesiastical." True words, if truly spoken, but poisoned here by a vile hypocrisy; for they imply that Catholics bear civil allegiance to the Pope, which is false, and thus seek to make them odious; but they are aimed in reality at that spiritual allegiance to the Supreme Pontiff, which is the glorious bond of Catholicity all over the world, but which the independence of Protestant private judgment cannot tolerate, though it is an equal right of conscience with theirs. This is the spirit that drove the Huguenots out of France. Shameful it is that, in this Centennial year of American liberty, a powerful party should pledge itself to make outlaws of millions of its fellow-citizens who have proved their loyalty by their blood in every crisis of the nation's history. For what crime? For none, except that they seek eternal peace, humbly and faithfully, by a different road from theirs. This is the first signal repudiation in the second century of the national existence of the United States of that declaration of religious freedom

which, with personal liberty and the equality of man, was its corner-stone. Could it be carried to a successful issue, it would make Catholics helots in the United States.

A more radical party has stripped the President's speech of all ambiguity, and given to it the plain interpretation of which the Indiana Republican platform fell cautiously short. The Order of the American Union, the organization of which was made public last December, professes a single aim, viz., "to disfranchise Roman Catholics, and prevent them from holding office." This is the only logical conclusion from the premises laid down by President Grant and the Indiana Republicans. We attach but little importance to this Order itself; but it is the symptom of a state of public feeling which may at any time become dangerous. It threatens a revival of Know-Nothingism in a more furious and powerful form. If this be the fruit of President Grant's educational scheme, how little cause will humanity have to rejoice over it.

Yet should such a contest as that which he has predicted, stripped of its false terms, be forced upon us by the sullen persecuting spirit he has endeavored to arouse, we do not believe Catholics would stand alone. We are strong in numbers, in wealth, in intelligence; stronger in patriotism, often tried in the fire, and not found wanting; strongest of all in our indefeasible right of conscience. On this last ground we should find allies. Fair-minded Protestants in every State, men who rise superior to the ignoble "superstition" about "popery" shared in by President Grant in common with the lowest classes of society, and who abhor intolerance under whatever guise it presents itself, would make their voices heard in support of our rights. Listen to these noble words of Abraham Lincoln, written twenty years ago, during the Know-Nothing agitation—words which ought to be

written in letters of gold upon the flags of the Army of the Tennessee to counteract the baneful, inflammatory predictions of his successor: "You inquire where I now stand? . . . I am not a Know-Nothing; that is certain. How could I be? How can any one who abhors the oppression of negroes, be in favor of degrading classes of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me pretty rapid. As a nation, we began by declaring 'all men are created equal?' We now practically read it: 'All men are created equal, except negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read: 'All men are created equal, except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretence of loving liberty, to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy."*

Upon principles like these was this republic founded, by striving to live up to them it has endured, and only by maintaining them with vigor can it hope to realize those aspirations after liberty and happiness for all men which were in the hearts of its founders. Shall President Grant break them down? We have no fear of the result. A single speech from a great general, but narrow-minded statesman, is not destined to overthrow the lessons of equality before the law and religious toleration, which have been handed down for a hundred years through a line of illustrious public men and great orators. What they taught has sunk deep into the national mind. The honesty, the moderation and good sense of the American people are robust enough to survive the shocks both of official corruption and executive bigotry.

President Grant has never been accused of timidity. His courage in the field is unquestioned. And

* Letter from Lincoln to Speed, August, 1855. *Life*, by Lamon, p. 371.

on various occasions during his tenure of office, he has shown himself to possess a fund of moral courage to be justly admired. But on this question of the public schools and the impending contest with the Pope, he has met his Bull Run. A panic seems to have seized upon him which, it is to be hoped, he did not succeed in communicating to the Army of the Tennessee. Prince Bismarck's aggressive war upon the Church in Germany, like a stone thrown into the water, has spread its waves over the whole Christian world. A master of diplomacy, he has been able in this case, as in the war with Austria, and afterwards with France, so to veil his deliberate design of attack, as to convince, or partly convince, the neutral or non-Catholic mind, that he was forced to assume the aggressive in self-defence. He has had the unquestioning sympathy of the ultra-Protestant element in every country, and nowhere more strongly than in the United States. This sympathy has roused equal fears of attack—groundless as to the premises upon which they are based, groundless as to the state of the facts in the United States! But this alarm has buzzed and worried in President Grant's brain, until it has driven him into the only speech he is ever known to have made. This is doubtless the psychological explanation of his unwonted eloquence at Des Moines. But the country is not frightened, though the President may be. Catholics may justly retort upon him the charge of "superstition" which he has brought against them. He shares it in its most ignoble form with the most ignorant and fanatical class of the community—men who do not doubt that the mild and venerable Pontiff who now sits in the chair of Peter is Antichrist in person.

Were the author of the Des Moines speech a private citizen, his intolerant spirit, his superstitious fear of the Pope, would demand no more attention than similar chimeras that

affect the minds of Protestant old women of both sexes. But unfortunately, as President, he invests his bigotry with an official sanction. Not more in religious than in administrative questions has he been able to separate his private likings and dislikings from the motives which alone should influence the discharge of his executive functions. The removal of Chief Justice Dunne of Arizona, without trial, on the ground of his hostility to the common school system, is a sufficient example of this, and exceeds in despotic violence the most arbitrary stretch of the royal prerogative that has been known in England for two hundred years. That it has been suffered to pass by with scarcely any notice, except from the Catholic press, is a proof how completely religious prejudice can smother the voice of liberty.

But a more powerful motive than even private malevolence, and one of wider influence can be seen behind this agitation for a constitutional school amendment. It cannot be doubted that President Grant's Des Moines speech, his recommendation to Congress, and Mr. Blaine's resolutions, were the deliberately meditated signals of an attempt to carry the Presidential election for the Republican party by a revival of the Know-Nothing or no-Popery agitation. The Ohio campaign was the first great movement in this direction. "Non-sectarian schools" and "pure morals" were to be the watchwords. But the recent terrible exposures at Washington, which have so wounded American honor, have at the same time so rudely torn away the veil of hypocrisy from the administration party that one-half of this motto is defaced, and the other smirched with suspicion. The "no-Popery" leaders have just now too much dirty linen at home to wash, to be in a condition to call attention to the color of the "scarlet woman's" garments. The American people will hardly choose to take

the champions of their national education and public morals from the ranks of the party that has been batten- ing on public plunder for seven years in every department of Government. The individual efforts of men of honor and purity in the party cannot cleanse it. It is saturated with corruption in every pore. It may be said in brief that the Belknap and Orville Grant disclosures have checkmated the President's move at Des Moines.

A philosopher might well laugh at this no-Popery panic which so easily seizes on the American public. Is it not true that the Protestant Church has always been the dominant Church in the United States? If men have suffered for their religious liberty at any time, and in any State, has not the Protestant Church—of one denomination or another—been the persecutor? If the Inquisition has ever existed in the United States, has it not been a Puritan inquisition? Yet, in the face of the facts of their own history, Protestants in the United States go back for three hundred years in the annals of Europe to summon up the phantoms of those dread times as witnesses in our day. In the United States the hands of Catholics are clean. The dungeon, the rack, the pillory, the gallows, and the fagot are the exclusive property of Protestantism. If any class of people have reason to dread the return of the persecuting era in this country, it is Catholics. Yet they have been so accustomed to be overborne by charges of persecution from the Protestant press and pulpit, that they have allowed themselves to be driven into an apologetic and defensive position in discussing the question. It is not long since, we observed in a Western paper a series of interrogatories propounded to a Catholic contemporary, among which the writer had the presumption and ignorance to ask for a declaration of religious toleration in the assumed event of the Catholic

Church becoming the dominant one in this country. What fatuous insolence does this disclose when one remembers the religious history of Maryland, of New York, of Massachusetts! Is it not historically true, that Catholics in every one of the older States have only won religious freedom by their increase of numbers? If the Protestant Church were again strong enough to persecute them, from whom should the guarantee of toleration be demanded? Yet the Catholic party to this press dialogue charitably made the required declaration, instead of chastizing the effrontery of his interlocutor.

Let us look at this matter of proposed Federal school legislation from another point of view. President Grant and, emulating him, Mr. Blaine propose an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting among other things any State from supporting or aiding separate schools in any manner whatever. Fettering the State, they succeed in fettering individual action which they cannot reach directly. Now what is this but the assumption of that theory of "paternal government" which Americans have been taught to spurn as unbecoming freemen, and as the badge of despotism, whether beneficent or cruel. "The States do not know what is good for them," says President Grant, in effect, "but I do; therefore I will force this amendment upon them." It is beyond the purview of the suggestions contemplated by the Constitution.

It is the device of extremists, who, being in a temporary majority, determine to bind the minority with chains which shall forever hinder them from asserting their rights at law or in conscience. Could we find a more striking example of that "tyranny of the majority" which De Tocqueville, a more sagacious political observer than President Grant, predicted as one of the greatest perils of our form of gov-

ernment? The truth is that the scope of Federal legislation has been so enlarged, and its action at the same time so individualized, by the necessity, or assumed necessity, of protecting the negro, that Americans, from being the freest, bid fair at no distant date to become the most statute-ridden people in the world, in every civil and social relation. President Grant, with what some people will term the bluntness of a soldier, but others the rudeness of a boor, warns his countrymen in his annual message against a "priestcraft." But there is a political poison he has not named, which observation has shown to produce even a more fatal lethargy and stagnation than he attributes to "priestcraft," that is to say, the curse of a statute-ridden country, of an absolutely centralized government, with its laws radiating into every channel of life, usurping the functions of the state or province, of the municipality, of the householder, of the parent. Let Americans continue a little longer to move in the direction pointed out by the President, and they will eventually succeed in extinguishing free thought, and establishing a new Chinese empire, with a centre of heaven-born laws at Washington instead of Peking. They already submit to invasions of private rights which even subjects of constitutional monarchies would not tolerate.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter into a discussion of the rights of parents under the natural law in the matter of the education of their children, which President Grant proposes to annihilate. But on observation germane to that question, and those which have been noticed, may be ventured upon. Can any American of intelligence who lifts up his eyes from merely party politics, and observes the course of legislation in this and foreign countries, fail to note that democracy in the United States is

drifting away from those principles of religious sanction and freedom of individual action, which were its *raison d'être*, towards a system which makes men machines worked by a central power, while on the other hand, older countries are approaching the axioms of government it started from? Contrast, for instance, President Grant's late declarations, which in direct terms banish religion from the State, and attack the most sacred of private rights, with the advice of the first President. "Found your government," said Washington, "upon religion, intelligence, and virtue." Contrast them also with the ministerial statement of March 14th, of the new French Republic. "It is not without emotion," they say, "that we approach the first session of a legislature under a constitutional republic. . . . We shall tell them (public functionaries), that the republican, more than any other form of government, must rest upon the sacred laws of *religion, morality, and family rights*, respect for the inviolability of property, and upon labor honored and encouraged."

Listening to President Grant we hear the voice of an imperial chancellor, of a Bismarck, or a Gortschakoff, under the veil of republicanism dictating what he thinks best for the country; listening to the French statement, we seem to hear the voice of a Lafayette, or a Franklin, addressing a nation of freemen, who dictate their own legislation as seems best to them.

Let us ask ourselves what is this theory of State interference in education based upon. Is it to make men intelligent, and prospectively prosperous for their own sakes? No! Otherwise the State must go further, and divide its public lands among the poor, and stock them from the common fund of taxation. Thus we should land in pure communism. The most advanced section of the liberal school of economists, vigor-

ously following out the methods of Adam Smith and later teachers, oppose themselves, therefore, to free schools as a step towards pauperization and communism, while the socialist school of economists, who demand that the State shall do everything, fix the price of labor, supply work, divide property, etc., are equally firm in supporting them. Neither President Grant, probably, nor the American people, certainly, are prepared, however, to admit the socialist theory. Free schools are, therefore, only incidentally for the benefit of the individual; primarily they are for the benefit of the State. Their object is to make good citizens. This is solid ground for their defenders to stand on. President Grant is right, therefore, in demanding "pure morals," which make the administration of the laws easy, as part of the fruits of that reign of intelligence, which is to triumph over "superstition and ignorance." "Pure morals!" What an affecting picture at this moment is this solicitude of President Grant and his administration, for the moral welfare of society. It is too touching. History will represent this trio, President Grant, Secretary Belknap, and brother Orville, deliberating over that immortal sentence, fresh from a post-tradership contract. Mr. Pecksniff never penned anything more unctuous. The "party of moral ideas" has here surpassed all its former efforts.

"Pure morals!" yes, truly, this is a more exquisite song than the other; it is an appropriate motto for an administration which, in a period of seven years, has so foully sullied the honor of the American name at home and abroad, that the noble record of its past history can scarce redeem it in popular repute. "Ignorant" and "superstitious" Catholics may bow their heads in shame, but it will be in common with the rest of their fellow-citizens at the moral weakness, at the

connivance with corruption, of the President who has dared to libel them.

We are not of those who persistently undervalue General Grant's military genius, or who charge him with directly receiving money for the prostitution of his present high office as President. But his record is bad in the light of recent revelations, and justly leaves him open to suspicion in the minds of calm and upright men.

He receives valuable presents without scruple, in opposition to the practices and maxims of the noblest names in antiquity and modern history. It has not passed out of the public memory that three years ago he was able to defy the pure and high-minded Charles Sumner upon this charge, because the American people were then indifferent to and unsuspicious about it, and because his character was then otherwise unchallenged. But Sumner saw the drift of official life towards the abyss of infamy into which it has since plunged, and his clear political vision will be now better appreciated.

He surrounds himself with favorites, military and others, of debased habits, who live upon corruption, and some of whom are now convicted jail-birds.

He has enriched a large number of his family relatives by quartering them upon the public service, in opposition to republican principles.

It is shown under oath that he wrote a letter to one of them communicating to him official news, which the latter used for his private advancement. It is not shown how many other letters of the same character he may have written during his tenure of office; yet in the light of the Orville Grant letter, men will not forget the connection of one of his more distant relatives with "Black Friday."

Upon the charge and conviction of a misdemeanor of a somewhat similar character (afterwards claimed

to be disproved) Admiral Cochrane, better known as Lord Dundonald, of the British navy, was cashiered the service, and expelled from the House of Commons at the beginning of the present century.

That such a President, guilty at the least of degrading nepotism, tainted with such associations as we have named, without literary culture or special training in education, should put himself forward as the champion of "intelligence and patriotism," of free schools and "pure morals," is the broadest farce of an age fertile in ridiculous surprises. It is too broad for the most liberal taste. It is not surprising that it has been quietly withdrawn from the boards. The prediction may be ventured upon that the Presidential term will close without another adjuration from him to the American people in the name of "pure morals." It has been well said that President

Grant's administration has been too familiar with the penitentiary to intrude again upon the domain of the public school.

Men who make no pretence to culture or superior morality can be heard everywhere to declare that it is hard that out of all the integrity, knowledge, and purity in this country, it cannot have a man for President who will not stoop to put a little contract into his brother's hands. It is not the present rulers of this Republic who need to look after the education of its people; it is the people who need to look after their rulers. Least of all is it becoming that President Grant, around whom has centred this nest of profligacy and corruption, should put himself forward as the apostle of a new era in education and "pure morals," and that in doing so he should make his high office the vehicle of his private bigotry.

SONNET.

RAPHAEL.

STEEPED in the glow and glory of old Rome—
 So old, so young, in life, and death, and art—
 His pictures shine, so near to Truth's great heart,
 That through the ages Truth has in her home—
 The brightest stars in her celestial dome!
 Kept them alive; and will till time is done,
 Fill them with stronger light than fire or sun.
 Great Prince of Painters! laurel wreathes his name;
 The world may babble,—she's an ancient dame!
 And say his life and art held much of clay,
 Reproaching him; yet saints fell on their way.
 If sin repented be a blot on fame,
 His fame is fameless, though he reached fame's goal,
 And left us glory shining from his soul.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

SUORA MARIA ANGELA.

THE mausoleum of Cæsar Augustus is known to every tourist who visits the Eternal City. It is one of the classical sights of Rome which the assiduous traveller must see, or how should he brave the horror and indignation of Dame Inquiry? He must go to some trouble, too, to find it, for it does not stand forth in majestic relief like the Pantheon or the Colosseum, but is lost in an obscure street, and even there it is forced into obscurity by walls of towering houses which rise up about it on all sides. One is beholden to an advertisement, pasted up on the portal of the palace in the *Vie de Pontefici*, for knowing the whereabouts of the resting-place of the first Roman emperor. You pass in at the portal, and find yourself in a large courtyard. A musty odor pervades the place. The last visit of the sun dates from the construction of the palace. In one corner of the yard stands the portable residence of a poor artist, who obtained permission from the kind-hearted proprietor to put up his dwelling and studio there. The edifice would pass for an itinerant photographer's car. Poverty sticks out of the broken windows in the shape of old hats and bundles of rags, which had in remote periods figured in the apparel service. Cowering in the shadow of the circular mole stands a long, low building, which looks like a stable; but that it is occupied by representatives of humanity is evident from the linen which takes a questionable airing from a few small windows. Did the stranger know enough of that building and its occupants to excite an interest, he would be at a loss how to effect an entrance, for none is visible, if exception be taken to the little windows. And if the custodian who shows curious strangers around the mausoleum, would but introduce the story of the little

heroine, who leads a life of daily sacrifice in the long, low house below, in connection with his classical explanations on Augustus, his fees would be in many instances forthcoming with a better grace than that which generally accompanies gratuities; for the noblest sentiments of human nature must be asphyxied in the soul of that man or woman who is indifferent to the narrative of a life of sacrifice and devotion to decrepit and suffering old age.

Sister Maria Angela's is a life of heroic sacrifice and devotion to the sixteen old women in the long, low house. Her life is a phase of charity unknown outside the Catholic Church. She is a Sister of Charity without a religious profession, a nun without vows. Her little institution, of her own foundation and of her own support, is not mentioned in the records of either Church or State, yet she is a creditor of the Lord's to no inconsiderable amount, having given much to the poor. Her father was a wealthy Roman gentleman, and on his death left Maria Angela and an only son the possessors of a large fortune. We are beholden to no one for the information that she was very beautiful, for she is still fair and comely to behold, though verging on sixty-three. She was highly accomplished, and what, with her beauty, and her wealth, and her native simplicity of manners, which enhanced her beauty, she was a very eligible match for any young aristocrat of Rome. She received many offers to marry while her father was living, but always declined them, alleging that he demanded her constant care. She would think of marriage only when he was gone. Meanwhile her father's house, of which she had from girlhood been the mistress, was the centre of attraction to the visiting Romans. No receptions

were so pleasant as those of Callestrij, and this because of the charming manners of his little daughter Maria. She had always been talked of as little, for she was and is a spare, delicate little body. Though she visited much, it was well known in Rome that she went to the hospitals daily. How she found the time to do so was a mystery to all but her brother, who always accompanied her, and her father who missed her presence. She was generous to a fault, and was playfully called by her father the "little squanderer." If a young maiden met with obstacles in getting married, she found a friend and protectress in Maria, who always found some means of making a settlement. When she had not of her own to give, she levied contributions on her admirers. On these occasions she never asked them to contribute in charity, but wouldn't they invest in bonds which never made any one bankrupt? If a thriftless artisan pawned his tools to play at the lottery and lost, as is generally the misfortune with the poor, Maria Angela redeemed them, and emboldened him to risk another terno, and pay another visit to the Monte di Pietà. But, if she was kind and charitable to all, she was tenderness and love itself towards poor old women and little orphans. She had a long list of pensioners among the old folks. She kept a roll-book of them, and gave alms in separate instalments every day. She used to distribute her numerous pensioners over the seven days in the week, thus: Monday, Nina di Saint Agostino (the church at which Nina begged), Marincchia di San Filippo, and so on. At the appointed hour she came down into the courtyard, trying to look severe and business-like as she first reviewed her list, and then cast a glance at the representatives of misery before her, to assure herself that none but the lot of that day was present. She always found a culprit who belonged to another squad, but who

pleaded that the soldo, or the bread, due her on Saturday, might be advanced then, because on the yesterday it had rained, and no strangers passed in at the door of the church where she begged. The alms were always advanced, and when the old lady would make her appearance with her companions on their pay-day, Maria Angela had forgotten all about the charity already advanced. This and many others were little debts that never appeared on her books, but the great ledger above contains them all. It frequently occurred, during her visit to the dwellings of the poor, that her purse became exhausted before she had made the round of her pensioners, and it not unfrequently happened she took a certain diamond ring off her finger and gave it to the object of her commiseration, telling him to sell it or pawn it. The ring was well known at the Monte di Pietà. The first time she parted with it she felt a strong regret, because it was the gift of her father. She thought very much about it on her return home. Next morning she was about to ask her father to redeem it (she knew it would go to the Monte di Pietà, for it was the poor man's bank in those days), when a ring was heard at the door, and an official of that establishment was announced. He had a little parcel for the Signorina, Maria Angela Callestrij, and a note. The parcel contained the ring, the note these words, "God loves the cheerful giver." Her curiosity was aroused to know who had redeemed the ring, and how it was discovered to be hers. But the official could only inform her that a person called for it, presenting the ticket, and requested the official to take it in person to herself. But the ring was seen at the Monte a second time, and a second time was it restored to her. "It is the Lord's doing," she said; "He wants me to keep the ring, to show me that I am wedded to the poor."

Years after, when the good Cardi-

nal, who had been the protector of the Monte di Pietà, had gone to his rest, she was told that it was all his doing. He had heard of her first parting with the ring and had ordered his steward to redeem it; instructing him, moreover, that he was to inquire regularly at the Monte for the Signorina's ring, and recover it as often as it became a captive. On hearing how the ring had been repeatedly restored to her, she resolved never to part with it, and it passed into a saying among the poor of Rome, "Take all that Maria Angela gives you but her ring." About three years ago she parted with it, and never saw it more. It was an occasion of most pressing need. Her income had dwindled down to a miserable fraction of what it had been. The financial condition of her little asylum was low, just like that of the State, only she had no one to tax. Besides, she had taken in a few old women more than the establishment was capable of supporting; but she could not find it in her heart to send them away, and the times were very hard, and the prospects of getting bread by begging very poor, indeed. It was begging from a beggared people! So Maria took the old creatures in, and there they are to this day. But she sold the ring, all that she had to sell. But we were speaking of her former life. While her father lived she went travelling with him every summer. It was during these summer trips that she made the acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship, of several distinguished foreigners, who, in later years, assisted her very materially in her pious work. Among these we might mention Lady Herbert and his Eminence, Cardinal Manning.

When the Cardinal, then Archbishop, preached the Lenten sermons in Rome the collections taken up were, at his request, given to Sister Maria Angela. On the death of her father Maria Angela felt less disposed to marry than before. Her

heart was with the poor, she said, and now that her father was gone, she had no need of superfluous worldly substance. That went to the poor also. What we say of Maria Angela can be said of her brother. In what concerned charity they have but one heart. But he was not as active as she. Every suggestion came from her, every project for befriending the poor was her conception. Not to speak trivially of so noble a subject, he was the passive partner in the business. At her suggestions the horses and carriage were sold, the driver and footman discharged, and the domestic expenses curtailed. The summer trip, too, was given up, and the savings laid by again the coming winter for the good of the poor. Every evening, after dinner, the brother and sister held a consultation on their affairs, on how they could spend their money most advantageously for the old folks. Maria Angela was the "chair" on these occasions, though Rosa the maid—now a stout, hardy washerwoman of fifty, who comes every day to the little asylum to help her little mistress in doing chores—averts that Maria Angela always sat on a very low stool, and rested her arm upon her brother's knee. One evening they came to a very important determination. Considering that neither would marry, considering, moreover, that Galtano had a good salary, as cashier of the pontifical finances, which would be more than sufficient for their support, it was resolved, that the capital of their fortune should be systematically spent in maintaining a certain number of old women. But the charity of Maria Angela knew no limits, and she only thought of system in her leisure moments, when her generous and noble heart was not affected by immediate contact with misery. The certain number of old folks became unlimited, and she had doting old daughters in every quarter of the Eternal City. In a few years very little remained

of the patrimony. Maria Angela was forty years of age before she reduced her charity to anything like a system. About eighteen years ago she conceived the idea of gathering a number of her most needy pensioners into one house, and of devoting herself entirely to making them comfortable and happy. The principal feature in this project was her determination of living in common with them, *en famille* as it were, and of performing all the household service herself. She was already too poor to purchase a house. But the Countess, who owns the palace near the mausoleum of Augustus, made her a present of the long, low building spoken of above. It served as a granary in those days. Behind the granary, hemmed in by a high wall on one side, and the circular wall of the mausoleum on the other, was a sort of a courtyard, which was used as a deposit for rubbish. Galtano became a practical partner of her labors at this juncture by utilizing the old courtyard. He easily obtained permission from the indulgent authorities to roof in that space. Nothing else was required to make a house of it. The walls were already there, that of the court on one side, and the mausoleum on the other. Architectural proportions were no consideration at all. Think of the last resting-place of the great Cæsar Augustus being incorporated with a rickety, tumble-down asylum for decrepit old women! Yet within those walls are performed heroic deeds, the memory of which is far more imperishable than that of the Emperor, whose memory at best lives in a pile of bricks, stone, and mortar. What are human records to those which are kept by the Recording Angel? The earthly and material monument which bears testimony to the generosity and devotion of Sister Maria Angela will not, in all probability, exist twenty years hence. Not to speak of the fact that even now it leans upon the mausoleum, and

upon divers crutches, propped up against its sides for support, the mania of archæologists for disencumbering ancient monuments of all modern attachments, and bringing them out in all their majestic proportions, will, ere long, raze it to the ground. But while it is still the sanctuary of Christian heroism we know it to be, let us enter. We intimated in the beginning that there was no way of effecting an entrance save through the little windows. We would inform the stranger here that apart from the physical inconvenience of getting in at any one of those windows he would encounter a very serious difficulty from the muscular Rosa, who is generally on duty in the large room, which serves as the dormitory, refectory, and sitting-room of the old folks. She has been known to handle a chair with alarming dexterity. It was on the occasion of a visit from the assessor. Though he managed to get in by the door, Rosa was sufficiently up to the times to be aware that the most consummate thieves of our days do not confine themselves to getting in at the window like the thief mentioned in the Gospel. Walking around the mausoleum into a corner, formed by the junction of the asylum, we come to a very small door in the wall. Pulling the bell-cord seems to open the door. But it is the effect of Rosa's smartness, who is sweeping at the top of the stairs. She gives the latch-cord a tug, and yells out in stentorian accents, "*Chiè!*" Who is it? You are supposed to answer, "*Amici*"—friends—otherwise she will come down and dispute your passage. As it is, she answers in a mollified tone, "*Favoriska*"—do us the favor—and you mount. If you are plural you must go single file, for the stairway is narrow, as the stout Rosa has often confessed in her ire. You ask for Suora Maria Angela, and are led straightway into the kitchen by the unceremonious Rosa. The spare little figure of a woman, habited in

a gown of brown serge, is seen bending over the fire, stirring something in a pot. Then it turns around, and becoming conscious of the presence of a stranger, advances with lady-like step to meet you. Not a wrinkle to be seen on that forehead, though sixty-two years have passed over it. The face is still beautiful with a girlish beauty, and the eyes bright and happy. A few gray hairs only are visible. She apologizes for the want of a reception-room. But you feel in your heart that she looks more beautiful in that smoky kitchen, built right against the wall of the Cæsar's tomb. She conducts you at once to the dormitory. Fifteen beds, with snowy covers, are arranged around the walls. Over each bed hangs a small crucifix. At each bed sits an old woman, who is either knitting or saying her rosary. A few of them are so old and feeble that they sit there dozing, and talking to themselves, like tired children before a warm fire. They look clean and cozy. All wear high caps and large white kerchiefs, which go around the neck and across on the breast. As you enter those who are able arise and courtesy, and moving up to their little mother kiss her hand reverentially. There is a long table in the middle of the room, and seventeen places are laid. That place at the head of the table is Maria Angela's. A book lies open beside her plate, and if you take the trouble of looking at it, you will find that it is the Italian edition of Father Rodriguez's work on Christian perfection. Her own apartment consists of a little corner, divided off from

the dormitory by a wooden partition. In it are two beds, and a box of drawers. One of the beds, that in the darkest corner, is the mother's. That near the window is the oldest child's, just gone ninety-three. The mother informs you that she has taken Betta in there because she is simple, and quite unable to do anything for herself. The old lady is possessed with the idea that the Pope is Pius VII, and that Napoleon I still occupies Rome.

"She is not far from the truth," says Maria Angela. "God bless these newcomers, for he permitted them to come into this city."

Her brother lives in a little apartment across the courtyard. His pension and the charity of a few strangers support the establishment.

We forget the chapel. It is a little room adjoining the dormitory. The mother takes pride in showing the vestments and altar-cloths made by Lady Herbert, and tells you that, at his last visit, Cardinal Manning said mass for them there. A priest from the church of San Carlo, on the Corso, says mass on Sunday.

Of late Maria Angela has had new troubles. Her brother was stricken with apoplexy about a year ago, from which he has only partially recovered. But even in this she finds an occasion to rejoice, for the Lord has left him the use of his senses.

All in all, we believe that the happiest woman in all Rome is the little heroine in the brown serge dress, who is at this moment cooking in the smoky kitchen built right against the wall of the mausoleum of Cæsar Augustus.

MRS. MORTIMER'S TONGUE.

To society, she was like one of those beautiful cats, of which ladies, verging towards an "uncertain age," love to make pets; coat of satin, paws of velvet, no hint of claw perceivable; lovely, beseeching eyes, no shadow of feline cruelty betraying itself; mouth and nose pink and clean as a roseleaf, no capability of tearing to pieces, poor, helpless prey, seeming to be latent therein; sleek, inimitably striped sides and back, no suspicion of tendency to rise, and swell, and become terrible in deadly anger, appearing possible; a creature to lie on velvet cushions, and feed on milk, and dainty meats, and be petted, and admired, and praised; a creature purring, and rubbing its soft self against you, and pleading for love with almost human intelligence in its luminous, gentle, insinuating eyes. So it is permitted, with footfall like touch of feather upon tufted carpet, to pervade parlor, and boudoir, and study; to sun itself in bay-windows, where flowers bloom; to glide unsuspected into the very heart of the material household. And, some day, when no one is watching the petted and beautiful tiger in miniature, with tiger nature pervading this noiseless and winning and altogether velvety presence, the golden songster which charmed all hearts with its gushing melody, becomes its prey. Poor, little, tender bird! confined in gilded cage, whose delicate wires could hold it in relentless captivity, but could not guard it against the claws protruding from the shallow velvet—simple as its tiny possession of life, what pen or tongue could describe its overpowering terror, when it vainly strove to escape the fatal clutch. Ah! a broken wing; a feather or two, stained with blood—these are all that remain, to tell the

darling warbler's fate—these, and the empty cage.

So in society went about Mrs. Mortimer, with figurative footstep of feathery lightness; so pervaded she the mental boudoirs, and studies, and inner chambers of society; so purred she, to admiring, unsuspecting listeners; so besought her sweet glances entrance into unconscious hearts; and so tenderly rubbed she the glossy coat of her apparently gentle nature, against pleased and unguarded ones. And so, always, always, came a day when the tiger nature under all this asserted itself, and the cherished possession sacrificed to its ruthless claws, was a reputation. Mrs. Mortimer's "I would not like to say," was the deadly thrust of the hitherto concealed claw, latent in velvet seclusion—unsparingly, it entered the bright cage set round, mayhap, with golden wires of love, and constructed for safety alone; quickly it wrought its work; never again could the slain bird lift its voice in song, never plume its golden wing for flight, and love, the empty cage, all that remained to thee.

Mrs. Mortimer was beautiful, of course. Her face was as fair as ease and freedom from anxious thought of any kind, joined to successful toilet art, could make it; that is, the skin was fair, with a soft touch of rose revealing itself in proper places. Men called her hair "glorious," and her eyes "divine;" that is, the men who gathered in devotion round the social shrine, where she was worshipped. Heretics outside had been heard to call her irreverently a "Dutch doll," or a "Prattling parrot;" but then they were people who were not "received," or, indeed, known in the circle of which she was an ornament.

Mrs. Mortimer was conversational;

that is, she talked a great deal without, after all, saying very much. Even to her most enslaved worshippers, it was often a matter of profound wonder, how for hours they had listened to her facile tongue, and how they could really recall nothing of all she said, that would very well bear repetition. But this they accounted for, by the fact, that they were so charmed with the bewitching smiles, and the altogether overpowering glances accompanying this fascinating conversation, that they could not remember its exact phases of fascination. The fault, then, lay in their memories, not in, forbid it, heaven! her powers of mind.

But above and beyond all this, Mrs. Mortimer was charming. She even charmed her own sex. Not in her beauty, nor yet in her conversation, lay the charm; it was softly held ready for conquest in her manner. So great was its power, people had been known to meet Mrs. Mortimer, prepared to hate her, and come out of the ordeal confessed adorers of her perfections. So unerring was its influence, that the person had yet to be found who had not been won over by it. So sure its hold, that its victims, even when writhing under the wounds inflicted by Mrs. Mortimer's tongue, would not believe she was the inflicter. This manner, which thus won all hearts, was of the airy and radiant and ecstatic kind. She met you on all occasions with it ready to disarm or enchant, as the case might be, and the true secret of its success lay in the fact, that, by some curious spell entirely her own, this manner was so arranged as to make you feel that all its ecstasy and radiance and inimitable airiness were due to you; that *you* called it into play, and that *you* made its owner happy by the light of your presence. Made Mrs. Mortimer happy! Could any human heart help feeling flattered? Ah! flattered, to all intents and pur-

poses, means conquered. So, "by thousands," did Mrs. Mortimer count the vanquished in the social field. Who "fell down and adored" her!

It was Mrs. Mortimer's day for receiving calls—the day when, informally, her world was made aware of the fact that she was "at home;" the day of all others when characters lay in ruins at her feet, and names precious to their owners as life itself were sacrificed without hesitation. Nothing could be more faultless than the picture presented by the spectacle of Mrs. Mortimer seated in the recesses of her boudoir, where birds sang and flowers bloomed, and fragrance rested on the air, though outside winter reigned supreme. And persons entering were incited to compare the place to paradise itself, and to consider its exquisitely costumed mistress the personification of unalloyed and well-deserved bliss.

"How charmed I am to see you, dearest Mrs. Whyte; I wished so much for you to call to-day!" This ecstatically to a visitor just ushered in.

"Thank you, Mrs. Mortimer; you are very kind."

"Yes, do you know I have been in such anxiety about your sweet Cornelia since I heard the story going the rounds!"

"Gracious! My Cornelia! What story can it be?"

"Oh, you have not heard it! Then I had better say nothing."

"On the contrary, you will relieve me very much by saying all you know, since in your opinion it concerns her."

"Well, it is of George Hazlitt, and you know what concerns him," with the sweetest of smiles, "concerns her now."

"Certainly; but what is it?"

"I really do not like to say, dearest Mrs. Whyte. Please do not compel me to be the bearer of unwelcome tidings, which, after all, may not be true."

"Nay, Mrs. Mortimer; your kind

concern for me in the matter makes me wish that you of all others should tell me; therefore speak. That George Hazlitt and Cornelia are betrothed the world knows, but if any suspicion of unworthiness rests at his door, it is only kindness that she should be warned in time."

"Well, remember, please, that I only 'tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'"

Now Mrs. Mortimer had taken, so to speak, her two favorite preparatory springs, viz., "I do not like to say"—which had been known to mean everything calumnious under the sun—and "I only 'tell the tale as 'twas told to me,'" which invariably shifted the odium of the calumny on to the shoulders of the former tellers, who, it may most certainly be believed, existed like the famous "Mrs. Harris" of Mrs. Gamp's acquaintance, in the realms of imagination alone, and so she was ready for the fatal blow.

"George Hazlitt, it is said, has disappeared under—well the kindest thing that can be spoken about it is to call them—very unsatisfactory circumstances."

Of course Mrs. Whyte is overpowered at first, then—

"But I must know the circumstances, Mrs. Mortimer; what are they? He was at my house last night, happy and open-hearted, and frank as man could be. Perhaps there is some mistake."

"I fear not, my dearest Mrs. Whyte," and softly the purring voice completes the hidden work; "of course I only repeat what I have heard with sorrow, on account of your dear Cornelia; but things *look* very much against George Hazlitt. And dear me," falling back against soft cushions, with a melancholy air of wounded morality edifying to look upon, "to think how we all praised and admired and looked up to George Hazlitt, and how we considered him the best match going, and now—"

"But I am in suspense. You have not told me, remember."

"True; forgive me. I was so absorbed in considering the delusion we were all under regarding him, and how consequently we helped to draw dear Cornelia into her present very embarrassing condition, that—"

"Please, Mrs. Mortimer, relieve me! What were the circumstances of George's disappearance?"

"Well, he was missed from his place of business, and, on inquiry being made at his boarding-house, could not be found there. Then it was discovered that he left on a very early train this morning in company with a lady! At least a person answering to his description did so. Later in the day it was found that yesterday he parted with very valuable property of his for half its worth, and heaven only knows where it may end!"

"Where what may end? You cannot think he—"

"I do not like to say what I think, dearest Mrs. Whyte. *Other people* think some very dishonorable business proceeding lies under all this. You know he rose wonderfully quick, from a poor office-boy to a rich speculator, and, for my part, I never trust too much to those over-steady young men, whose conduct is beyond nature itself, as his was."

"But, Mrs. Mortimer, he was always the merriest of the merry amongst young people."

"Ah! indeed. Well, no one can blame you, no matter what comes of it, dearest Mrs. Whyte. The whole world considered you the most prudent of mothers in securing such a match for Cornelia, as he *appeared* to be, and it will only be considered your misfortune, and an undeserved one at that, that you were mistaken. Cheer up," seeing the ready tears in the overwhelmed mother's eyes, "nay, you are exhausted by this emotion. Let me ring for a glass of wine for you."

"THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

ONE of the greatest errors relative to the nature of the Redemption introduced by the "Reformers," was the fact avowed that the mere knowledge of Christian doctrines sufficed, "man is saved by faith alone." It is true, indeed, that the practices of the various sects did not long accord with this theory; for each new religious leader prescribed a mode of worship adapted to his own conceits or fancy. The sacramental system of the Catholic Church was denounced as superstitious; a human contrivance burdensome to man, and valueless, or positively injurious to salvation. Sacraments may be abolished in name; but they must be retained in either a mutilated or newly devised shape, by every society calling itself Christian. That this has been done, with what results the world has seen, is made evident to any one who reflects on Protestant disciplines and ordinances, and is not easily imposed on by mere names. People may term Baptism a sacrament or an "ordinance," but if they claim that this "ordinance," as this sacrament, is necessary to salvation, founding their belief on the same scriptural text, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the kingdom of God," John, chap. 3, v. 5, they make essentially the same claim; and advocate the one as the other the necessity of sacraments. Whatever is pretended it is yet clear that all church organizations have the reason of their existence, as religious institutions, on the pretence or special right of bestowing, through some channel, the supernatural gift of grace. If men can be as good, as virtuous, and as well instructed in spiritual concerns without as within a church, then the disciplinary restrictions and enactments of churches are usurpations

and human arrogance. Looking at religion from the Protestant standpoint, the words of the infidel Gibbon ought and do find realization even in Christianity. His reason for the theory of Rome's tolerance, in those ancient days, of all kinds of paganism, is very singular, and removes all claims it could have for the admiration of other nations and other times. He says of the various modes of worship, that all were considered "by the people as equally true; by the philosopher, as equally false; and by the magistrate, as equally useful." Chap. 2, Dec. and Fall. For if a church be merely a social arrangement, as on the acknowledged basis of private judgment it can be nothing else, then as long as people adhere to the various sects they are to them equally true; and the philosopher and statesman may regard them according to their peculiar humors. The "emotional religion" of the materialistic professor is founded on such a view of the matter, and advocated merely as a help to render society more law-abiding and less turbulent. The favorite aphorism of Erastianism, and statesmen are now with hardly an exception Erastian, arises from the same conception of ecclesiasticism. The philosophers and statesmen of the hour are too apt to look on the mass of the people, from whom the advantages of education, the endowments of nature, or the political current has raised them, much in the same way as the Roman patrician regarded the plebeian populace of the republic. Anything, whether rational or irrational, that will keep them quiet and unalterably firm in their allegiance, the object most sought, is encouraged, just as toys are given to spoiled children. Notions of justice beyond the conve-

nience of the state to practice, or conscientious scruples about any matter of civil polity, are alone denominated superstitious and intolerable by the ruling faction or body by whatever name called.

But notwithstanding the governmental theory of religion, the people will not and do not accept things religious as simple social affairs, made to keep them in due subordination to the laws. Whilst in great part it is true, that the multitudes are but illy calculated to examine the groundwork of religious teachings, and satisfy themselves of the authority on which any particular form of belief rests, it is very certain they are cognizant of the principle that any religious creed which is of purely human formation is not worthy of respect, and can claim from them homage of neither head nor heart. Whatever may be thought of the motives of credibility, or the reasoning on which a formula of faith is supported, it is accepted as such by its professors on the supposition that it is of divine origin. Infidel philosophers, and infidel statesmen, flatter themselves that they can contrive a religious system on rational principles or state considerations, and no doubt they can do so, but their intellectual instruments will fail in gaining anything like a national acceptance. The discursive faculty even in the untutored savage is very considerable; and not at all so much inferior to the developed brain of the civilized infidel as this latter, in his extreme vanity, predicates. Most men may not have ingenuity enough to devise a logical or sophistic code of precepts; but they are competent to weigh and determine the reasonableness or improbability of all kinds of theories touching the variegated duties of man. The fact that there is a command to preach Christianity to all nations, assures the Christian that this discernment is a prerogative of human nature. The innumerable failures standing on record against

the efforts of infidelity, show how vain are the boastings of those self-sufficient men. It is possible to make atheists of the citizens of any land; but it is not possible to cause them to embrace any set of religious tenets when they are aware that a mortal like themselves framed them. Every effort is insane which begins by removing the divine origin of religion; and hopes when this is effected to substitute some other of a professedly lower source. The attempt to rob man of what he loves and reveres, and force him to accept what he will not receive, and cannot but despise, will prove fruitless and utterly barren. Intellectual pride blinds man to his own weakness and defects, far more thoroughly than pride of any other description, and hence we find the extravagances of philosophers a theme of ridicule to every generation. The lust of power, or the love of pre-eminence very frequently causes the ruler to forget that both his title and his privilege are but the insignia of a high and inviolable trust; and hence we find rebellions and conspiracies, in every age, upsetting the despot and usurper. A civil religion, or a philosophic one, is the dream of a political madman; the delirium of an unwise and inconsiderate sophist. Many suppose that paganism was of human invention, but nothing is more untrue. It was a divine religion corrupted and deformed. Mohammedanism, though devised by Mohammed, it is needless to say pretends likewise a superhuman and celestial authority.

There is no question but statesmen and philosophers view Protestantism aright in giving it a merely human sanction. This is all it can claim, logically, in its constitution and enactments. Men, without divine aid or direction, the warranty of Nature, or the ordination of Revelation, originated it. Their error consists in supposing that it is so received by the people who profess it. To those who embrace it, the

matter has a different and more exalted beginning. They hold to it, at least those of them who are sincere in their profession, believing it to be the very same doctrine which Christ taught. There are many palpable and insurmountable obstacles and conclusive arguments against this pretension, but they are either unknown or ignored by its adherents. Whether the claim be a just one, as in the case of the Jews under the Old Law and the Catholics under the New; or a mere delusion as instanced by the pagans, Mohammedans, and heretics, religion, in order to be accepted of men, must show a theistic origin. This is a wonderful provision of nature or rather of nature's God; and is the first proof not only of the possibility but of the necessity of revelation. All religions agree in this point, though they may differ in every other. It is a great mark of the absence of true wisdom in any man, no matter what his fame or reputation, should he deem it practicable to promulgate anything as religion whilst denying or renouncing communication with the Deity. The false teachers, who have deluded any portion of the human family, could instruct those philosophic and political religionists in their own astute wisdom.

The spirit of Christianity, more than that of any other form of religion that ever existed on this earth, demands this full and primal acknowledgment: Not by prophecy, inspiration, vision, dream, or other chosen instrumentality, but by God made man, living among men, and like unto men in every respect, except sinfulness, was Christianity introduced into the world. It, therefore, allows of no tampering or modifying. Its doctrines may tax the submission of the human mind, and its morals may grieve human propensities, but to cast a doubt on the one, or to relax the other, is to adulterate it. Never has man attempted to improve the principles, doctrines,

and morality, or the method of perpetuating them established by Christ, that a deterioration in all did not soon succeed the project. Men have so endeavored, and apparently for a season with success, but the inevitable evils grew up by process of time. The innumerable heresies, most of which are now forgotten, or known to history alone, were such efforts. Those that still live in the lives and actions of men will one day, too, be catalogued with that interminable series of vain and impious undertakings. Accidental concurrences generated the errors; and when these are interrupted or destroyed, the errors die. The historical past unmistakably witnesses this peculiar feature of human infirmity.

Among the many Christian institutions brought into disrepute by the "reforming" party of the sixteenth century, the Catholic sacramentary suffered most. Two out of the seven sacraments were alone, even partially, retained; and now those two, or, better, the fragments of them that still survive, mean nothing and are fast falling into desuetude. Protestantism is working itself out of its scant Christian habiliments into the cold and shapeless nudity of infidelity. But though they disclaimed the other sacraments, they still retained them under altered names. They practiced the "*rites*" of confirmation or "sealing," ordination or the "imposition of hands," funeral obsequies, matrimonial unions; and, though most ridiculed, berated, and scoffed at, they yet used and claimed the power of forgiving sins. What calumnies, what misrepresentations, what slanders, and what blasphemies have not been showered on this grandest and most essentially Christian grace and privilege!

If Christianity is to be regarded as anything more than a fine theory—an intellectual web marvellous in its conception, or a fantasy of the imagination—it must have in it personal appliances and adaptabilities.

Theories, that are entirely such as the Republic of Plato, the Utopia of More, and the Oceana of Harrington, may command the admiration of the scholar, but beyond the horizon of the academy they are utterly disregarded. No one, except an incurable dreamer and visionary, would persist, after a very short experience, in an effort to construct a commonwealth on their cherished and embellished principles. Another creation, with new intellectual beings, is the prime and choice essential to their practicability. That Christianity is no such theory is evidenced in a christianized world. It is pre-eminently personal and practical. But as all personal matters add to or detract something from the person, so in a like manner, Christianity must have added or taken away something from man. It did both: it added special graces; and, as an indispensable preparation for this addition, it took away sin. The removal of sin is, consequently, the first trait and faculty of practical Christianity. It need not be subjoined that sin and grace cannot coexist in the soul, or that the soul is born into a sinful state; for these are Christian axioms believed by all who receive as divine the truths that Revelation teaches. Thus is Christianity in its first application to man's soul shown to consist of a cleansing property—the obliteration of original sin. But men commit sin after this regeneration, for St. John says: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (1 Ep. ch. i). Christianity would be imperfect, unless it provided a remedy for this after-sin, or actual sin, as it is named. Men dying in grievous sin cannot be saved; and hence Christianity would fail in its object of securing salvation to men if it did not afford a means of purging out sins as they are committed; for men may die at any moment. Death does not await the accepted time or season of salvation, but comes like a thief in the

night. This uncertainty attending the visitation of death was not unknown to the Divine Founder of Christianity, and consequently He must have made provision to meet it. Besides, the graces of Christianity are intended to elevate man, and give him the mastery over his grovelling inclinations. Grace follows grace as sin does sin. But if there were no means of removing sin, when, through the weakness or neglect of the person, it has gained domination over the soul, then, though Christian graces abound and superabound, they could not reach that stained soul, and would be to it as if they were not. The efficacy of the Christian system is thus shown to depend entirely, in practice, on the pardoning power which must of necessity belong to it.

Looked at under any other aspect Christianity becomes latitudinarian nonsense or contracted absurdity. If it is stated, as some hold, that the sacred death on Calvary blotted out all sin present at that time in the world, or possible in the succeeding years, then man cannot but be saved; and the apostles and the martyrs would have died to no purpose. This theory assumes that men now in the world, or who lived a few decades ago, understand, or understood, better than the apostles, the nature of the grand consummation, which needs but to be indicated to arouse contempt. Those, on the other hand, who maintain that the mere knowledge of Christianity brings with it the desired pardon, are forced to support an absurd position, that man is forgiven whilst he is sinning; or in other words, that a person with such knowledge may be a Pagan or miscreant in his works, thoughts, and words. These two extremes removed on account of their impossibility, it remains certain that the great active principle of Christianity, without which it would remain ineffective, is the "forgiveness of sins," as it is termed in the apostolic symbol.

It may be said that it was an exercise of this power by the Catholic Church which furnished Luther with a pretext for unfurling the banner of revolt. It is well known that the sale of "indulgences" was the rallying cry of the "Reformers." Whilst it is possible there may have been some excesses, it is certain that it was neither the intention nor laws of the Church that caused them; but the ignorant and unwarranted credulity of the people, or the base faithlessness of the dispensers. The Church has branded with infamy from her earliest days such abuses, and named them in horror Simony, after that arch-heretic Simon Magus, who tried to purchase from Saints Peter and John the gifts of the Holy Ghost. (Acts, chap. viii, v. 18.) Heavy penalties and severe censures frown on the sacrilegious wretch who should indulge his appetite for lucre by the sale of sacred things—sacraments or sacramentals.

The intemperate declamations yet uttered against the Christian power of forgiving sins would lead one to suppose that the sects from whose pulpits these utterances are hurled totally repudiated such a power. But nothing is more remote from the fact. It may seem a strange assertion to make, but this paper has for its object to show that the Protestant sects with which we are acquainted all use a far more unlimited and unqualified power than the one duly and incontestably claimed by the Catholic Church. Those extremely fanatical bodies of men who have an inward assurance that they are the special and beloved people of God deem themselves incapable of sin, and may, therefore, be well passed over in this or any other investigation. Protestantism for the present purpose can be divided into two phases, the early developments, Episcopalianism and Presbyterianism, and the modern divisions embraced in the somewhat indefinite and unmeaning term Evangelicanism.

It is needless to state that rigid Calvinism held the most repulsive theory of predestination. It taught that men could not fall from grace, and that those moral delinquencies of which the favored sons of "Presbytery" were guilty were not imputed to them. Of course none were the "called of God" but such as joined in conventicle psalmody. Whoever then subscribed the "confession" was at once pronounced free from his past derelictions, and not only that but free also from the future ones as long as he remained attached to the "covenant." This is rather an unlimited privilege of granting pardon to the sinner. The man may do unseemly actions, but his right thinking will cover all. This pardoning power is referred to God, but "Presbytery" claimed, and still claims, the peculiar office of determining it, either bestowing or withholding. In other words Presbyterianism extends to those illumined and favored by its doctrines the fullest pardon conceivable for past, present, and future sins.

Some features of Episcopalianism never entirely rejected sacramental absolution. It allowed and even counselled "confession" of the auricular kind in "extremis." But even viewed from the level of the low churchman, its power of forgiving sins is, indeed, extensive. Where belief in original sin still exists it claims the power of wiping it away; where the preachers have succeeded in destroying that belief, it is evident they not only could remove but have eradicated this sin, in one fell swoop, both from the souls of their auditors and those of their progeny. Moreover, regular adult members of Episcopalianism all possess the power of forgiving sins. The preparation for the communion service supposes that all who are about to participate "purge" their consciences from sin by a private acknowledgment to God. This is in fact to make every one his own con-

fessor, with the right of judging his own dispositions, compunction, and resolution; and then of pronouncing himself absolved. Though it may seem inconsistent with this self-pardoning prerogative, yet the "minister" can refuse the "elements" to those whom he adjudges unworthy. Thus are there two conflicting agents, the one justifying the private conscience, and the other sometimes condemning the public one, or otherwise concurring in the self-absolution. These older forms of Protestantism are constantly harping on "confession to God alone," as if the deity could be ignorant of man's perversity in any instance, and did not enjoin confession solely to make man more conscious of his infirm state, his constant need of God's succoring hand to keep him from falling into sin, and thus into the jaws of eternal death.

It may not appear so, but it is evident, on a comparison, that "Evangelicism," or the practices of revivalism, now so widespread, is at once the furthest development the Protestant theory is capable of, and a reversion from its leading trait,—freedom of worship. The various forms into which the religious ferment of the first Protestants shaped itself, retained some positive doctrines which they held essential to the great work of salvation. Evangelicism has done with teaching of every kind. In this way private judgment has its longest rein, and swings loosely from notion to notion, or opinion to opinion. But what it has lost in doctrine it more than supplies by most arrogant and exclusive discipline. It is, in other words, the same creed which the old sect of Independents miscalled "liberty of conscience." They taught that a man could believe what he pleased, but should conform to the mode of worship the stronger party in the state had set up. To sincere, conscientious, and self-respecting people, it need not be said this is the most

odious of all religious supremacies, and is the compulsory system, with an attempted or lame excuse, which is no excuse at all. Men may be driven to houses of worship by bayonets or dragooned into conformity, but further human power cannot go. Only the most absurd of men would claim credit for allowing what they could not impede. Whilst Evangelicalists do not compel attendance, because they cannot so do, they nevertheless enforce the strictest observance of their special disciplines on those who hearken to them. The worst feature of the matter is that their disciplinary arrangements are not fixed or stable, and may receive at conference or association retrenchments, alterations or additions from year to year. What is lawful this year may be forbidden and unlawful the next, as fanatical rigidity, or soft, good nature predominates in the composition of those annual assemblies. What and how great are the innovations and changes, through emulation of the Catholic Church, introduced into meeting-house furniture, architecture, and decorum within the last decade, are truly wonderful and unaccountable to those who were bred to another set of notions prevalent earlier in this century.

The ruling spirit of those places of yearly deliberation is not so much confined by the moral relations of any question as by its social aspects; and hence these fluctuations of sentiment interdict or promote the enforcement of a special enactment. No man, who looks at things in a purely moral light, will be found to assert that the social pastime, when properly conducted, of certain modes of dancing, is more immoral, or even as much so as the immodest "romps" indulged in the domestic gatherings of certain "Evangelicals." Yet the indulgence of the one forfeits membership, whilst the other is rather encouraged. The reason of the prohibition in the one case and the

license in the other is, therefore, not on moral considerations, but because it tallies with what was some years back a ruling social conventionalism. New appellations, new customs, and even novel ideas in religion, are thus introduced from time to time without causing dissatisfaction or disunion to any great extent. Of all the sects that were constructed out of the débris of Christianity, snatched to itself by Protestantism, these Evangelical folk are the least conservative. They proclaim and pretend to a power of forgiving sins surpassing the reach of the human mind.

The very atmosphere surrounding the "mourner's bench" (in these last days styled "*altar*") is pregnant with the virtue of absolution. Every law of justice and restitution is there suspended. A man may come within that magic circle loaded down with the spoils of robbery, speculation, and criminal practices, and, after a feigned or real manifestation of sorrow or joy (either will satisfy), he returns to his own house assured that salvation is within his reach, though he still fattens on unholy plunder. All his sins are rubbed out, though widow and orphan are undergoing the cruel pangs of hunger, owing to his malpractices, whilst he himself is rolling in luxury and smiling at the rosy prospect of a grace that comes so opportunely with a warrant that his villainies are now transformed into virtues. Who in this broad land has not witnessed such miraculous transformations? There is no other process known to man through which sinners, without divesting themselves of their vices or their ill-gotten goods, become all on a sudden saints. One thing alone is needed, "change of heart." That said to be present, the preacher pronounces the fullest quittance. To this astounding length is the "power of forgiving sins" carried during life; but when life is about to become extinct, or already has ceased,

the "Evangelical" judges, pardons and grants free access to the kingdom of God without hesitancy or doubt. It never enters the preacher's mind to conceive that he is hardly competent to pronounce on what he knows nothing about, or to judge what he has never seen, nor can know through the senses,—the soul. But it matters little; visible or invisible things to him are the same. The body is seen and the accents of the lips have been heard, and this suffices. It is no wonder that fanaticism is begotten of such all-transforming illumination, and that those who do not partake its pleasant light are reputed infidels, and declared hopelessly lost.

One would imagine that such a system, neither warranted by scriptural text interpreted by the least glimmer of good sense, nor upheld by any kind of ratiocination, could never find countenance among people supposed to have learned that they are possessed of a rational faculty. It is an additional proof that some facts are stranger than the wildest fictions. Men never find any difficulty in believing the absurdest things, provided they favor in any way their selfishness, vanities, or passions. On the other hand, let a thing be as clear and unmistakable as the meridian sun, but interfering with the vicious desires of human nature, and it will be questioned, denied, and rejected.

Having thus shown that Protestant sects retain whilst disclaiming the principle of "the forgiveness of sins," it is well to scrutinize this power in its reality as it was given to the true Church of Christ. Here we will find no wild theory, nothing arrogant, nothing indefinite, nothing absurd, but a system having in it such elements and such a complete formation as to manifest at once its origin higher than human,—the production of divine wisdom and mercy. It is to be noted that salvation is not an absolute possession forced on man,

willing or not willing. The sacrifice of Calvary repurchased heaven for the human race, and the mission of Christianity is to show each individual how he may enter into possession of this heritage, and to provide ample means for such purposes. It is something within man's reach, but he must reach to secure it. All this is effected by teaching the plenitude of revealed truth and tutoring the heart to the highest moral precepts.

As morals consist not only of knowledge, but also of acts expressive of this knowledge; and as rational acts require an intelligent agent, an eliciting end, and a means proportioned to both the capability of the agent and the nature of the end, so either wanting actual morality is defective and vitiated. But Christian morality is wanting in nothing, and is, therefore, neither vitiated nor defective. Here is the intelligent agent, the instructed Catholic; the eliciting end, the eternal felicity of heaven; and the proportioned means, sacramental graces. Instruction or knowledge alone does not lift up the man nearer to heaven; it simply tells there is such a place. Desiring the end will not bring it within grasp. The means of attaining it is, therefore, ever present and open to all alike, the learned and unlearned, the rich and the poor, the emotional and phlegmatic. Christ provided in the Catholic sacrament such a means. Every state of human existence, and every duty exacted in life here find direction, proportioned strength, and the required energy. As all things for salvation are thus provided, so it is man's part to make use of them.

"Man born of woman living for a short time is filled with many miseries" as holy Job, chap. 14, says. His greatest misery and the source of all the others is his proneness to sin. The sacrament of penance is at once a corrective and a remedy for this misery. A remedy, for it erases past sins; a corrective,

for it makes the soul fully sensitive of the deplorable consequences of sin. Human ingenuity has never been able to contrive anything approaching it even in appearance, though often attempted, which shows that it is of divine institution, inasmuch as man can imitate, and oftentimes excel, what man has made when he has the model to work from. But every attempt at imitation, and there have been many hitherto made, has palpably failed; and for the same reason every attempt of a like kind will fail in the future. Very different, indeed, is the real sacrament of penance from the caricature of it that is held up for reprobation in the Protestant pulpits. There it is made to usurp a power, or rather declare an iniquity, which God himself does not possess, that of granting a license to sin. Far from claiming any such right it knows no office but the destruction of sin in root and branch.

The institution of this sacrament, the manner and nature of it, are very clearly set forth in the words: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." John, ch. 20, ver. 23. This text embraces the confession of sins to men, for otherwise the apostles or their successors could not know either the sins or the relative criminality of them, and so could not retain them; the confession of sins includes a prior sorrow for their commission; and sorrow for the commission of sins shows a determination to abstain from the commission and make amends. The right to forgive or retain manifests in its entirety the power of absolution. This is in other words the Catholic sacrament, made up as it is of four parts,—Contrition, Confession, Satisfaction, and Absolution. Three of those parts belong wholly to the person confessing; and those three determine the giving or withholding of the absolution. If those three conditions are present, the priest cannot deny absolution; and

if they are absent, no priest, bishop, or pope can lawfully pronounce the absolution. This shows that the priest or confessor is not in any sense the author of the absolution; and is merely an agent authorized in due and unmistakable form, by a special grace, to open the channels of grace to the souls of others. But grace for his own soul, he like the laity must seek from another point. Thus the means of grace are open alike to all, and must be used in the same manner, whether by priest or layman. This is the impartial justice of God, the all-inclusive mercy of Christ, found nowhere but in the Church which he has established—the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. Look without, and you never see the "preachers" on the "stool of repentance," or drooping over the "mourner's bench;" but within the Catholic Church none are more constant or greater frequenters of the "confessional" in the humble posture of penitents than the priests: "For there is no respect of persons with God," Rom. ch. 2, ver. 11.

If confession of sin has any object at all, it is that it may enable the sinner to overcome his evil habits and destroy his wicked propensities. Certainly God has no need of such declaration; for "all things are naked and open to his eyes, even our most secret thoughts and actions." The confession of sins is, therefore, enjoined on man, in order that he may endeavor to correct his moral infirmities. But confession made in any other way than that prescribed by the Catholic Church fails in the attainment of this the sole end. Necessarily when it is possible, the penitent must name the sinful actions, thoughts, words, and omissions, their number and nature, to the confessor, who is required by his sacred office to admonish, to counsel, to direct what are the requirements of violated justice or wounded charity, to exhort

the sinner to the fullest reparation practicable, and at the same time to make him feel the dire heinousness of his offences. This is all that can be done in the order of correction, for a creature having a free will. He is made to see his defects in their true light, he has counsel how to overcome them, knowledge of their consequences, and the sacramental grace, enabling him to avoid them in the future. It need not be added that the confidences of the "confessional" are inviolable; or that the priest must undergo every punishment that man can inflict, even the cruellest death, sooner than reveal, without the penitents' consent, any part of the confession. St. John Nepomuk, the martyr of the confessional, illustrates this inviolability.

Compare with this the poor contrivances of men. A sincere public confession, no doubt, would have much the same effect, but this is too far beyond the pride and weakness of men in general to be anything more than used in some manner extraordinarily. See what a sad degeneration has come over the attempt of John Wesley. Class-meetings are now circles of soft and silly egotism. Self-accusation, in general terms, fails in every instance, and so has no reason in it, for it neither reminds the man of his sins, nor can it procure due counsel. Self-confession, or "confession to God," as it is called in Ephraim, though better than "class-meeting confessions" or "generalizing confessions," is infirm, owing to man's self-love, blind, because of the absence of counsel, and defective as a means of correction, for there is no one to judge; and, as in all other things, so likewise in this, men are poor and improper judges of themselves. Where the judgment of any matter is faulty, the corrective and remedies must be so too. This so-called "confession to God" of Protestants is at best nothing more than the daily "examen

of conscience" practiced by all fervent Catholics. Thus, then, supposing absolution possible alike to all, the mode observed by the Catholic Church is shown superior and better adapted to the present state of mankind; and hence, it must be concluded, as Christ was infinitely wise, that this is the form he prescribed as best according with human wants.

The power of forgiving sins belonging to the Catholic Church, though extending to all manner of men and all manner of sin, is a very definite and not extravagant power. It requires more and heavier conditions for its exercise than that pretended to by any Protestant sect whatever. There is nothing absolute in it. Whilst every Protestant reserves or claims the right of absolving himself, or pronouncing himself freed from his sins, no Catholic, Pope, bishop, priest, or layman, can make such a claim. Whilst Protestant sects award, many, if not most of them, perfect immunity from sin to their several memberships during life, and all declare their own dead confidently in heaven, the Catholic Church makes no pretence to absolve any sins but such as are confessed with sorrow as already committed; and of her dead (a few signally favored individuals, whose lives were beyond reproach, and whose sanctity was strongly attested by miraculous manifestations, excepted) she has no further and gives no greater assurance than charitable hope of their salvation. It is, therefore, evident to any one that Protestantism holds and practices a far more extensive and much less rational prerogative of absolving sins than belongs to the Catholic Church. Without doubt, the conditions exacted by the sacrament of penance are severer on human pride and vanity than any others. But in this is only strict conformity with Christianity, which, both in its Divine Master and in its universal spirit, is

a system of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice.

The current saying of Protestants, "we confess to God," is either nonsense or most impious blasphemy. If they intimate by the expression, as can be sometimes inferred by its pointed use, that Catholics confess to the priest alone, it is arrant nonsense; for no Catholic entertains such a thought. If they, on the other hand, pretend that the "ear of God" is shut to any confession made within the secret chambers of the heart, in public to multitudes, in a private apartment, or confidently in the tribunal of penance, they deny the omnipresence of God, and in consequence are guilty of blasphemy. Wherever or however acknowledged or unacknowledged, the Omniscient is cognizant of men's actions in part and in whole—virtuous, vicious, hypocritical, and sincere. He has no need of any enumeration of them, special or general, and when he requires such, it is for man's sole benefit and improvement.

From the subject under discussion, as from the various other distinctive peculiarities of Protestantism, one thing is conclusive: there is a strong and inevitable tendency in that theory of religion inaugurated by Luther to shake itself away from everything in doctrine and duty that bears hard on human nature and human passions. But if Christianity did not possess truths for the enlightenment of man and curbs for his passions, how was the world to be renovated by it? If men knew as much, or more, as some in those later days hold, before its proclamation, and after they have received its healing and consoling light, still are permitted to follow the bent of their inclinations as unrestrictedly as did the educated pagans and idolaters of old, it is without purpose.

People may talk of Christian morality, integrity, and rectitude; but there can be no such thing without the purifying, curbing, salutary min-

istrations of the sacrament of Penance as instituted by Christ and cherished by the Catholic Church. It is not meant to deny that there may be natural morality and social morality, for to either of these kinds most of the honesty and self-denial found now among people beyond the pale of the Church is attributable. They observe decorum in conduct and action, not because their consciences tell them it is proper and meritorious, but because society exacts it. Society may alter its tone, and has so done thousands of times; and then the exaction may be the very reverse of what was demanded before, and which will be yielded as freely. It may become the fashion, a thing not at all unlikely, to profess free-thinking and profanity in social circles; but when this happens, those who are now zealots for some pet scheme of Christianity will be found equally rabid as favorers of infidelity.

Without the sacramental system of the Catholic Church, Christianity is maimed and imperfect, and manifests many inherent defects and a general incompleteness. When religious consolations are most needed by poor, shrinking, afflicted human-

ity, it has nothing to offer. In the days of sorrow or calamity, on the eve of death, in the feverish hours of sickness and pain; when human nature craves aid, grace, and solace, Protestantism knows no balm. It stands mute before afflictions and miseries—the chief lot of man. It is the religion of good health and prosperity. But man is naturally infirm, man is ever weak, man is mortal, and subject to many ills. Has Christianity made no special provisions for those features, the most constant and common of life? It would be unworthy of its divine origin, if it did not. Protestantism reaches a Bible to the vigorous and sound in mind; and it has nothing else to proffer the fainting, troubled, darkened, struggling soul. Here its imperfection and human source are indubitably displayed. By its side the completeness and transcendent perfection of Catholicity stands out in bold relief, establishing and asserting its own truth and divine foundation. At no time has it more graces, more helps, more spiritual resources than when poor, frail man has to struggle with misfortune, infirmity, disappointment, or death.

AN EPITAPH.

"I will be rich!" I said;
 And, I am poor;
 "I will be great!"
 And, I am least of all;
 "When I am old!" said I,
 And, I am dead;
 "I will be loved!"
 And, I am clean forgot;
 "I will be wise!"
 This one truth have I learned:
 That death alone was certain in my life.

FRANCIS NORBERT BLANCHET, D.D.,

THE APOSTLE OF OREGON AND THE FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF THE GREAT WEST.

"The path of the just is as the shining light."—PROVERBS.

AWAY in the far West, even on the shores of the Pacific, there dwells one of the Apostles of our country. His humble modesty would fain hide his shining deeds, his laborious life, from the eyes of men. He knows that his works are written in God's history, and he cares naught for the applause of the world. But, above all, at this day the life of such a venerable man is precious. It should be known to our nation.

The Most Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet, D.D., Archbishop of Oregon, and Apostle of the Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, is the oldest of all our prelates. He was born in the parish of St. Pierre, Rivière du Sud, Province of Quebec, Canada, on the 3d of September, 1795. His parents were Pierre and Rosalie Blanchet. They belonged to that simple, upright, and respectable class of people, the French Canadian farmers. In his 12th year Francis was sent with his brother, now the Right Rev. Bishop of Nisqually, to the parochial school, where, having mastered the rudiments of knowledge, he made his first communion, and began the study of Latin. Even at this early age the bright and pious boys were intended for the Church. In 1809, the future Archbishop, with his brother, proceeded to the Little Seminary of Quebec, in order to continue his studies, completing rhetoric in 1814, and philosophy two years later. He then entered the Great Seminary, commenced the study of theology, held a professorship for two years, and was ordained priest on July 18th, 1819, by the Right Rev. Dr. Plessis, Bishop of Quebec.

The Abbé Blanchet was immediately appointed Vicar at the Cathedral of Quebec, where he remained one year. In October, 1820, he was appointed to the mission of Richibucto, New Brunswick, which he administered for seven years. His mission extended seventy-five miles along the Atlantic coast, from the Buctouche to the Miramichi Rivers. Among his flock the Abbé Blanchet counted a pretty large number of Micmac Indians, all Catholics, and devout to St. Anne of Burnt Church, situated on the northern shore of the Miramichi. Often did he accompany these dusky sons of the forest there to celebrate the great festival of the 26th of July. Coming from all parts of the country they gathered at that hallowed church every year with their priest, Rev. Thomas Cook, late Bishop of Three Rivers, Canada, then missionary at Chatham, New Brunswick. Great and impressive was the display of the red men on these occasions by the firing of guns, when the flotilla of canoes of the Indians of Richibucto, beautifully adorned with flags, was approaching the mission land. The kind reception of the newcomers proved that they were all brothers, children of the same family, the Holy Catholic Church. The eight days spent in devotion, in hearing Mass, attending prayers and instructions, going to confession and holy communion, were found very short. They were days of benediction. Mournful was the time of parting.

The Micmacs are the best representatives of the ancient American race on the Atlantic seaboard. They are a branch of the famed Abnaki

nation, and the only Indian tribe that possesses a regular method of writing peculiarly their own. In his *History of the Abnaki*, page 42, Rev. Eugene Vétromile, D.D., the learned Indian scholar and missionary, gives the Lord's Prayer in Micmac characters. These rude penmen write the word heaven by making the figure of a star, and the word God by a triangular pyramid. In some respects the letters, or hieroglyphics, resemble the Japanese system.

During the seven years of his administration Father Blanchet built three churches, one at Buctouche, another at the Bay of Richibucto, and a third at Aldoin. He was very much pleased with the mild, benevolent, docile, and peaceful character of the Acadians, who composed the greater portion of his spiritual charge. As a people they are intelligent, laborious, sober, good Christians, and much attached to the ancient faith. He has often said he would willingly have passed his whole life with them. But it was not to be. A circumstance obliged him to leave his dear mission. On August 3d, 1827, he took shipping on a schooner; but came near losing his life, as the vessel, in a dense fog, passed twice over rocks, and the third time remained grounded on them. God was thus enabling his servant to serve an apprenticeship in the field of danger and hardship. He was preparing him for the wild land beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Father Blanchet spent ten years more in Canada as pastor of Cedars, in the district of Montreal. His charity and heroism during the time of the cholera is remembered even to this day. In 1832, the Protestants of his parish presented him with two large and beautiful silver cups, as a token of their admiration for his conduct in visiting the sick and dying during the raging pestilence.

BECOMES AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

His career as an American mis-

sionary now began. In 1838, the Archbishop of Quebec made him his Vicar-General, and sent him on the Oregon mission, at that time under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan of Canada. He left Montreal on the 3d of May for the new field of his labors, where he arrived on November 24th of the same year. His passage up the St. Lawrence recalls to mind that of the celebrated Brebeuf. The journey from Lachine to Red River (St. Boniface) was made in canoes, passing from one river or lake to another by portages. From Red River to the Rocky Mountains was made in light barges, with the exception of five days on horseback from Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan, to the Athabaska River. The passage across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River at Great Bend was made on horseback in nine days. The journey thence to Fort Vancouver was made on the Columbia River in light boats. Rev. Modeste Demers, late Bishop of Vancouver's Island, who was already at Red River, was ordered to join the Vicar-General.

For four years the two fearless priests toiled alone. The field was vast. Neither rock, rushing river, nor savage wilderness could diminish the zeal of these apostolic men. In 1842, Rev. A. Langlois and Rev. Z. Bolduc came to their assistance, by doubling Cape Horn. The number of missionaries increased in 1844 by the arrival of Rev. Father De Smet, S.J., from Belgium by sea, accompanied by four Fathers, three lay brothers, and six Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur.*

The mission of Oregon was bounded on the south by California, and on the north by the Arctic Sea, between the Pacific coast and the Rocky Mountains. This vast territory was erected into a Vicariate Apostolic by letters of December 1st, 1843, which only reached Oregon in 1844. Letters of the same date appointed Vicar-General Blanchet as its first

Bishop, under the title of Philadelphia *in part*. The Bishop-elect, desiring to receive the episcopal consecration in Canada, started for that country, December 5th, 1844, in the bark Columbia, of the Hudson Bay Company; touched at Honolulu; doubled Cape Horn; landed at Dover, England; passed to Liverpool; thence by steamer to Boston; and finally reached Montreal, where he received the episcopal benediction at the hands of Right Rev. Dr. Bourget, bishop of that city, on July 25th, 1845. Then returning to London by the route he came, Bishop Blanchet passed from England to Calais; thence to Paris, which he left in December for Marseilles and Rome, the latter of which he reached in January, 1846. The interests of his Vicariate having detained him there four months, he returned to Paris, visited Belgium, Aix-la-Chapelle, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna; and again repaired to Paris, preparatory to his departure with a colony of six secular missionaries, four Jesuit Fathers, three lay brothers, and seven Sisters of Namur, twenty-one persons in all, with the new Bishop. Brest was the place of departure. L'Etoile du Matin (the Morning Star), Captain Menes, was the bark destined to carry the colony to the shores of Oregon. Proceeding to sea in February, 1847, she doubled Cape Horn, and entered the Columbia River on August 14th of the same year. The title, Philadelphia *in part*, was changed into that of Draza *in part*, by letters of May, 1844.

The memorial presented to the Holy See by the Bishop of Draza having had its effect, the Vicariate was erected into an Ecclesiastical Province by a Brief of July 24th, 1846. Three new Sees were created. Archbishop Blanchet was nominated to the Metropolitan See of Oregon City; his brother, the Right Rev. A. M. A. Blanchet, to that of Walla-

Walla; and Right Rev. M. Demers to that of Vancouver Island. The See of Walla-Walla having been suppressed by letters of May, 1850, its Bishop was transferred to that of Nisqually by letters of the same date. By comparing dates it will be seen that Oregon City is the second oldest Metropolitan See in the United States—comes immediately after Baltimore.

In 1852, Archbishop Blanchet, regardless of distance, like a veteran traveller, started on his way to the First Plenary Council of Baltimore. The journey through Panama was then made on muleback as far as Chagres; thence on boats down to the first station of the railroad, then in course of construction, forty-five miles from Aspinwall. In returning he passed through Nicaragua, reached home sick, and was nearly dying in the September after, in consequence of the Nicaragua fever's making tenfold worse the ague which the good prelate caught in Baltimore. However, God was pleased to restore him to good health.

The archdiocese had incurred a heavy debt in 1846 by the erection of the Cathedral, the Sisters' Convent, and St. Paul's Church—all at Oregon City. Unable to pay it, the devoted and tireless Archbishop applied to the sacred congregation for a license to go and make collections abroad. He obtained his request, and in 1855 proceeded to South America. His efforts were blessed with great success. He collected in Peru, Chili, and other countries, being everywhere warmly welcomed both by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. With increased funds, renewed courage, and a lighter heart, Archbishop Blanchet returned home, reaching Oregon City in 1857, after an absence of over two years and a quarter.

To enumerate the adventures, the hairbreadth escapes, and the dangers passed through by Archbishop Blan-

chet, were to write a volume. On one occasion, while making his episcopal visitation in the southern parts of his diocese, he met with several accidents which might have been fatal. Three times the horse took fright, ran away, upsetting the buggy, and throwing the occupants on the ground. The last time the prelate was caught by an iron, dragged some hundred feet along the ground, and came out of the adventure with his face much bruised. But he regarded this rough ride as a portion of the narrow path to paradise—the royal way of the cross.

In 1853, the Sisters of Notre Dame left Oregon City for California. Dr. Blanchet bent his unwearied steps towards Canada in 1859, in order to obtain other religious to replace them. His journey, as usual, was very successful. He came back the same year with a colony of thirty-one persons—four priests, twelve Sisters of the Holy Names, and four servants for his own diocese, the others for the diocese of Nisqually and Vancouver Island. This time the journey in going and coming back was made at Panama by the railroad, which had been completed a few years before.

The Archbishop, in 1866, again proceeded East to assist at the second Plenary Council of Baltimore. In returning, he brought one priest and eight Sisters for his diocese. On the 18th of July, 1869, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Four months later the venerable man again bent his steps eastward—the voice of the Holy Father had summoned the princes of the Church to Rome. This time he passed from San Francisco to New York on the railroad, lately completed.

At the Vatican Council, Archbishop Blanchet voted for the *opportuneness* and the *dogma* of the Infallibility of the Pope. He was in Rome in one of the palaces of the Canonica,

when the city was taken, September 20th, 1870, by the army of that royal ruffian, Victor Emanuel. All hopes for the continuation of the Council being lost, the apostolic prelate left the Eternal City in October, and passed through Tyrol and Ausburg on his way to Louvain, as Paris was then besieged by the Prussians. He reached Portland in December, bringing with him a student from the University of Louvain.

Such, with a few exceptions, are the notes which a revered friend has kindly favored us with in the life of this really great and good man, now in his eighty-first year. If, after the lapse of thirty-seven years of uninterrupted missionary labors in the far West, the venerable Archbishop throws a retrospective glance on the past, it will be gratifying to him to behold the progress his mission has made since 1838. Then it was but a small mustard-seed, but the little grain was no sooner buried, as it were, in the earth than it quickly sprang up and even grew into a pretty large tree, which spreads its branches far and near. First, it is an humble mission; five years later it is created into a vicariate apostolic; it becomes an ecclesiastical province with three sees in 1846; and is still further increased by the creation of two vicariates apostolic, that of British Columbia in 1863, and that of Idaho in 1868; so that, where, in 1838, the whole territory contained but *two* priests, there are to-day to be found, one archbishop, four bishops, seventy-two priests, one hundred and seven churches and chapels, four colleges, eleven academies for girls, four hospitals, four orphanages, and about one hundred and twenty-four sisters. Such is the wonderful progress which the Church and the kingdom of Christ has made in the mission of Oregon in the brief space of thirty-seven years. These glorious facts speak with a convincing eloquence which rhetoric cannot en-

hance. They form a bright chapter in the history of the American Church. Like shining stars they cluster around the venerable figure of Francis Norbert Blanchet, the apostle of Oregon, and the oldest prelate who lives to bless the Centennial anniversary of our independence.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"Amid all the deep corruption of my nature and all the sorrow that life gives me, I feel the hand that holds me. I feel it most of all when I am loneliest and most forsaken."
—MARGARETHE VERFLASSEN.

EVEN amid my sin,
When the world's din
Was ringing in my ear ;
When round my heart and mind
A poisoned flower I twined,
Still, still, my God, I felt thee near,
I called thee, Lord, most blessed and most dear !

My feet were straying far
From paths where are
Thy lights about our feet ;
And unto me
Sin seemed to be
Less terrible than sweet ;
But still thy Spirit in me moved,
I loved thee, and I knew that I was loved !

Perhaps I should, dear Lord,
Only have felt the sword
Of sorrow and remorse ;
Only the bitter sense
Of my intense
Unworthiness and worse ;
And should have cried : O, Lord, depart !
A sinful man am I ; leave thou my heart !

But, O, I thank thee much,
My God, that such
Was not thy way with me ;
That thou didst still,
'Mid every ill,
My Saviour deign to be ;
And even when by sin defiled
Didst own me, O my Father, as thy child.

SISTER ROSALIE.

IN the midst of the trouble and turmoil, the worry and want of the world, it is not the least gratifying of man's inheritances, that he can look back to those who accepted most of the former as their share, that they might relieve such as are victims of the latter. The world contains so much that is saddening, so much that almost justifies the anger with which but partially observant thinkers feel impelled against its vagaries and its vanity, that it has always been a subject of gratification as well as of edification for such as feel the power of example, and who believe that a single act of heroism is more seductive in its moral force than any number of flowery discourses; it is a pleasure, we say, for such to step aside for a little while, from the jarring passions of the hour, to read and to reflect upon the line of such noble men and women as not only early ages, but even, and he will declare, *especially* our own days have furnished. It has been well said, and it cannot too often be repeated, there is far more force in the world than we are disposed to give it credit for; if we will but look beyond, or rather behind that veil of folly and frightfulness, we shall see that there is much to be proud of, much which tells us that charity in its manifold forms is still known and practiced, that we need not go beyond days which we can all remember, to find subjects worthy of our admiration and of our imitation. Among these it will perhaps be hard to choose. But, as a partial realization of the promise that they who humble themselves shall be exalted, let us go into one of the retired paths in which precious lives are spent but never spared; where Christ is loved in his person; where the little ones

of God's Church have the gospel preached to them; where, under the gray garb and the white coronet, there beat noble hearts; and as a specimen, but not a rare one, let us say a few words, and only a few; let us select in haste which will, we hope, prove fortuitous, among the acts, the words, the trials, and the triumphs of Sister Rosalie, an humble daughter of Saint Vincent; lessons wherewith to warm our hearts and to strengthen our wills.

Without further preface or introduction, let us enter this field in which the aroma of active virtues is so easily distinguished, and let us select a few of those rare rather favorite flowers of charity offered us in the life of Miss Jeanne Marie Rendu, known the world over, but especially in France, under the modest title of Sister Rosalie. Born in the village of Comfort, September 8th, 1787, she grew up to girlhood in time to witness but not to understand the terrible tragedies of the great revolution that was then preparing. Amid the patriarchal customs of her mountain home, Jeanne Rendu spent her first year in the midst of the best of examples. Her family, like Abraham of old, welcomed the weary traveller; its inmates feared God, loved their neighbor, and enjoyed a fair share of this world's wealth. In tending the flocks, Jeanne loved the company of her willing troupe, and led them into verdant pastures with the sound of her pretty voice. At this time, say her biographers, she was a blithesome, light-hearted little girl, with a cunning look, fond of fun, up to mischief, quite pleased teasing her sisters, and particularly delighted when she could throw their dolls into the neighbor's garden. Always at the head of every piece of

innocent mirth, she used to say that she wanted to do all the mischief of an ordinary life in her first years, that she might be a good young lady afterwards. So that, all things considered, it was not generally said then that Jeanne was the making of a nun or a sister. Fortunately God reads the heart; men can judge only of the external actions. Her mother seemed, with all the delicacy of conscience, to pay no attention to these harum-scarum frivolities, for this is the nearest expression we can find to express our idea; she said that Jeanne would make a good woman, and that no one would have reason to be ashamed of her.

At the early age of seven, she was in the midst of the terrible days of the revolution; she had been noticed, even at this time, for her interest in the welfare of the servants and her love for the poor. Her home was the refuge for more than one whose head had a price fixed upon it, and poor Jeanne almost became a traitoress without meaning it. Among the servants, as all were called, there was one, named Pierre, to whom there were attentions paid that struck the curiosity of the little maiden. Whenever an opportunity presented itself in the privacy of the family, Pierre was the object of general veneration, and on one occasion, when every one thought that the "little thing" was asleep, she saw, through the chinks that allowed her to peep into an adjoining room, Pierre dressed in something very like priest's vestments, and next day, when Madame Rendu undertook to speak to Jeanne about something, the latter replied, "Now, take care; perhaps I'll tell somebody that Pierre is not Pierre at all." Indeed, it was the Bishop of Armecy.

Such a revelation would have been death; then making known the real condition to the future confidante of so many hearts, Jeanne promised inviolable silence, and kept her

word. It was with difficulty that the little girl made her first communion in a cellar, and received her God in the manner and with the disposition of the Christians of the Catacombs. Her education was continued by the Ursulines, who were so much pleased with the genuine piety of their new pupil, that they already counted upon her as a future sister, but Providence had another field in store for her zeal. The cloister had certain charms, but wanted the active life of the hospital, and the touching service of the garret poor. Jeanne was not satisfied with merely doling out the charities of the convent. She desired to give herself to the poor; in a word, she wished to be the child, the daughter of Saint Vincent de Paul. It was after the terrible trials of the revolution that she presented herself at the mother-house in Paris, and by her conduct added to the joy experienced by the sisters who had been but a short time reunited. Charity but a few days previously had its stigma removed, and the generosity of a French government *allowed* charitable congregations to reopen their doors for the reception of the poor, and the admission of Protestants to serve them. Jeanne Rendu was at length in her element; now every prayer would be accompanied by a work of charity.

On the 25th of May, 1802, she was admitted to the novitiate. Till the days of Saint Vincent de Paul, each suffering had its resource for consolation, each pain its alleviating genius; but there was still wanting a heart that would receive the expression of every one, the recital of every horror; a hand that at the same time could dress the wound of the body, while probing the ulcers of the soul; an eye that could read the thought of despair, and by its light kindle the flame of hope; a countenance that could frown upon the wicked to make him enter into himself, and that in its expansive

power would open the mouth, loosen the tongue, and unburden the heart of the culprit, first into the ear of a sister, next and fruitfully into that of the priest. And this rare combination of qualities was to be found not in one, two, nor ten chosen persons, but in a whole army of devoted spouses of Christ. Saint Vincent was the instrument employed by Providence to realize such a creation, and in his Sisters of Charity he has furnished tens of thousands of such to the whole world. In Jeanne Rendu, he gave his congregations, his daughters, a shining light, by the rays of which they may read in the recital of its vivifying properties what is expected, what may be realized, and what has been effected by a model daughter of Saint Vincent.

To produce such, in opposition to the spirit of the age in which we live, the Church offers the Protestant two great supports, the sacrament of penance, in which a horror of sin and the means to receive its absolution are presented as its fruits; in the most blessed Eucharist is together that love, first of God and next of his little ones, that must be the distinctive characteristics of every true spouse of Christ.

Jeanne did not remain long in the mother-house. Naturally of a delicate complexion, she met with great trials in the beginning; trials that were allowed to give her that nerve, that masculine courage which afterward so distinguished her. Despite her previously gay and somewhat frolicsome nature, she was extremely sensitive. The sight of blood made her tremble; a spider in her path would make her go any distance to escape it; and it seemed as though she never could bring herself to look at the dead, much less to think of burying them.

With such a temperament, added to a weak constitution, in at least one that seemed greatly afflicted, she was sent to one of the most notori-

ous districts of Paris, and was placed for her first trials under Sister Iardy; and no better school could have been selected. After the initiatory experience Jeanne was sent back to the mother-house, and the following "character" with her:

"I am very much pleased with this little Rendu; give her the holy habit, and leave her with me."

She received the garb of the Sister of Charity, and made her profession in the mother-house; was given a prophetic name, as far as she was concerned, being called Sister Rosalie. She at once returned to the sphere which she was to occupy till death, and which, while constantly enlarging in circumference, was always to have for its centre the *fau-bourg* in which poor men and women learned to live and to die in miserable dwellings, with few windows, less light, and often neither fire nor food. Such was its condition in the brightest days for other parts of Paris, but after the throes of a revolution its state was more than deeply deplorable. In this atmosphere did Sister Rosalie begin her mission, and till the age of twenty-eight acted as the most heroic, useful, and yet most humble in the community. At that age she was named Sister Servant, a term known among the daughters of Saint Vincent as synonymous with mother, superioress, directress, etc., in other congregations.

After the restoration of order, the government undertook to meet the wants of the indigent and the suffering, and, to be sure, Sister Rosalie's district was among the first to demand attention. She was made the channel through which the miserable of her district were relieved, and by her tact and judgment, joined to strength of will, which never closed her heart, made the public supplies go far beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine.

When named superioress of her community, she had already so far gained the good-will of every one,

that it was insisted she should accept a full trousseau from the good people of the district. If you will, it does not take much to make up the wardrobe of a sister, yet the offer, not the value or its quantity, was what pleased the poor of Faubourg Saint Marceau. Whatever could please her dear *diocese*, as her district was called, gave her happiness, and she accepted the gift of her admirers, and had not used all its contents at the day of her death.

It was in visiting the sick that Sister Rosalie found her greatest delight. Sometimes a single visit brought about the baptism of a father and mother, their first communion, their marriage; the children began to learn the catechism, and the parents were sure to send for her when death threatened a victim in their midst. Even in her latest days, when fever was undermining her little remaining strength, she insisted upon coming down from her room to see some of the unfortunates who called upon one who so much needed rest herself. On one occasion, when the portress complained that Sister Rosalie did not mind the doctor's prescription, she said: "My child, let the doctor follow his trade, and we will do our little work."

"But that individual got into a terrible pucker because you did not come down immediately," continued the portress.

"Well, do you expect fine manners from these poor people? Be sure never to fail in notifying me when such persons call for me," and the impertinent solicitor went away a better man, having felt the influence of a true daughter of charity.

On another occasion Sister Rosalie had been obliged to refuse a blanket to a poor creature, and at the usual hour that night retired to rest, only to find it impossible to close an eye. At the first opportunity, next morning, she sent the coveted comfort to

the solicitor, "that both might have a good night's rest," she said.

When she undertook the care of any sick person, she was not satisfied with what she could personally accomplish; the doctors were obliged to give them special attention. It was useless to reason with her; these were her particular friends, and she finished by obtaining for them treatment that the sick could not secure with their gold. When the poor sick people saw themselves the objects of such kindness, they knew the prime minister who directed the channels of charity, and thus every cured patient became a herald to announce the goodness of Sister Rosalie, and thus to extend her influence and to augment her responsibilities. Their first visit was to the good sister, and with the recuperated father or mother, came the children to show that they still had the rosary, the blessed medals, the scapulars that they had received from their common benefactress.

The most hardened found it usually impossible to resist her solicitations to return to God. Among the most inveterate cases she found was a man who, in the days of '93, had stained his hands with the blood of the martyrs. While a number of these were one day proceeding to the fatal spot, where revolution was to become drunk anew in the blood of the country's best citizens, they sang a hymn to the Most Blessed Virgin. One stanza particularly struck this wretch, and during the balance of his life he sang it each day, at least in a humming tone. When his last hour arrived he found Sister Rosalie at his side, and to all her urging said that he needed no priest, that his fate was sealed. But charity that covers a multitude of sins, also triumphs over and covers with its mantle the greatest sinners. After renewed prayers he consented to receive a confession, made his peace with God, and died, let us hope, not as he had lived. That day was a

great fast among the children of Sister Rosalie's community.

In one of the poorest streets of the district there lived a miserable ragman, who had abandoned his wife, and yet professed the greatest affection for his little daughter, who attended Sister Rosalie's school. When he was taken ill the sister came to see him, at his request, doubtless partially influenced by his child. He was now quite rich, and had surrounded himself with a few of life's comforts. In his early days he had been known to Sister Rosalie, who had lost sight of him, and was quite surprised when called for.

"My mother," said the moribund, "I am going to die. I leave my daughter the money I possess and that others might deprive her of. I give it to you in the meantime, and request you to transfer it to her at the proper time."

"But, my dear, this is a notary's business; if you wish I'll send you one."

"No, no; I want no notary. You are the only one I know; the only person in whom I have confidence. Take that money, that I may be at rest as to the future of my child."

Next the sister spoke to him about his soul, and proposed to send for a priest, that peace might be made with God.

"I need no priest to settle matters with God," answered the old man. "You are there, and no one represents God better than you, and we can easily settle our affairs for him together."

It took some time to convince the ragman that Sister Rosalie was neither a notary public nor a priest; yet she took the money, and in exchange for this accommodation the dying sinner agreed to admit and speak to the pastor.

Fifteen thousand francs were drawn from under the bed-ticking; a reconciliation was effected between the ragman and his wife, and death closed the scene, with Sister Rosalie

reciting the prayer for the departing.

Attached to the house over which Sister Rosalie presided was a school, in which the little girls of the district were instructed. Her practical turn of mind made the sister rigidly exclude all that was not likely to prove of service to her little *protégés*. She was opposed to the time lost in the study of vocal music, and likewise to the custom which prevailed then, and still continues, of offering purses to the successful candidates at examinations; these purses entitling the successful girl to pursue a higher course of studies. Sister Rosalie contended that it would be much better to place the sum thus gained in a savings fund, and allow it to remain there till the girl's majority, when a little capital would enable them to be settled quietly in life at some decent occupation.

In her school all was distinguished by its order, its neatness, and the regularity of the scholars. She was the friend of all the little penitents she met in the classes during her visitations.

"I taught your mother to read," she would say to the little giddy creature, who was paying the penalty by being in the middle of the classroom. "She was so good, so gentle, and loved her book so well; why are you not the same? Sister, I go security for the good conduct of my little friend," who forthwith hastened to her place, with the fixed resolution, often broken we suppose, to do better, and at night, when the supper was spread and little Marie was asked what about her school to-day, Sister Rosalie was blessed and praised by a flattered mother, who had supposed herself forgotten, but who was now delighted that some one thought of her.

As charity is never satisfied, and constantly seeks to expand, Sister Rosalie determined to add a nursery to the pharmacy and the school. Here she collected all the little things

of the district whose mothers were out at service; she required them to come at certain hours in the morning and afternoon to feed their babes, and, despite all opposition, insisted that employers should give the poor mothers time to fulfil this duty of parental love. It required but a step to create an asylum, and this soon found itself among Sister Rosalie's works, and, as Viscount de Melun says in the "Life" from which we are quoting, Sister Rosalie drew order out of chaos; the children, bright and happy, made music in their noise, and showed order even in their romps. But all this did not satisfy the cravings of the good sister's heart. Her influence often secured a place in the hospitals and homes for old and infirm persons, but she desired to have such about her. Accordingly she managed to secure a house in which a number of little rooms were made, and each old gentleman had his private apartment; when he knew any trade, if his strength permitted, an opportunity was given him to do something to repay his board and lodging, and thus he was made to feel an independence which otherwise would have been impossible.

No solicitation could induce the sister to open an industrial school for girls. "Let them feel the hard blows of the world," she would say; "in an industrial school one sister would spoil them." But she did what, in her opinion, was of more utility, and a real charity. She opened Sunday recreative halls, in which all her former pupils, then apprentices or in service, could meet, enjoy an afternoon's amusement, sing innocent songs or pious hymns, and under the tuition of the Sisters and intelligent charitable ladies who were taken into the work, were enabled to continue and partially perfect their previous instruction. Sister Rosalie knew them all by name, where they were working, how much they received, and how they were doing. This undertaking she perfected by the associa-

tion known as that of "The Good Counsel," wherein the oldest members were united, and each given a certain number of younger girls to oversee and instruct, to encourage and assist. There was a certain Sunday in each month when Sister Rosalie assembled all her children, young and old, for the distribution of rewards or the issuing of reproach, the latter always a painful but sometimes an imperative duty. When forced to be severe in her words, it was evident that she suffered more than the party reprimanded, and her advices and warnings were rarely neglected or despised.

In the midst of all these enterprises she never said "enough." "A Sister of Charity," she loved to repeat, "must be a support upon which all who are fatigued have the right to lean for assistance and consolation." The circle of labor we have mentioned was that which her immediate witnesses had determined, but her influence was by no means limited even to this extensive sphere. She never dreamt of that exclusiveness of spirit which imagines that all the poor in the world is comprised in the little field we cultivate. Every worthy enterprise received her warmest sympathy. It was she who gave the "Little Sisters of the Poor" their first furniture, and sent them the first "old man" as a gift. When the St. Vincent de Paul Society was founded, it was in her parlor that it received its greatest impulse, and the first few young men who united in the mission of charity, learned the lessons of its practical service from her lips.

No matter at what hour of the day she was called upon, she never complained; even her meals were taken in snatches. She used to say: "Storekeepers never complain when called from their meals to serve a customer; should I grumble when called to aid in spreading the love and service of Jesus Christ?" In a single day she has been known to open the way for a religious vocation, the door of the

novitiate or of the preparatory seminary; next she recommended a young man for a position, an old gentleman for a place in a hospital, a decrepit soldier for a pension, and all this without noise or flurry. Whatever work of charity presented itself, she was ready to lend a helping hand.

"Let us accept all the good that presents itself," she would say to the sisters; "God will send us all the money we need, if we make good use of what he furnishes us." She never allowed the mere doing of good to preclude the practice of ingenuous charity, or rather justice. An able workman, whose family was in Nantes, presents himself to her, saying that he can get no work. At once she procures him a good situation, but requires, as indemnity, that he will each week bring her a certain portion of his wages for his family. The tradesman keeps his word, and the family in Nantes bless Sister Rosalie.

Sometimes she received letters announcing that a poor person would call at such an hour for such a purpose. At the appointed time he was there, sure enough, but in the midst of a crowd where he was almost ashamed to be recognized. "My good friend," she would say, "are you in a hurry?" "No, my sister." "Well, then, take this package to such a place, read the address when you reach the street; you will do me a great favor, for the party needs that package immediately; and call again, when I shall be less busily engaged;" and the fortunate applicant, upon reaching the street, found the package addressed to himself, and containing what he had asked for! Still, she was neither fickle nor feeble. When it was time to be severe, she knew how to show her strength of will. A young man, in whom she had been deeply interested, failed to correspond with her cares. After several promises broken, she called him, and quietly but positively said: "Sir, an occupation awaits you at

Constantinople. Your passage is paid; here is your passport. Go and pack up your trunks. You leave to-night."

In vain did he promise; she was inflexible, and, sure enough, that evening the thoughtless young man was on his way to Constantinople.

She found means to employ all in some good work, in some ministration of mercy. Rich ladies came to tell her of their miseries; she sent them with a smile to see people who had really reason to complain. At the sight of such suffering, these ladies were the first to ask for a list of invalids or poor persons to watch over and to provide for, and thus their complaints were changed into joys; they had learned the luxury of doing good.

"You have heard Mass, my young friends? Well, then, do not go to Vespers, but stay here, and answer my letters," and forthwith she dictated to three or four at a time, thus proving her intelligence as well as her charity.

The manner of doing a kind act has often much to do with its being accepted. "Remember," Sister Rosalie often said, "that the poor appreciate kind ways, even more than material assistance. When you give charity in a disdainful manner, you take away self-respect from the recipient, and your harsh words make them feel that there is no use in striving to rise from a state of misery."

She had no faith in those who threaten to do all sort of mischief to themselves if not assisted. "In regard to those who so easily speak about committing suicide, I do not believe them; if they intended to do so, they would talk less about it."

Her knowledge of human nature also made her very careful not to say too much about piety, in giving alms, lest the desire to excite pity or sympathy should create a hypocritical spirit among the needy; and she never could encourage the giving of injudicious alms when persons

were in debt themselves. "We must be just before being generous, and pay those to whom we owe before undertaking to give charity."

When she had succeeded in bringing together a number of young men for an afternoon's charity, she was delighted. There were young doctors, lawyers, clerks, and others, at her service, and she would say to the sisters, "What a good day those of my people spent; it has been passed in the practice of charity."

Even the poorest were made to feel the pleasure of doing good to others. They went messages, inquired about sick neighbors, and attended the dying—in a word, were at Sister Rosalie's command for day or night. When she had listened to the recital of some great sorrow confided her by the wealthy, she would say to her companions: "My sisters, if we knew the miseries of the rich we would really pity their lot." Many, now bishops, spent some of their early days among the poor confided them by the intermission of Sister Rosalie, and from her some learned that spirit of abnegation which taught them afterwards to strip themselves of everything, even part of their clothing, for the benefit of the poor.

Her great secret for the cure of spiritual maladies was to interest her patients in some charitable work. Thus one who had abandoned his family, and lived in the most outrageous licentiousness, was prevailed upon to see her. After some conversation she induced him to promise a rupture of his slavish bonds, and an assurance that each week he would send her a considerable sum for the sick. He kept his promise, and was afterwards induced to deposit in her keeping a large amount which he had intended to give to the partners of his previous crimes. This sum she sent to the family, in which the gentleman had already re-entered. After a little while, she came to him, one would think with a tale of woe in which she was the

chief sufferer. One of her friends in Faubourg St. Marceau had lost his horse, and with this his means of subsistence. Exasperated, he broke out into blasphemies against God, and became the terror of his family. The mother hastened to Sister Rosalie, who hurried to her newly acquired friend, obtained a better horse than had died, and went with the animal herself to the stable, where she enjoyed the sight of a reconciled and converted father, a rejoicing mother and children.

Her devices to assist the poor knew no term. A gardener, whose work was interrupted, came to her in great distress. "Be here at such an hour with a large bouquet of such and such flowers, and ask me in presence of the lady who will then be with me to purchase it." The sister knew the partiality of her acquaintance for these special flowers, and no sooner had the gardener entered the parlor, than she became enthusiastic over his excellent taste. "One would have thought the bouquet made to order for me!" she said; and a good price was paid for it, with an order to bring one of that same kind so many times a week.

"What a lovely infant!" exclaimed a sick young lady, who, with her mother, had called upon Sister Rosalie, who at that moment had just received "a new boarder." "Providence gives it you as a present," replied the sister; "you must be its god-mother." "But—" "No, no but; don't be afraid," replied the sister. "God will never speak to you about it save to thank you."

In 1814 her bravery saved the life of a poor fellow whose crime was his forgetfulness of the laws of military discipline. During the foreign occupancy, a Russian soldier was condemned to death, and the report of the intended execution reached Sister Rosalie's ears. She hastened off, in company with an old lady, and, having asked, was immediately ad-

mitted to the general headquarters, where she cast herself upon her knees and implored the life of the culprit.

"You know and love him then," said the officer. "Yes, I love him; I love him as one of my brothers purchased in the blood of Jesus Christ, and I am ready to give my life to save his." Her petition was granted, and she returned to her anxious sisters, ignorant, she said which to think most about, her success or her audacity.

We have already remarked her positive way of refusing or rejecting certain requests or even charities. Where certain persons suggested that a ball or theatrical entertainment might be given to help her poor, whom she loved so passionately, she promptly replied: "No, we must not force the devil to give alms to God."

The Augustinian nuns have a little feast each year in Paris; it was suggested them by Sister Rosalie. When they came to the capital she sent them their first dinner, and every anniversary the same kind of meal is served the community. It was no uncommon thing for her intervention to be asked, when differences arose in religious communities, and her word generally became law.

She was equally powerful with princes and princesses. At her request the Duchess of Narbonne gave 40,000 francs to establish poor schools in Faubourg Saint Antoine. Her parlor, of which the whole furniture consisted of a piece of matting, a wall papered with material which disputed its color with time and its shreds with the mice, a few pictures whose colors were more glowing than artistic, a clock that rarely kept time, and a few chairs that were scarcely if ever vacant, there constituted the attractions for the ragman and the ambassador, the simple madman and the prince of the Church, the beggar and the Maréchal de France. Abbé Emery, who could oppose Napoleon's will, came to

Sœur Rosalie to warm his courage; M. de Lammenais was among her greatest friends before his fall, and never was fully despaired of by his previous admirers till he refused to see his protectress. "I was in prison, and Sister Rosalie visited me. She was the dove of peace that brought me my food twice a day," said Abbé Combalot, who was condemned for his generous defence of Catholic principle against powerful but unjust usurpation. Donoso Cortés, the distinguished writer and ambassador at Paris, came to her to learn what use to make of time that hung upon his hands. A list of poor people he visited became his recreation, and the privilege of reciting his adventures each week to his benefactress was his only earthly reward. When he became attacked with his last illness, Sister Rosalie left the Faubourg St. Marceau to enter the ambassador's hotel, and the last words of the noble Christian were: "May the poor pray for me; may they never forget me."

In 1854 she was visited by Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie. She had been decorated a short while previously with the cross of the legion of honor, and only accepted it, when told that if she refused, all the journals in France would talk about her. The result of the visit was, that a magnificent establishment was placed in charge of the sisters. At the moment of its inauguration, there was question of giving it to seculars, but upon Sister Rosalie's letter reaching the Empress, the promise was fulfilled.

She was a dauntless defender of the people of her *diocese*. "They are calumniated," she would say; "they are far better than their reputation; their poverty and privations made known fewer vices than exist under the cloak of wealth and luxury elsewhere."

In 1832 she manifested her zeal as a nurse of cholera patients. A horrid impression had gone abroad that

the physicians and druggists were employed by the government to poison the poor. Such a report found too many willing believers among the ignorant, who were in large numbers in Sister Rosalie's district. One day a distinguished physician was passing by, with a patient who was carried to the hospital. "Down with the poisoner," cried the mob, and he was at once surrounded by a menacing gathering. In the midst of his enemies, he had the good thought of exclaiming: "Sister Rosalie is a friend of mine; I am serving her sick." "Oh, that is different," said they, and he was allowed to pass unmolested. In 1849 she was equally noble in her conduct, and had the happiness not to lose one of her sisters by the disease; a single sister fell sick, but was cured; she had not visited any afflicted persons. After this trial, Sister Rosalie opened an orphanage, and in one day collected sixty-nine little ones whose parents had been called away.

In 1830 and 1848 she used her influence in the cause of peace. At her command, barricades half-made were torn down by their builders, and through her power more than one unfortunate was released from the hands of his self-appointed judges. "We do not need any tickets for bread; to-morrow we will pillage the archbishopric," said an individual to whom she offered charity.

Mgr. de Quelen was kept secreted in her house for several days, when the cries of the mob called for his blood. When reproached that her people were among the rioters, she replied, "They did not know that we had these holy priests in our house, but had they been aware of it, they would have helped me to protect them."

When accused to the government of secreting rebels, she said that she did not fear prisons; her only anxiety was "that she might disgrace the congregation;" still she con-

tinues to save as many lives as possible from the vigilance of the police. When notified of this fact anew, M. Guisquet, then prefect of police, signed the order for her arrest, and gave his first assistant instructions to proceed at once to its execution.

"If you arrest Sister Rosalie, the whole Faubourg St. Marceau will be in arms, and you will find a riot on your hands that will not easily be suppressed," replied the assistant; "every man in the district would take up her cause."

"That Sister Rosalie must then be very powerful," cried the prefect. "Well, I'll go and see her myself." "What can I do for you, my friend," said the sister to the gentleman whom she had never seen. "Excuse me for a little while," and off she started on a mission of charity, after which she returned and made her excuses for having detained him so long.

"I am not come to ask any assistance or service," replied M. Guisquet, "but rather to offer you some; I am the prefect of police. Do you know that by protecting an ex-officer of the royal guard, who, by his open revolt, has merited the severest penalties, that you have incurred the rigors of the law. I am come to ask how you have dared thus to defy authority?"

"My dear sir," she replied, "I am a daughter of charity; I have no flag; and whenever the opportunity offers, I do good to my neighbor; moreover, *if you were in a similar predicament, I would do the same for you.*" "I am satisfied to forget the past, but I implore you not to begin anew, else I shall not be responsible for the consequences."

"Indeed," said Sister Rosalie, "I cannot promise you, for a Sister of Charity must never, whatever be the consequences, refuse to do an act of mercy."

Next week the commissary of police entered the parlor, while she was talking to a chief of la Vendée,

who had come to thank her for having protected several of his companions. Not in the least disconcerted, she made a sign to her friend to hurry off, and kept the officer talking an hour or more till his victim had reached a place of safety. Some days after, the officer complained of her innocent duplicity. "Well, what would you have me to do? I would do as much for you, and I wished to spare you the pain of arresting him. Was I right?"

An unfortunate government agent had offended her *diocesans*, and his house was already surrounded, when Sister Rosalie heard of the trouble. At once on the scene, she began by scolding the rioters; told them she was ashamed of their conduct, and induced them to return to their work. When she used to speak of the troubles of 1848, she would say: "I believe that if you had gone down to hell those days, you would not have found a single devil there. They were all in our streets; I shall never forget their features."

At the beginning of these troubles, many wives brought their husbands to Sister Rosalie, to keep them out of harm's way. Some days after, the police visited her house, but excused themselves, saying that they did so merely for form's sake; that they did not expect to find any arms concealed there. "You would be much mistaken," she said; "we have lots of them," and she handed over a large number of muskets she had taken from her *prisoners*.

"For fifty years I have served you and your children," she cried, when the mob rushed into her parlor, in pursuit of an officer who had taken refuge there, and for whose life they clamored, saying that they wished to kill him in the streets, not in Sister Rosalie's house. "For all the good that I have done you, your wives and your children, give me this poor man's life," she continued, on bended knee; and her petition was reluctantly granted. Among the pris-

oners taken was one whose little daughter attended the sister's school. General Cavaignac called shortly after to see Sister Rosalie, and he was forthwith conducted to the classroom, and the little girl brought to see him. "My child," said she, "this is a gentleman who, if he wish, can give you back your father." At these words the child fell upon her knees, and in a voice broken with sobs, cried out: "O, my good sir, give me back my father; he is good. We need him greatly!"

"But," said the general, "he has doubtless done something bad."

"No, I am certain; my mother says so, and besides, I promise you he never will do it again, if guilty. Pity my poor father. I promise to love you well?"

The sister joined her glance to the child's prayer, which was heard. Innocence and charity, the most powerful pleaders in the world, had triumphed.

But we must stop this recital somewhere, if we wish to say a word about Sister Rosalie individually. So many and such distracting occupations never prevented her union with God; familiarized from her youth with the sight of misery, she remained tender-hearted till the hour of her death. "God has rendered me blind," she said, "for I have taken too much pleasure in seeing the poor." "I suffered nothing from your hand," she replied to the surgeon who performed the operation for cataract, "but I was thinking of the poor who must leave their homes to undergo such operations." "Happily he was not caught," she used to say when relating how a thief had escaped after having relieved her drawers of a certain sum. "Let us strive to vex our mother," the poor would say; "then we are sure to obtain what we ask;" for after the least manifestation of impatience she became doubly indulgent. Her great faith made her appreciate the prayers of sufferers,

and these she often solicited. During fifty years spent in her home among the poor, she had been so busily occupied that she had never seen the public monuments; her knowledge was almost exclusively limited to the haunts of suffering, mental or moral.

"Love if you wish to be loved; if you have nothing else to offer, give yourself," she often said to her sisters.

Her heart became attached at once to those placed under her control, and she would frequently say, in the last days of her life, that one of her greatest crosses was that she had not been able to write to her mother the last new year; she was then blind.

If a sister appeared to do anything in a pettish mood, the superioress remarked: "Our Lord will not be pleased with you to-day. I see it in your eyes." "Your good angel could not follow you; you walked impatiently," she said another time; "begin anew and say a little prayer." A sister was keeping a poor person waiting for a letter. "Well, your angel guardian is holding the pen; do not make him delay," and the letter was immediately written.

Humility marked all her words, and *sister servant* was the only name she recognized. Charity consumed her; confidence in God was her

mainstay, and hatred of praise and secular popularity her safeguards. She loved to hear Bossuet's sermons read to her. They were more substantial than those of Masillon, who had written, she said, for grandees, not for simple Sisters of Charity.

When death called, her eyes had already been closed for some time to the beauties and miseries of earth, and the thousands who followed the remains that had ceased to serve their noble mission, February 6th, 1856, bore witness to the affection in which she was held. Paris did her honor; Faubourg Saint Marceau was in tears, and grateful friends erected a simple monument over her body. To her they still have recourse in their trials and troubles, and often with beneficial results.

The work from which we have taken this hurried recital was crowned by the French Academy; if our labor be blessed by its subject, more than a full recompense will be admitted. Such a life as that of Sister Rosalie is worthy of imitation, *even in the distance*, and it would be a triple blessing if the perusal of this sketch should make even one fair reader think of joining ranks in which Sister Rosalie no longer figures, but for whose courageous members she efficaciously prays.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

"And after a storm there follows a great calm."—A KEMPIS.

THE fair Spring flowers! They brightly ope;
 They smile, with breath of God,
 Just now upon their velvet hearts;
 They gem the lowly sod,
 With light it wond'ring calls its own
 Sweet light, that hides the clod!

Oh flower, that bloometh in my heart !
Than clod, more dark and lone,
Before God sent your wond'rous life
To mingle with its own,
From hand whose work is love. For me
They but your image throne !

And softly look the sunbeams down,
Those new-born buds to fill
With beauty's breath, and with sweet glow
Their tender pulses thrill
For golden throbbings that obey
The royal sun's proud will !

Oh sunbeam, smiling down more deep,
Where bloometh my sweet flower,
And giving all its beauteous life,
Which holds me in love's power,
I see but you in ev'ry ray,
That is the Spring's rich dower !

The zephyrs soft ! They murmur low
Their gentle song of praise,
Amongst the blossom-heads that bright
Their smiling faces raise,
In glad "Amen," sent silent forth,
And caught by sunbeam's rays !

Oh song of praise within my heart !
My flower's sweet name, thy all ;
Its bloom, thy answer ; and its life,
Thy golden bond of thrall,
I hear but thee, in each sweet sound,
That forms the zephyr's call !

Oh new life Spring to earth's heart brings !
Thy marvel of strange might,
That wakes the flowers ; that bids the sun
To make thy slave his light ;
That breathes thy rule in zephyr's song ;
And orders Winter's flight.

In thee I see but image of
My heart, with new joy rife,
Heart plunged in wintry shade before !
Heart worn with woful strife !
O God, thy hand alone could form
Such miracle of life !

CHINESE WRITING AND PRINTING.

It is a matter of common notoriety that, in numerous instances, the customs of the Chinese are diametrically opposed to our own, and this remark applies especially to their writing and reading. We write our letters in *horizontal* lines from left to right, and print our books in the same manner; the Chinese, on the contrary, write in *perpendicular* lines from right to left, so that what is the last page of a book or letter with us, is the first with them. Amongst ourselves, most scholarly writers are somewhat particular in the punctuation of their sentences; but a Chinaman, as far as we are aware, never dreams of putting even a "full stop" in a letter or any other written document, and it is but seldom that one meets with a book that is regularly punctuated. We write our names, more or less legibly, at the end of our notes and letters; the Chinese, as Sir J. Davis observes, "sign with a cipher which every man adopts for himself, being a few characters combined in a complicated manner into *one*. Another mode of attestation is by affixing the stamp of a seal, not in wax, but in red ink."

Sir John Davis, in his work on the Chinese, from which we have just quoted, further remarks: "The Chinese attach much consideration to the graphic beauty of their written character, and make use of inscriptions for ornamental purposes, as may be often seen on the specimens of porcelain brought to this country. The advantage of simplicity (and a very great advantage it is) constitutes the merit of our alphabetic writing, but that of variety and picturesque effect may fairly be claimed by the Chinese. The importance of calligraphy as an accomplishment is naturally esteemed more highly among them than it is in Europe; and large

ornamental inscriptions or labels are frequently exchanged as remembrances among friends, or used as pictures are among us, for purposes of taste and decoration." The Chinese spend much time and labor over the acquisition of a neat and elegant handwriting, and when they have attained this object of their ambition, they frequently turn it to what appears to the foreign mind a most curious use, namely, the writing of the huge scrolls referred to above, and the inscription of moral sentences on fans, etc.

Answering in some measure to our Roman and Italic type, black-letter, etc., the Chinese have six different styles of writing their characters, namely, 1, the Chuan or Seal character; 2, the style of official attendants; 3, the pattern style; 4, running hand; 5, abbreviated running hand; and 6, the style of the Sung dynasty.

1. Foreigners commonly call this the Seal character from its being generally only used for seals or stamps, ornamental inscriptions, etc. Its Chinese name is said to be derived from the person who invented it. It is the oldest form of writing next to the original pictorial hieroglyphics, and is distinguished into two kinds, the greater and inferior. The former is used for seals and stamps, and is also to be seen on some kinds of goods, especially on porcelain; the characters all look extremely alike, and seem to be an inextricable labyrinth of rectangular lines. The latter kind is also sometimes used for seals, in prefaces of books, and ornamental inscriptions.

2. The style of official attendants was first employed about the commencement of the Christian era, and was invented for the use of the clerks and writers in public offices. Now-

adays, it is most often used in prefaces and for inscriptions; it requires no special study to read it, as it is very clear and distinct, and differs but slightly from the following.

3. The pattern style has been gradually formed by the improvements of good writing. No Chinese can have any claim to literary merit unless he can write neatly and correctly in this style. It is the usual form of Chinese writing, and books are sometimes printed in it.

4. The "running hand" is almost a literal translation of the Chinese expression for this kind of writing. The characters are written in an easy and free manner, without the writer's pen being necessarily raised from the paper; in this style, however, only those abbreviations which are to be found in the dictionaries are allowed. A neat business writer commonly uses this "running hand," and it is also very often employed for prefaces of books and inscriptions, in scrolls and tablets, for shop-signs, etc. Schoolboys are taught to write both this and the pattern style at the same time, by means of copy-books with characters arranged in parallel columns.

5. The translation of "tsao-tsze," the Chinese term for what is above called the abbreviated running hand, is "plant or grass character," and foreigners generally call it by the latter name. It is an exceedingly free style of writing, and full of the most puzzling abbreviations, which often render it difficult even for natives to decipher; and Europeans rarely, if ever, attain to such a knowledge of this kind of handwriting as to be able to read anything written in it without the aid of an experienced Chinese. We have heard it facetiously likened to the effect which would be produced by dipping a spider's legs in ink, and letting him crawl over a sheet of paper! When writing in this style, a Chinaman often lets his pen run from character to character without taking it off the

paper, and makes his own abbreviations, to avoid the labor of the numerous strokes required in some characters, if written in the "pattern style." To understand this kind of writing fully, necessitates special study, and its chief use is in first draft of letters, dispatches, etc. It is also employed to a certain extent, by men of business, and is sometimes found in inscriptions and in prefaces of books, especially those of aged writers.

The sixth form of writing came into use about the tenth century, during the Sung dynasty, as a more elegant form of printing than the other classes above enumerated. It is believed that, since the time of its invention, no material alteration has taken place in the manner of forming the characters, which differ from the style of official attendants and the pattern style mainly in the greater stiffness of the strokes forming the characters, and in a certain squareness of appearance. This still continues to be the style most used for printing books, at any rate those which have any pretensions to being well and carefully got up. Only persons, however, employed in writing for printing-offices are required to learn it, as it is not used for any other purpose.

Of these six forms of writing, the pattern style and the running hand are the only two which are studied by most Chinese, but well-educated men generally have a knowledge of some of the Seal characters.

As we have observed before, the Chinese take extraordinary pains to learn to write neatly, and to form the characters in a duly proportioned manner. Boys are taught by placing thin tracing-paper over their copies, and they practice an easy use of the pen, so necessary for elegant writing, by constantly writing characters on a painted board; by dint of great labor, many eventually learn to write a beautiful hand, which even Europeans, entirely unacquainted with

the language, will admire, if only for the perfect symmetry and minuteness of detail with which the complicated strokes composing the characters are put together. The Chinese student is very particular about his pen and ink, and he is even fanciful on the subject of the ink-slab, on which the latter is carefully rubbed with a little water. The pens (or, as they are sometimes called, "pencils") rather resemble our camel-hair brushes, and are made, the better kind from the hair of the sable and fox, and the commoner sorts from that of the deer, wolf, cat, etc.; the stick or handle is of bamboo; and each pen has a little case or sheath of bamboo or metal to protect the hair from injury, for the tip of the pen is so fine that care has to be taken to keep it in good order for writing with. The ink is made from lampblack, etc., mixed with glue and similar substances, and is always scented with musk. The cakes are often adorned with curious devices and short sentences, stamped in gilt and colored characters. The ink slab is made of different kinds of stone, carefully ground smooth, and has a small cavity or depression at one end to hold water; but some students have a species of small cup placed beside them with a little water in it. This cup is sometimes handsomely carved out of a piece of jade-stone, and fitted on to a wooden stand; it is furnished with a small ladle, not unlike a salt-spoon. Nearly all paper in China is made from the woody fibre of bamboo, and is mostly of a yellowish color; it has no strength, and is very easily torn, and the effect of water upon it is much the same as upon our blotting-paper. The articles described above are called by the Chinese "*Wên-fang sze pao*;" that is, the four precious implements of the library.

Some Chinese writers hold that movable characters, made of burnt clay and placed in a frame, were invented towards the close of the Sung

dynasty, about A.D. 1280. This method of printing, however, does not seem to have been found successful, for native printers now do their work, as it has been done for centuries past, on the stereotype principle. Movable metal characters have been in use for some years in the few foreign printing-offices at Hong-kong and Shanghai, but the innovation does not make way with the natives, and in point of fact it does not seem, in our opinion, very well suited to their language, which is so different in its nature from those of other nations. With an alphabetical language, movable type lightens the printer's labors immensely; but such is not the case with Chinese; for, to print an ordinary book, probably at least upwards of two or three thousand distinct characters would be required, and in some instances this amount would have to be multiplied by ten; while to print a complete dictionary, we believe we are correct in stating that between forty and fifty thousand distinct and separate characters would be wanted.

The process of printing a book in China is somewhat as follows: Two pages are written by a person, trained to the business, on a sheet of thin paper, divided into columns by black lines, and in the space between the two pages are written the title of the work, and the number of the chapter and page; when the sheet has been printed, it is folded down through this space, so as to bring the title, etc., partly on each page. The sheet, when ready for printing, is pasted face downwards on a smooth block of wood, made usually from the pear or plum tree. As soon as it is dry, the paper is rubbed off with great care, leaving behind an inverted impression of the characters. Another workman now cuts away all the blank spaces by means of a sharp graver, and the block with the characters in high-relief passes to the printer, who performs his work by

hand. The two points that he has to be most careful about are,—to ink the characters equally with his brush, and to avoid tearing the paper when taking the impression. Proclamations, visiting-cards, etc., are all printed in the same manner. An economical way of printing small handbills and advertisements for walls is to cut the characters in *wax* instead of wood; but they soon get blurred, and the printing from them is often almost illegible. From a good wooden block some fifteen thousand sheets can be printed; and when the characters have been sharpened up a little, it is possible to obtain eight or ten thousand more impressions.

FLOWERS OF THE HEART.

THERE are some flowers that bloom,
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling the world with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume.

Along Life's stony path,
To many a toiling pilgrim, cheer they bring,
And oftentimes in living glory spring
Beside the poor man's hearth.

Fairest of all the band
(E'en as the snowdrop lifts its fearless head,
In storm and wind, unmoved, unblemished),
Truth's precious blossoms stand.

The daisy's star is bright,
O'er vale and meadow sprinkled wide and free,
So to the shadowed earth doth Charity
Bring soft celestial light.

O cherish carefully
The tender bud of Patience; 'tis a flower
Beloved of God! in sorrow's darkest hour
'Twill rise to comfort thee.

So, when all else hath gone
Of joy and hope, through winter's icy gloom,
The Alpine violet puts forth its bloom
Where sunbeam never shone.

Strong Self-denial's stem
Of thorns, clasp well, for, if not upon earth,
In paradise 'twill burst in roses forth,
Each present thorn a gem.

These are the flowers that bloom,
Tended by angels even from their birth,
Filling pure hearts with beauty not of earth,
And heaven-born perfume.

SHORT SPEECHES AND CURT CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEN people are driven half distracted with long speeches, and sigh for brevity, it is delightful to call up recollections of the possibility of saying much to the point in few words. We sometimes wish that our accomplished legislators would take a lesson from the first speech of the Maori member of the New Zealand General Assembly: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wangunui. I have done." This was sufficiently brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker: The generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester! I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which, I am told, are one hundred and fifty feet high; that is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome, in her proudest days, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates; but Greece, in her palmiest days, never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go

on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!" On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?" In a similar strain, Peggy Potts, a fish-dealer, made her début as a public speaker on the opening of a new fish-market at Sunderland, and, considering all things, did not acquit herself badly, for this was her speech: "God bless our fishermen, pilots, and sailors, and when they return from the deep waters, may they reach the port in safety! God bless our workmen, and may they have plenty of work and good wages to buy fish and support their families! God bless the Prince of Wales and all the royal family! God save the Queen!"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that, if they gave liberally, they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity-sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A more modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in a good cause may be cited. M. Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his compan-

ions in arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: 'My good friends, I am your king, you are Frenchmen. Yonder is the enemy: let us march!' I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. Yonder are, not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succor!' The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds.

The last time Justice Foster went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the grandjurymen to their work with: "Gentlemen! The weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty—practice it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the Irish judge, who, after his two brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said: "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I can be brief. I agree with my Brother J——, from the irresistible force of my Brother B——'s arguments." In an action for slander, Justice Cresswell put the case to the jury in the emphatic words: "Gentlemen! The defendant's a foul-mouthed fellow. What damages?" An example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge, sternly and coldly, said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is, that you be transported for the term of twenty years." An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing, from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, hand-

ing over the money. "Call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

One morning, a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room; before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying: "Burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, showed her arm, and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice." Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again; then she said: "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," quote the great medico; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!" Lord Aberdeen, the premier of the Coalition Ministry, was remarkable for the little use he made of his tongue. When, by way of reconciling him to accompany her on a sea-trip, the Queen, smilingly, observed: "I believe, my lord, you are not often sea-sick?" "Always, madam," was the brief but significant reply. "But," said her majesty, "not very sea-sick?" "Very, madam," said the uncompromising minister. Wellington, we need hardly say, was not given to use too many words. One example of his economy this way will suffice. The Duke wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under his instruction. The Doctor thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly Wellington saw him, he said: "I am obliged to you, Doctor, for the trouble you have taken. Is — fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began: "No man more so, my lord; I can—" "That's quite sufficient," said Wellington; "I know how valuable your time is; mine just now is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good morning!"

Naturally, men of action are generally men of few words. Cæsar was not the only commander capable of announcing a victory briefly. Marlborough's Blenheim dispatch would not fill a third of a newspaper column. Suvaroff's dispatch to the Empress was in rhyme, and has been translated: "Glory to God, glory to you! The fortress is taken; I am here." This was excelled in brevity by the Hungarian general's announcement of his defeat of Jellachich, the Ban of the Croats, which, put into English, was simply: "Bem beat Ban." Admiral Walton's famous "per margin" dispatch has its pendant in Hawke's, "I have given the French a good drubbing;" and Napier's punning "Peccavi;" its fellow in Colin Campbell's "I am in luck now!" although we must own to having doubts as to the authenticity of one of these.

Butler pronounced brevity to be good, whether we are or are not understood; a dictum that capital letter-writer Mrs. Cibber, of histrionic fame, did not accept, for writing to Garrick, she excuses her prolixity, saying: "If I attempted to be laconic, I must either omit what I wanted to say, or run the risk of expressing myself so as not to be understood; besides, my mother taught me, when very young, that the farthest way about was the nearest way home, and you see the force of education!" Some theatrical celebrities managed, nevertheless, to be both brief and intelligible. When Knight, by advice of an admirer, offered his professional services to Tate Wilkinson, the manager replied: "Sir! I am not acquainted with any Mr. Phillips except a Quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theatre; I don't want you." Knight retorted: "I should as soon think of applying to a Methodist parson to preach for my benefit, as to a Quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson; I don't want to

come." Twelve months after, the comedian received another epistle: "Mr. Methodist Parson, I have a living that produces twenty-five shillings a week—will you hold forth? T. W." And the pair made a bargain of it. Some of these epistolary crackers are very amusing. Lord Berkeley wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "Dear Dorset! I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive. Berkeley." His interesting news being acknowledged with: "Dear Berkeley—Every dog has his day. Dorset." Mr. Kendall, some time Uncle Sam's Postmaster-General, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster: "Sir! This Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up. Respectfully yours, etc." By return mail came: "Sir! The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully yours, etc." Kendall, not appreciating his subordinate's humor, wrote again: "Sir! Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, etc., pertaining to your office to your successor." Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied: "Sir! The revenues for this office for the quarter ending September 30th have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow-candles and twine, \$1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance." His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent as the American editor, who, writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood" (meaning an inundation at that place), received for reply: "You will find them in Genesis." A good specimen of Yankee brevity is the order received by a commissariat officer named Brown from a Colonel Boyd, which could scarcely have been couched in fewer words than "Brown—beef—Boyd;" the colonel

receiving his supplies with a note running: "Boyd—beef—Brown."

Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: "Hélas! madame!" And when the easily consoled dame wrote not very long afterwards soliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied: "Ho! ho! madame!" More satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charterhouse. "Dear Fisher: I cannot, to-day, give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend, Eldon. (*Turn over.*) I gave it you yesterday."

When a member of Lord North's administration, Fox one night took the liberty of walking into one lobby while his chief went into the other. As he sat on the ministerial bench the next evening, one of the door-keepers handed him a note. Upon opening it, the rebellious politician read. "Sir: His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury, in which I do not

find the name of Charles James Fox—North." Not more agreeable to the recipient was Henry Drummond's answer to a letter asking him to join the advocates of the Maine Liquor Law. "Sir: I think the Maine Liquor Law perfectly detestable, and will do my best to prevent its being adopted here. Yours, H. Drummond." As a rule, a man with a grievance is too proud of his wrongs to be laconic, but here is an exception to the rule. "Sir: I was a lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca in 1708, for which he was made a lord. I was a lieutenant with General Blakeney when he lost Minorca in 1756, for which he was made a lord. I am a lieutenant still!" Surely such an appeal ought to have proved resistless, almost as resistless as that of the dying dramatist. "Dear Bob: I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moments of his life, thine. G. Farquhar."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE prevalence of official dishonesty, whether exhibited in the person of a Cabinet minister, or the doings of whisky and canal rings, or in the corruption of legislatures, imposes an obligation on Catholic voters which they should by no means avoid. We may talk till doomsday about the good influences of the Catholic religion, but the American people will never believe it to be more than mere self-glorification, unless we exert ourselves. Our priests are busy erecting churches and schools, and attending to the spiritual needs of their flocks, and our religious orders win praise from our enemies, but are the laity doing their duty? Are cities where Catholic voters predominate eminent for their good government? Do legislative districts in which Catholics abound return the *most* honest and capable men? Do wealthy and influential Catholics

heartily interest themselves in the purification of politics in this country? Or, are we only as others, neither better nor worse, perhaps worse? These are practical questions, and deserve serious reflection. The worst politicians are, strange to say, often to be found in Catholic districts.

THE Emperor of Brazil is on his way to the United States to pay us a visit during the Centennial year. Brazil is the only empire in America, occupying two-fifths of South America, and has the most extensive contiguous territory of any country, except Russia. It contains 10,000,000 of people, who are Catholics, save a few hundreds. There is one Archbishop and eleven Bishops in the empire. Brazil was discovered by the Portuguese in 1500, and belonged to that country till 1822. Dom Pedro II, the

present Emperor, ascended the throne in the year 1831, at the age of six years, succeeding his father, Dom Pedro I, the first Emperor of Brazil. He attained his legal majority and was crowned on July 18th, 1841.

It is a peaceful, prosperous, and well-governed empire. It has 5000 schools. It has a national legislative assembly, and the people enjoy as much political freedom as the citizens of the United States.

THE people of San Francisco are agitating to prevent the further immigration of Chinese. They are afraid that the persevering almond-eyed Celestials who can live sumptuously on ten cents a day, and who are so smart and active that they can soon learn any art or trade, will by degrees succeed in controlling the labor market, and drive out all competitors.

The Chinese have all the vices of pagans, no doubt, but they have industry and some talents. Why are not stronger efforts made to civilize and Christianize them in California? The Methodists and Presbyterians have done a little in this direction, but Catholics have, so far, done but little. Yet that the Chinese are capable of becoming excellent Catholics is evident by the fact that in China there are over 1,000,000 Catholic Chinese.

THERE is no greater delusion entertained, even amongst Catholics, who ought to know better, than that the bulk of the Catholic population of the United States is of foreign birth, especially of Irish birth. Time and again have we seen in Protestant papers the insolent reply to Catholic demands for justice in the matter of education, that we are "foreigners," and that if we did not like American institutions, we should have staid at home!

Now, the facts show that the great majority of Catholics in the United States are native-born citizens. Take any State; in Georgia the census shows 5000 of Irish birth, and 26,000 Catholics; in Indiana there are 29,000 of Irish birth, and 150,000 Catholics; in the State of Illinois there are 120,000 Irishmen, and 400,000 Catholics; in Louisiana there are 200,000 Catholics, and 17,000 Irishmen.

Even in New York, where there are 530,000 Irish, the Catholic population amounts to a million and a quarter.

In Pennsylvania there are 235,000 Irishmen, and 560,000 Catholics.

In short, there are 1,800,000 Irishmen in America, and 6,000,000 of Catholics. Of course it is indisputable that the large majority of Catholics are of Irish birth or descent. But if we once begin to inquire who were the ancestors of American citizens, we

shall soon find that there are no real Americans except the Indians.

Even these figures do not convey a correct idea, for we know, to our sorrow, that there are Irish Protestants not a few.

NEW churches are being constantly opened all over the United States, and only those who read the Catholic papers carefully have much idea of the increase.

In Savannah, Ga., for example, a fine new cathedral will be opened on April 30th by Bishop Gross, who is one of the most energetic prelates in the United States. With a staff of only 24 priests and a flock of 25,000 Catholics, he has built a cathedral, founded a college, called Pío Nono, already rejoicing in over 100 students, and is now organizing a seminary. The Cathedral is 150 by 71 feet, the transepts 75 feet long, and the ceiling, the highest point of which is 66 feet, consists of a series of Gothic arches, beautifully ornamented, supported by iron columns, with capitals representing the native fruits and flowers of the Southern States.

THERE is a strong probability that before long the Territory of New Mexico will be admitted into the Union as an independent State. It contains over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the majority of these are Catholics.

Archbishop Lamy, of Santa Fe, is doing his utmost to elevate the degraded Mexican inhabitants and Indians. His metropolitan jurisdiction extends over the whole of New Mexico, which has forty-two priests, as well as over Colorado and Arizona, which are also governed in matters spiritual by their vicars apostolic.

The school system will have to adjust itself here to the population. At present the schools are all Catholic parochial schools, so that the establishment of a *purely* secular system is impossible.

IRISH affairs are not very animated at present. Public attention is concentrated on Mr. Butt's land bill, which he has introduced into the British Parliament. No less than twenty Tenants' Defence Associations held a great convention in Dublin on the 14th of March, when resolutions were passed indorsing the bill.

The bill conferring the title of "Empress of India" on Queen Victoria has passed, and when it is proclaimed an amnesty to the Irish political prisoners is promised.

The Irish Rifle Team is coming to this country to shoot in the international match at Creedmoor, for the championship of the world.

A crew from Dublin to the Centennial regatta is also coming.

EVERY effort to spread knowledge amongst Catholics, and to associate them together in schemes for mutual improvement, enlists our hearty sympathy.

The Xavier Union, of New York, has opened its new club-house, at No. 20 West Twenty-seventh Street. It is a club which aims to surround its members with every facility for mental and literary culture. It has an excellent library, and is forming an art collection. It has two hundred and thirty members.

Every great city should have a Catholic library. Any one who has ever tried to find a Catholic work in the great public libraries knows very well that they are few and far between; generally old and out of date, and often worthless.

THE school question is quiescent at present. The New York *Independent* prints a letter, which says that the superintendent of public schools at St. Cloud, Minn., is a Catholic, and that he has not only introduced into the public schools a Catholic reading-book, but also provided that the children of Protestant parents shall be sent home on two afternoons of each week, and that then the children of Catholic parents shall be instructed by the priest in the Catholic catechism!

To us this seems exactly what he ought to have done, and how such a sensible proceeding could be, as the *Independent* says, "an outrage" we cannot see.

THE terrible fire last month at the Home of the Little Sisters, by which eighteen lives were lost, has directed universal attention to the construction of such edifices, and the provisions for escape in case of danger. It seems to be generally admitted that the presence of a *watchman*, and the better construction of *stairways*, and a sufficiency of *means of exit*, together with an ample supply of water on every floor, and also a number of fire-escapes, are precautions that should be adopted in every institution where there are large numbers of people.

A memorial tablet will at once be erected in the cemetery of the Holy Cross, Brooklyn, in honor of the victims.

A RECENT decision in the English courts deserves attention as showing the tendency of words to change their meanings. It was commonly supposed that "Reverend" was a title exclusively belonging to the clergy of the established Church. But the courts have decided that legally it has no more meaning than "Pious," "Learned," or "Judicious." It is an adjective, not a title.

In the middle ages and before the Reformation, the ordinary title of a "Clerk in

Holy Orders" was "Sir" or "Lord"—*Domine*. The regular clergy particularly bore the latter title.

SOCIETIES whose object it is to defend the faith against the attacks of science, misunderstood or falsely so called, are multiplying. A Catholic "Victoria Institute" has been founded in Brussels with this object, which already counts four hundred and fifty-three members; and at Rome the "Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas" numbers eight cardinals, twenty archbishops, and two hundred and forty professors, doctors, theologians and philosophers. Both these societies publish reviews.

The United States abounds in men who make a study of these questions, and there seems no good reason why North America should not possess a similar society.

THERE are 1166 cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops in the Catholic Church. Pope Pius IX has raised twenty-three Sees to the dignity of Metropolitan Sees, and has created five new Metropolitan Sees, and one hundred and twenty-nine bishoprics. He has created one hundred and nine cardinals, of whom sixty have died. As there are only fifty-seven cardinals, he has created the whole of the Sacred College except eight, which were created by the previous Pontiff, Pope Gregory XVI.

THE Catholic Indian Missionary Association of Washington, D. C., is hard at work. The first report shows that the funds contributed and reported have amounted to \$687.75, while donations received and reported from other cities have been \$1393.39, making the very encouraging financial sum total of \$2081.14 as the result of the first quarter's work of this Association. Many bishops have sent in their approval, and recently the Holy Father was pleased to signify his warm approval of the work, and to impart his benediction to the Association.

THE question of the taxation of Church property is still agitated, but we observe that Massachusetts has rejected a bill for that purpose, and that General Dix, ex-Governor of New York, is out in a strong letter against the measure as unchristian. A Protestant organ says that many Protestant churches are so heavily in debt, that if Grant's recommendation to tax church property was adopted, they would be bought up by the Catholics.

VERY REV. FATHER HANNEN, Vicar-General of Halifax, has received the appointment to be Bishop of Harbor-Grace,

Newfoundland. The island of Newfoundland contains two dioceses and a prefecture, St. Johns, Harbor-Grace, and Prefecture of St. George. In the diocese of Harbor-Grace there are seventeen priests, and twenty-two thousand Catholics.

THE interest in the subject of the Catholic educational claims has extended to Europe, and F. E. Abbott, the opponent of Bishop McQuaid, in the recent controversy in Bos-

ton, has contributed an article, entitled the "Catholic Peril in America," to the *Fortnightly*.

THE Rev. Father Hurley, preconised as the First Bishop of the New See of Peoria, Ill., has positively refused the appointment; and with such urgent reasons that it is believed the Holy See will accept his declination.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION: Catholics and Education. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No 9 Warren Street. 1876.

The importance of the issues involved in the "School Question" is daily becoming more obvious. It is absolutely necessary that intelligent lay Catholics should not only occupy a right position as regards this subject, but that they should be able to defend their position against the attacks which are sure to be made on them by those whom they constantly meet in business and social circles. The book before us is well calculated to furnish them with the requisite facts and arguments. It consists of a number of articles, which have, from time to time, appeared in the *Catholic World*.

These articles were mostly written before the present political agitation commenced, and are entirely free from all partisan bias. They contain a large amount of information respecting the beneficent action of the Church in past times in founding and sustaining schools, colleges, and universities, and also in regard to what she is now doing in the way of promoting Christian education. They point out the defects of our present public school system, the false principle upon which the notion of a purely secular education is based, the impracticability of the theory of a purely non-sectarian system of schools, the evil results to religion, to public and private morality, and to society of the present system of public instruction, and the true Christian idea of education. They show clearly and conclusively that to the Church is committed by divine appointment the duty and authority of conducting and directing this work of education; that where it has been taken out of her hands by the State

the results have always been disastrous; that the State may co-operate with parents and the Church, but has no right, human or divine, to arrogate to itself the direction and control of education; that for the secular power to do this is to deprive both parents and the Church of their legitimate rights; that the present public schools are not free, in any proper sense of the term, but are unjust and oppressive to a numerous class of citizens.

The facts and arguments on all these points are clearly and calmly set forth, and should command the assent of all sincere minds. We heartily commend the book to the readers of the *Catholic Record*. We wish that it could be placed in the hands of every thoughtful American citizen, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, and that a serious consideration could be secured from them all, of the facts and arguments which the work presents.

LIFE OF REV. MOTHER ST. JOSEPH, Foundress of the Congregation of Sisters of St. Joseph of Bordeaux. By L'ABBE P. F. LEBEURIER, Canon of Evreux and Keeper of the Seals of Eure. Translated from the French by a Sister of St. Joseph. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street. Montreal: 275 Notre Dame Street. 1876.

The biographies of those who have attained in this world to eminent sanctity furnish salutary lessons to all who are sincerely desirous of corresponding with the grace vouchsafed to them, and of leading consistent Christian lives. God lives supernaturally in our souls by his grace, and he unites himself with us in the holy sacrament of his love. Daily facts prove the working of prodigies

by the Creator for the good of the creature. The graces of the sacraments are standing miracles, and the most lowly Christian, if truly devout and faithful, is favored with intimate communications from God. These truths are well illustrated in this life of Rev. Mother Saint Joseph. From her earliest childhood she was specially the object of divine favor, and as she grew in years, she may be truly said to have grown in the possession and manifestation of divine grace.

The original work of which the volume before us is a translation, was published in France, with not only the approval, but also with the warm encomiums of his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, and of the Right Rev. Bishop of Evreux. They speak of her as "a model of a perfect religious to her community," and of her administration of the community over which she presided as "signalized by wisdom, and visibly assisted by heaven." "We are pleased," says his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, "to recommend this life as a collection of beautiful lessons offered to all souls desirous of advancing in perfection;" and the Right Rev. Bishop of Evreux, in his recommendation, says: "Religious souls will find therein great encouragement in the practice of the virtues of their holy state, and the faithful will recognize the wisdom and power of God in the means made use of in advancing his glory in the education of youth and the salvation of souls."

After these testimonials, from such eminent prelates, it would be presumptuous as well as needless for us to add anything in the way of commendation.

We simply say, therefore, that the book is written in simple but beautiful style, that it recounts many wonderful manifestations of divine favor and miracles wrought through the prayers and pious instrumentality of Rev. Mother Saint Joseph, and is replete with interest, from its beginning to its end.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS: A Manual of Correspondence, Showing the Correct Structure, Composition, Punctuation, Formalities, and Uses of the Various Kinds of Letters, Notes, and Cards. By J. WILLIS WESTLAKE, A.M., Professor of English Literature, in the State Normal School, Millersville, Pa. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co. 1876.

The educational deficiencies of persons show themselves more frequently and more glaringly in their epistolary correspondence than in any other way. Indeed, it is no unusual thing for persons who have had exceptionally good educational opportunities to be woefully deficient in the ability to express themselves with that precision and

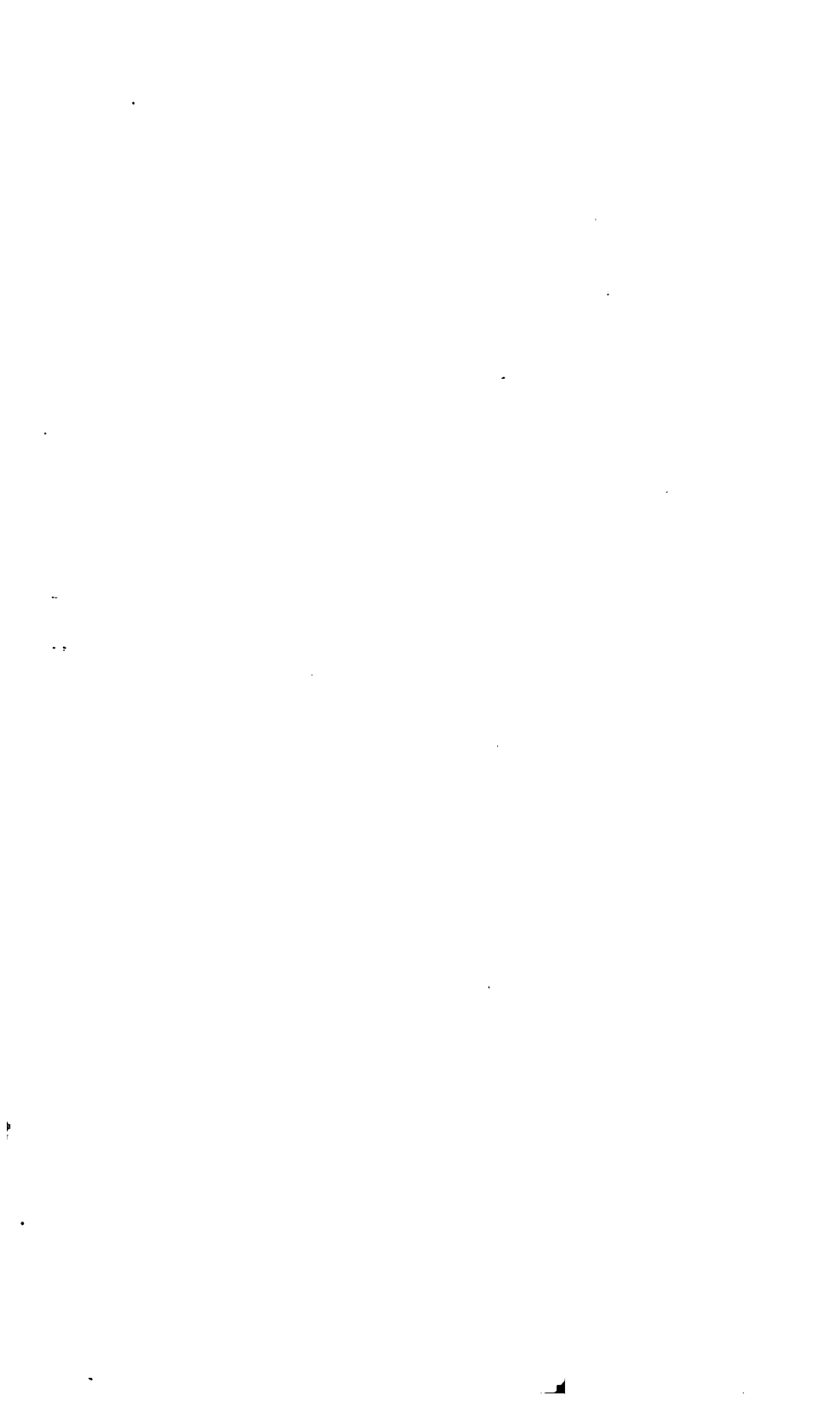
accuracy, not to say elegance, which a well-written letter requires. To such persons this manual will be very useful as a book of reference. Its directions, in regard to the form and style of different kinds of letters, are clear, easily comprehended, and practical. The examples and models of letters, notes, and cards for different occasions, and to various personages, are well conceived and expressed. The various forms of addresses and subscriptions, proper in writing to government and business officials, and to ecclesiastical personages, are very numerous, and of themselves make this little work a valuable and convenient book of reference.

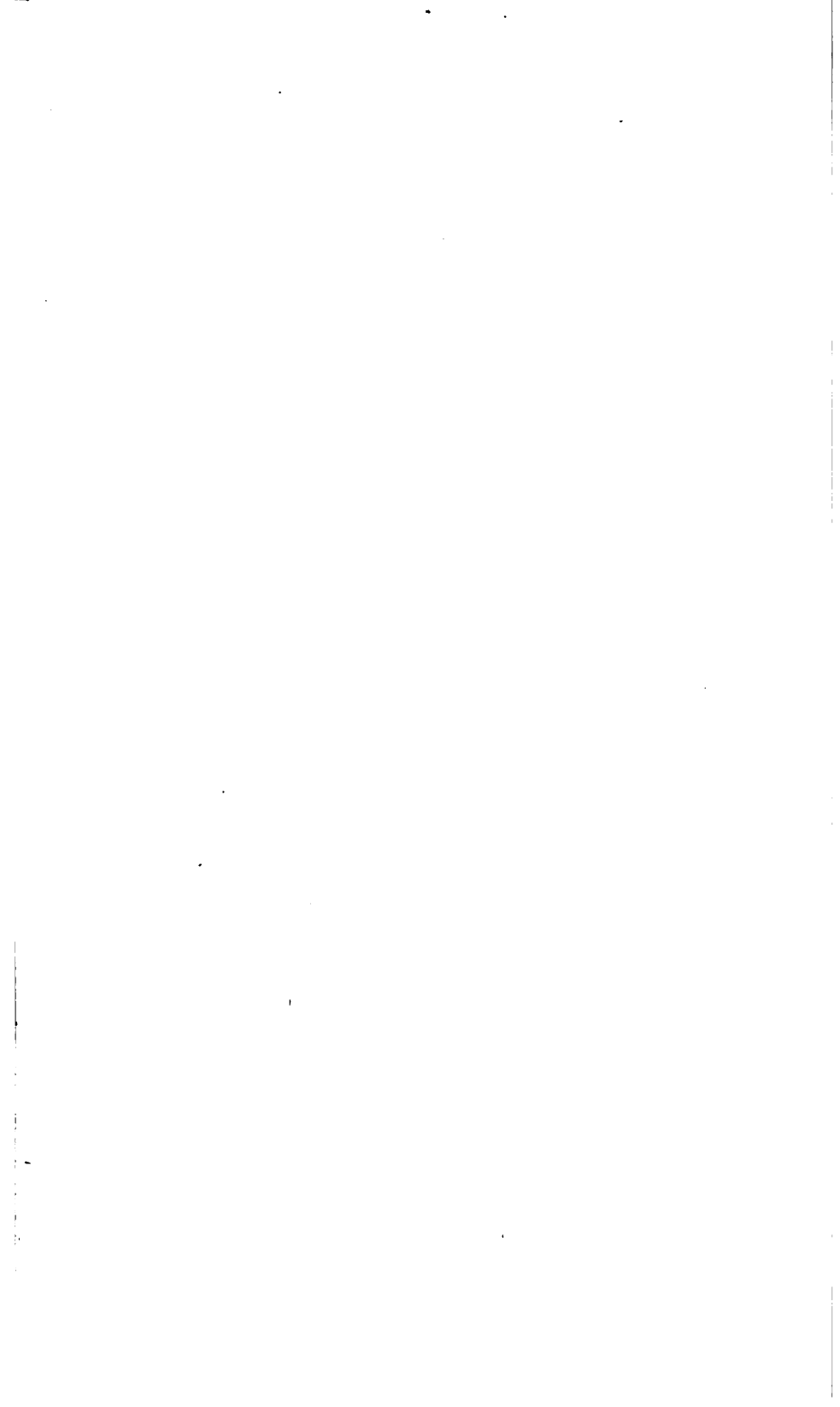
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE: An Historical Drama in Five Acts. By P. LEO HAID, O.S.B., Director of the Senior Dramatic Association, St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland Co., Pa. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1876.

The sad and tragical story of Major Andre is familiar to the readers of the *Catholic Record*. It is not necessary for us to repeat it, nor to recount the disgraceful story of Benedict Arnold's treason. The drama before us is based upon this episode in the history of the war for American independence. The plot is full of action, of intensely interesting incidents, and of dialogues well conceived and composed. The truth of history is faithfully adhered to, and the individuality of the personages who took part in the actual events is well preserved. The drama has no female characters in it, and this, apart from the merits of the play itself, will be a recommendation, in those institutions where the introduction of female characters into dramatic entertainments is forbidden.

A STUDY OF FREEMASONRY. Translated from the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street.

The insidious character of Freemasonry, and its rapid spread throughout the world, make it important for all thoughtful persons to have some reliable information in regard to the real character and designs of this system, which, while working in the dark, is constantly manifesting its hostility to all legitimate authority, both in Church and State. This work of Monseigneur Dupanloup is the result of a close study, by that distinguished and eminently able and learned prelate, of the system for several years, and is based on sources of information, both abundant and entirely reliable. We commend this treatise, therefore, to the careful perusal of intelligent lay Catholics.









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